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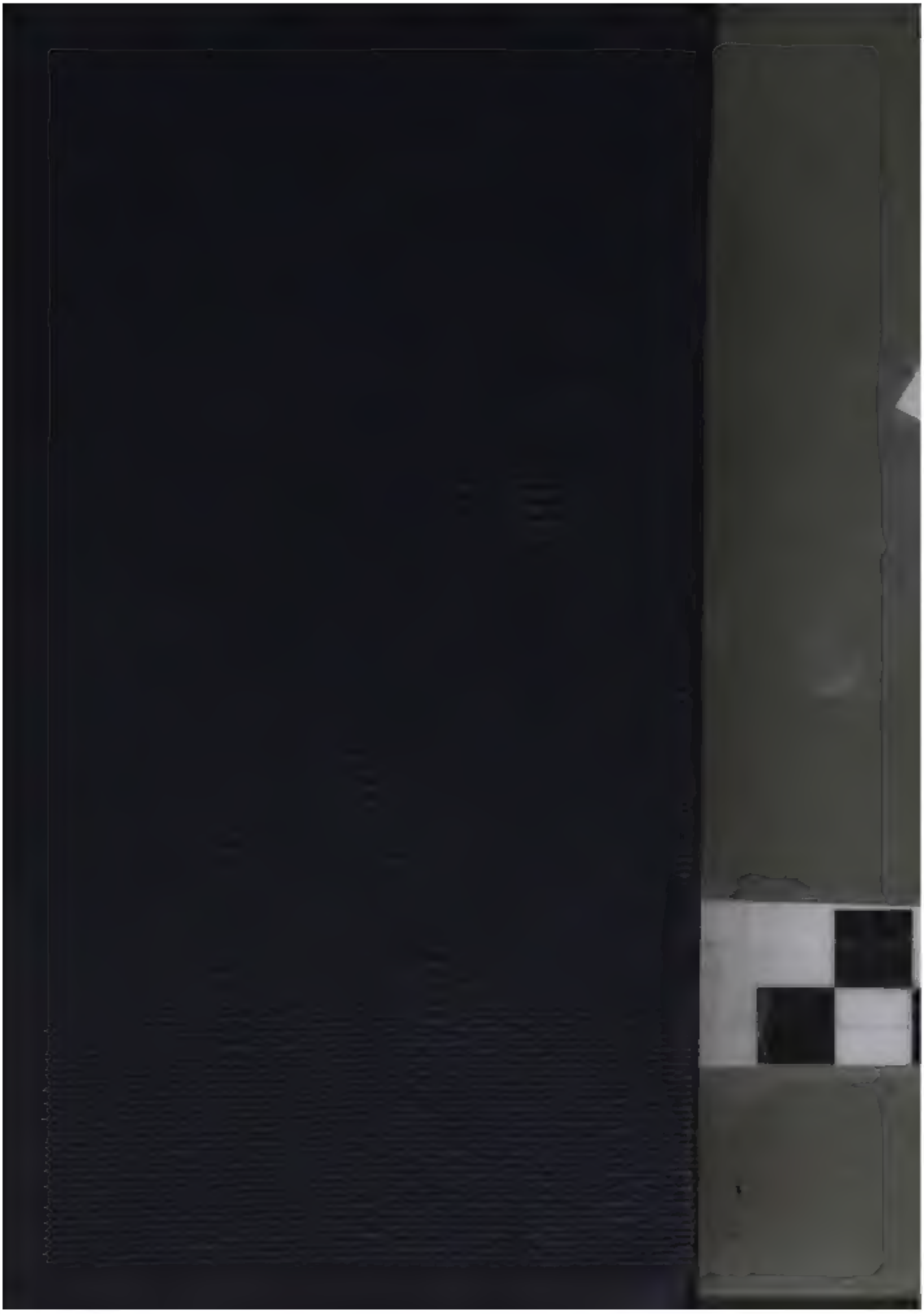

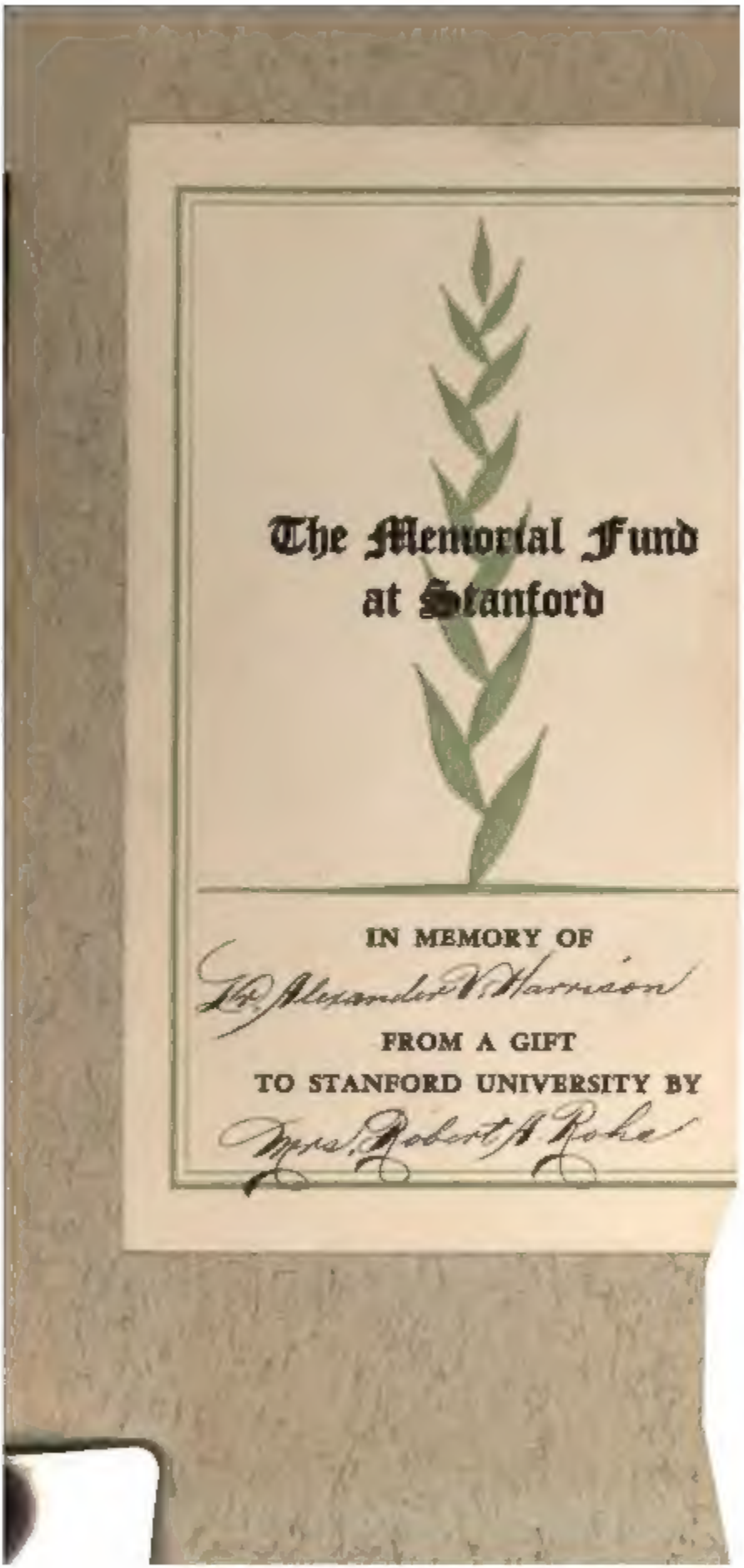
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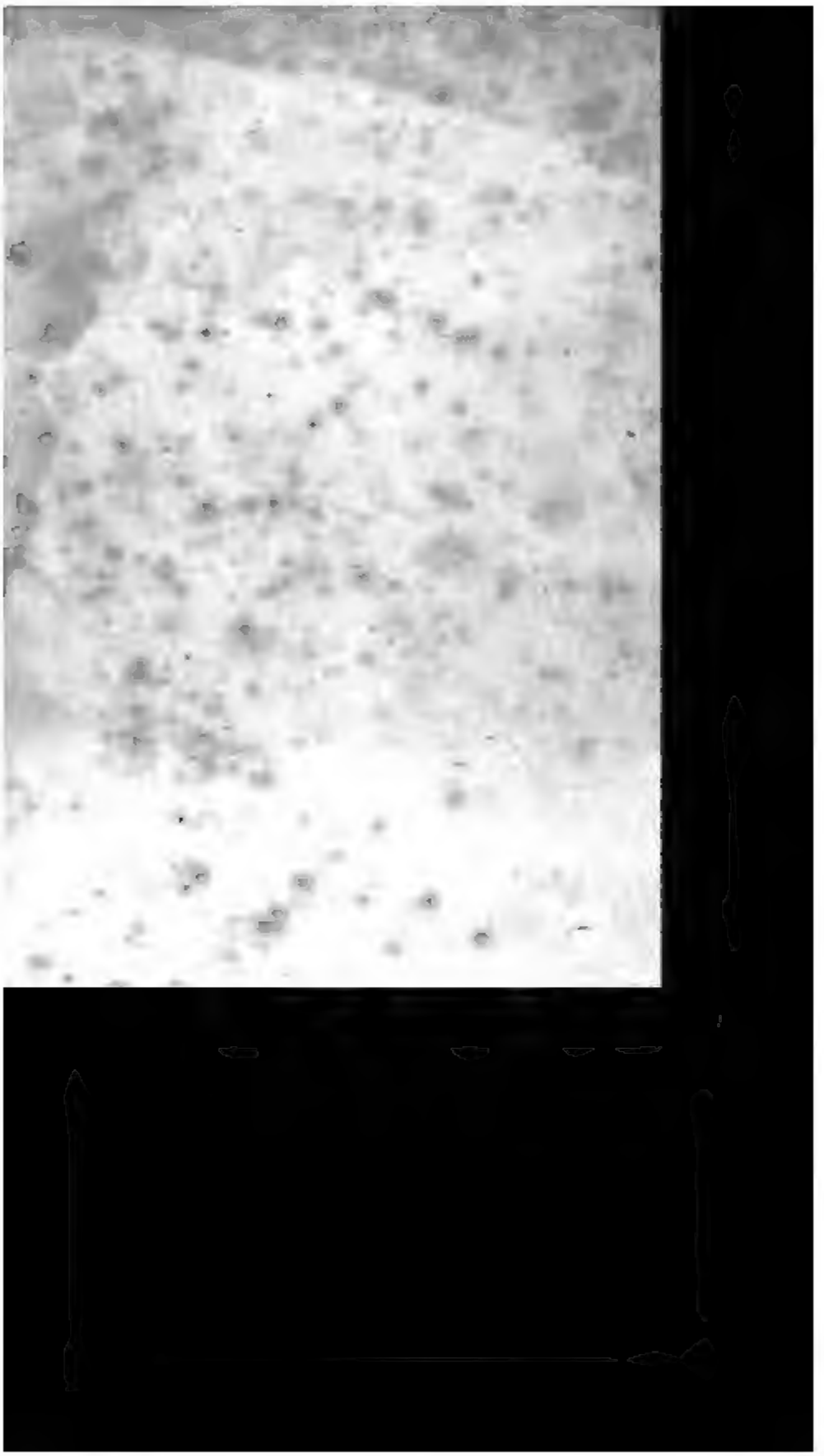

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Mem.

Pick'd up this Book at
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ENGLAND's

REFORMATION,

(From the Time of K. HENRY VIII. to the End of OATES's Plot.)

A

POEM

IN

Four CANTOS.

By *THOMAS WARD.*

LONDON:

Printed, and sold by *E. More*, Bookseller in *Duke-street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

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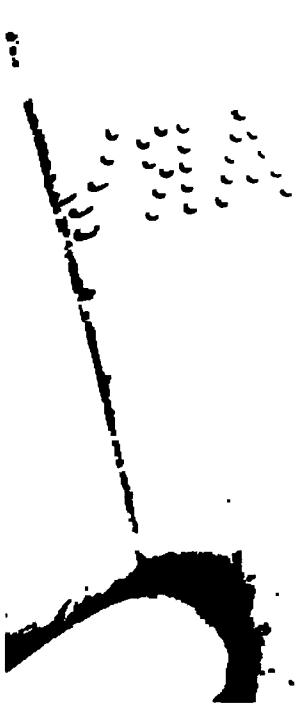


THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE *Author of the* CANTOS *had no other Motive for the offering you the* Hiſtory of the Reformation *in a Burleſque Stile*; (*tho' an Hiſtory full of Melancholly Incidents, which have diſtracted the Nation, even beyond the hope of Recovery, after ſo much Blood drawn from all it's Veins, and from it's Head*) *but that which he met with in Sir* Roger L'Eſtrange's *Preface to the ſecond Part of his* CIT *and* BUMPKIN, *expreſt in theſe Words:* Tho' this way of fooling is not my Talent, nor Inclination; yet I have great Authorities for the taking up of this Humour, in regard not only of the Subject,

but

The Publiſher to the Reader.

but of the Age we live in, which runs ſo much upon the Droll, that hardly any thing elſe will down with it.

He hop'd it might prove uſeful, by undeceiving many well-minded Readers; it being all matter of Fact, ſupported by Marginal Notes of ſufficient Authority, *not only from* Statutes, Injunctions, Articles, Canons, Liturgies, Homilies, *&c. but likewiſe from the moſt approv'd* Hiſtorians, *as* Holinſhead, Stow, Cambden, Speed, Baker, Burnet, Heylin, Clarendon, *&c. with other paſſages not common out of both* Proteſtant *and* Presbyterian *Authors, or (to uſe the more modern Expreſſion now in Faſhion) of the* High *and* Low *Church. The Deſigns and Principles of the firſt Authors of theſe different* Reformations *at ſeveral times, are clearly laid open in the Verſes; and the Methods which have been made uſe of to carry them on, together with the unhappy Effects, that ever attended them, may eaſily open the Eyes of all ſuch as are not wilfully Blind, and reconcile them to Sense and Truth.*

As this was the whole Deſign of the Author, ſo it is that of the Publiſher.

Hamborough, 1710.

England's REFORMATI

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

I ſing the Deeds of Great King Harry,
Of Ned *his Son, and Daughter* Mary;
And of a Nine-days Inter-Reign
Of a Mock-Queen, hight Lady Jane:
The true Religion's Alteration,
And Church of England's *firſt Foundation,*
And how the King became it's HEAD:
How Abbies fell: What Blood was ſhed.
Whence England's *Common-Prayer-Book ſprung*
What Canticles in Kirks are Sung.
Of Rapine, Sacrilege and Theft,
And of the Protſtants that left

When he the Papal Power rejected,
And from the Church the Realm Diſſected,
And in the Great St. *PETER*'s ſtead,
Proclaim'd himſelf the Churches Head.
When he his Ancient *Queen* forſook,
And Buxom *Anna Boleyn* took,
Then in the *Noddle* of the Nation
He bred the Maggot *Reformation.*
So *Jove* himſelf, as Poets tell-us,
Bred in his *Head* his Daughter *Pallas*,
Whom *Vulcan* Midwiv'd at a hole,
With Hatchet Nooke, clove in his Poll.
Some think the *Maggot* which he bred
Should thus have been took from his head,
But Heralds grave report this odd-piece
That from old Harry*'s Monſtrous Cod-piece*
It had it's riſe, as they do Trace
Its Pedigree. ——— A Bleſſed Race!

Race like its Parent, whom we find
A Man to every Vice inclin'd,
Revengeful, (*a*) Cruel, Bloody, Proud,
Unjuſt, Unmerciful and Lewd;
For in his wrath he ſpared no-Man,
Nor in his Luſt ſpar'd any (*b*) Woman. Was

(*a*) Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, ſays of him, *That if all the Patterns of a Mercileſs Prince had been loſt in the World, they might have been found in this one King. Heylin*, p. 15.

(*b*) Dr. *Heylin* ſays, he was *not able* to reſiſt the Aſſaults of Love. *Heylin* ſays alſo that he brought Mrs. *Blunt*, and others, to be the Subjects of his Luſt, *p.* 258. He tells you further, that *he never ſpar'd Woman in his Luſt, nor Man in his Anger*, p. 15.

But Dr. *Burnet*, above them all, embelliſhes his Character with moſt ſplendid Epithets, as for Inſtance.

An *Ill Man*, a *Cruel Prince*, *Proud* and *Impatient*, *a hainous Violater* of the moſt ſacred Rules of Juſtice and Government, *Inconſtant*, *Boiſterous*, *Impatient*, *Extravagantly Vain*, *Conceited* of his own Learning, one of the moſt unre-

Was never rul'd by any *Law*,
Nor *Gospel* valu'd he a straw,
Unless when Int'rest spurr'd him on,
And then a Zealot, — only then:
Counsel he scorn'd, Slave to his Will,
Impenitent of any Ill:
In short, he was close swadl'd in
The whole Black Catalogue of Sin:
In Sin Confirm'd, and Drown'd in Sense,
An Impious, Sacrilegious Prince;
As by his Actions will appear;
Then listen, Sirs, they follow here.

He had a Virtuous Queen and Fair,
Whose Bed he kept for many a Year:
Unless, by chance, that now and then
He stept aside, few heeded when,

unreconcileable Persons in the World; *Ambitious, Severe.* He never *Hated* or *Ruined* any Body by Halves.

There was no *Mercy* to be expected by any who denied his being *Supreme Head of the Church.* Burnet *calls him the Postillion of the Reformation, and says,* I do not deny but he is to be numbred among the Ill *Princes.* See *Burnet's History of the Reformation* in it's *Preface,* and many other places.

After all this, *Burnet* has the Blasphemous Impudence to tell us that, *If we Consider the great things that were done by him, we must acknowledge that there was a signal Providence of God, in raising up a King of his Temper, for clearing the way to that blessed Work that followed; and that could hardly have been* done but by a Man of his Humour. See his History.

Note, *Burnet's* Divinity will have some Good Things *Hard* for God to do, without first raising up a wicked Man to work for him. Yet all Men know that God did Convert the Nations of the World to Christianity, without making use of such damn'd *Scavengers* as *Harry* VIII. to clear the Way to that *truly* blessed Work.

Nor did the Queen; for her Endeavour
Was to continue in his Favour:
And ſo ſhe did, while Beauty laſted,
And Youth ſtood (Maugre Time) Unblaſted;
But as her blooming Years decay'd,
So did the King's Affection fade, *
Till at the laſt it turn'd to Hate,
And he muſt needs be rid of *Kate*,
Under pretence that Conſcience grim
Was ev'ry Hour aſſaulting him:
At leaſt when he approach'd the Queen,
It wou'd with ſharp Remorſe and keen
As *Turkiſh* Scymitar, or Razor,
Torment his Soul beyond all Meaſure,
Till even weary of his Life
He grew, (Cry-Mercy!) *of his Wife.*

Mov'd thus within, but more without him,
He falls at laſt to look about him,
To ſee if happily he can
Find how to ſtill the Inward Man,
And thoſe external Motions tame
That ſet his Outward Man on flame;
But nought could calm his reſtleſs Fancy,
But changing Queen for Miſtreſs *Nancy*:
Which if you'll know how't came to paſs;
Read on; for thus it manag'd was.

A (*c*) Cardinal the King had by him,
One, who, if Fame doth not bely him, Was

* He began now after ſeventeen Years Marriage, ſays *Cambden*, to grow weary of Q. *Katherine* his Wife, and deeply in love with *Anna Boleyn*: *See his Introd. to his Hiſt. of the Life of Queen* Eliz. *Edit.* 3.

(*c*) The Cardinal's Hatred to the *Emperor* was look'd upon as one of the ſecret Springs of the King's Averſion to his *Aunt*. Thus *Burnet* in his *Abridg. p.* 34.

Some thought, ſays *Baker*, that it was a Plot of *Wolſey* thereby to make variance between King *Harry* and

Was Proud, Aſpiring, and Ambitious,
Witty, Revengeful, and Malitious,
And at that time, as pleaſed Fate,
Was the chief Miniſter of State,
This Man grew mighty big with Hope
That *Charles* the Fifth would make him Pope.
(Firſt Butcher's Son that e'er was known
Aſpiring to the *Triple Crown.*)
And for a Step to't, what does he do,
But for the *Mitre* of *Toledo*
He now makes humble Suit to *Cæſar*;
Charles ſlights his Suit in great diſpleaſure.

Grieved at this, he ſeeks Revenge,
And ſtudies how he may unhinge
Th' Imperial Gates, and then let in
The (*d*) *Gallick* King with all his Kin, B 3 Which

and the *Emperor* with whom he was at variance himſelf, and for ſpleen to the *Nephew*, he revenged upon the *Aunt*. Chron. p. 249. *Edit.* 1668.

Dr. Baily in his Book entituled, *The Life of* John Fiſher, *Bp of* Rocheſter: Relates that the *Cardinal*, told the King that there might be a way found out how he might have plenty of Iſſue Male, whereat the King began to thruſt his Thumbs under his Girdle and to cry, *Hoh, Man Hoh! Lawfully Begotten! Cardinal, Lawfully Begotten? Yes, Lawfully Begotten*, replied the Cardinal: Whereupon he began to tell him in plain Terms that the Marriage between him and his Wife was not lawful, *p.* 46.

(*d*) *Thomas Wolſey*, (ſays *Camb.*) bearing a Grudge to the Emp. *Charles* V. Queen *Katherine*'s Siſter's Son, for denying him the Archbiſhoprick of *Toledo*, and becauſe he had not favour'd him in aſpiring to the *Popedom*, and being now, out of Malice to *Charles*, ſo devoted to the *French* King, that he deſign'd King *Harry* a Wife out of *France*, *he cauſed a Scruple to be put in the King's Head*, that his preſent Marriage with Q. *Katherine*, who before had been his Brother's Wife, was forbidden by the Law of God. Cambden.

Which was to be by bringing o'er
King *Harry* from the Emperor,
And link him in perpetual League
With *France*: The way of this Intrigue
Was by Diſplacing of Queen *Kate*,
Whom *Harry* now began to Hate,
And getting him to wed the Siſter
Of *France*; *But God had better Bleſt her.*

Could I, thinks he, bring this to do,
'Twould ruin *Charles* and *Kath'rine*, too,
And in requital of my trouble,
I ſhould procure a Vengeance double,
For I can freely Vengeance take
Upon the *Aunt* for *Nephew*'s ſake;
By *This*, and other Deeds, this Varlet
Baſely profan'd the Sacred Scarlet.

To this ſame Man, in hopes of eaſe,
The King reveals his Grievances:
For you muſt know King *Harry*'s Luſt
Jumpt with the time of his Diſguſt,
So was the matter eas'ly broke,
And thus one may ſuppoſe they ſpoke:
King. You know my Lord, I muſt the Crown
Leave to a *Girl*, when I am gone,
Becauſe I have no Iſſue Male,
So will the Houſe of *Tudors* fail,
And our fam'd Line of Kings will be
Brought to a Period in *Me*.
Card. Deſpair not, Sir, you're not ſo old
But may have Sons. *King.* I pray thee hold.
I cannot have a Son by *Kate*.
Card. Well, tho' the Queen be out of date,
There many younger are than ſhe.
King. I know there are: What's that to Me?
Card. Yes, Sir, leave *Kate*, and take a fair
Young Dame, whoſe briſk attractive Air,
Whoſe Perſon, Features, Beauty, Mien,
Proclaim her fit to be a Queen.

King. If this could legally be done,
I might have hopes to have a Son;
But while the Queen lives, that can't be,
And ſhe, perhaps, may bury *me*.
Card. Sir, if you'll follow my Advice,
You ſhall be eaſed in a Trice.
King. What's that? *Card.* My Leige, your only Courſe
Is to Sollicit a Divorce
From her; whom you have had too long;
Then may you Wed one brisk and young.
King. I have no juſt pretence of Strife.
Card. Yes, Sir, ſhe was your Brother's Wife.
King. But *Arthur* never with her laid,
And dying left her ſtill a Maid,
And Marriage ſure unfiniſh'd lies
Till *Hymen* bind the Nuptial Ties.
Arthur was Weak and Impotent,
And by a deadly Sickneſs ſpent,
And for Maturity, you know
He never fifteen Winters ſaw;
This is not all: For *I am Sure*,
She came to me a Virgin Pure.
Card. But that's not known to any, Sir,
Save only to your ſelf and her,
So your own Counſel keep in that,
Or elſe, by *Jove*, you'll ſpoil the Plot.
King. I ſhall be ſecret, and if you
Can bring't about, I prithee do.
But I would fain know how you mean,
That we muſt Act this Wanton Scene?
Card. I'll do it thus, Maugre the Right
Of *Kate*, or *Charles* the fifth's Deſpite.
The firſt thing, that you have to do,
Is to make *Conſcience* plead for you;
Conſcience to all Men does appear
So ſtern, impartial, and ſevere,
That e'en it's *Whiſperings* are Awful;
Pretend it *CRYES*; it is Unlawful
To Wed the Relict of your Brother,
It's Pangs you can no longer ſmother,

And therefore do deſire to be
From this Remorſe, and *Kate*, ſet free.
King. But yet again, I ſay, *A Maid*
She was when firſt with her I laid,
And *Conſcience* tells me this is True.
Card. Conſcience! my Leige, what if it do!
Conſcience and *Truth* are ſilly things
To ſhackle up the *Wills* of *Kings*,
They may Inferior People bind,
But Kings their Checks muſt never mind:
But by the force of Powerful Will,
Make *Conſcience* ſtoop to any Ill.
Ill! nothing's Ill that Princes do,
'Tis to the People things are ſo:
For what the King *Forbids*, or *Wills*,
To do the contrary are *Ills*.
When Subjects therefore diſobey,
'Tis Sin in them: But Kings, I ſay,
Are Subject to no Pow'r, whereby
They are oblig'd in any Tie.
King. Yes, God Commands, and Sovereigns
Obey in Acting what is *Juſt*.
Card. 'Tis true, but God to Kings has put
To judge what's juſt, and what is not;
And therefore, Sir, no more but this;
Say you it's Juſt, and juſt it is:
Which ſaid, let Conſcience not diſpute,
For Kings, like Gods, are abſolute.
King. Proceed, my Lord, for I ſee plain
What ſort of Conſcience 'tis you mean,
Card. You may find *Sophiſts* in the Land
Who for a Piece of Gold in Hand
Will *Sell* their Souls, provided that
'Med'ately they deliver not;
Bribe theſe, Sir, to maintain your Cauſe
Againſt *Divine*, and *Human* Laws;
Set them a Preaching up and down,
Some in the Country, ſome in Town,
That for theſe twenty Years your Life
You've led with an Unlawful Wife;

And therefore 'tis but juſt you ſever,
'Tis better late repent, than never.
Thus they the Nation may divide
From *Kath'rine*'s Int'reſt, to *Your* ſide,
So that but few will then oppoſe
The matter, ſaving only thoſe
That can diſcern the depth of Things,
And value *Conſcience*, more than Kings.
For *One* of theſe, the *Cynick* may
Seek with his Lanthorn a whole Day,
Perhaps a Year, and yet complain
That he has burnt his Lamp in Vain.
King. In Foreign Parts, all will be found
To my diſhonour to redound,
And ſuch unworthy wicked Things,
Will ſcandalize my Brother Kings,
And will, to my Eternal Shame,
Be a *foul Blot* upon my Name:
Such great diſgrace we muſt prevent.
Card. Leave that to *me*, and reſt content.
Here's an (*e*) Embaſſador from *France*,
By whom the *Duke* of *Orleans*

(*e*) The Biſhop of *Tarbe* the *French* Embaſſador made a great demur about the Princeſs *Mary*'s being illegitimate, *&c.* How far this was ſecretly concerted between the *Cardinal* and *Embaſſador* is not known. It is ſurmiſed, that the King or the Cardinal ſet on the *French* to make this Exception publickly, that ſo the King might have a better Colour to juſtify his Suit of Divorce. *Burnet*'s Hiſt. l. 1. p. 33.

Burnet adds, that other Princes were already queſtioning it. Among the reſt he *impudently* affirms, *That the Emperor himſelf*, and his Council imputed Illegitimacy to the Lady *Mary*. *This is one of* Burnet's *Fictions*, and ſo unlikely and incredible that no body can believe it. On the contrary the Emperor always defended the Queen's Marriage with the King as lawful, and ſo far aſſerted the Legitimacy of the Lady *Mary*, that he married his own Son Philip of Spain to her.

Propoſes to your Daughter *Mary*
A Marriage. What o'that (quoth *Harry.*)
Card. To him, let me inſinuate
Your Marriage Null with Madam *Kate*,
And *Mary Illegitimate.*
I'll tell him this Deſign is new,
And never yet diſclos'd to you,
I'll bid him Move it, as if he
Had never heard a Word from me,
But that it is *his own* Reflection,
In which he would have Satisfaction;
And from his prudent doubt be freed,
'Ere in the Marriage he proceed.
'Tis certain that he will not reſt
'Ere he has brought it to the Teſt.

But you, Sir, in this great affair
Muſt act with cunning, when you hear
The matter mention'd in this wiſe,
Start! as amazed with ſurprize,
Stand like a Statue without Life,
Or that Salt Pillar of *Lot*'s Wife;
Caſt down your Eyes, as in deep thought,
Then curl your Brows, and bluſter out
Like *Æolus*, when he diſcharges
His Piper-Cheeks on *Neptune*'s Barges.
Ask him how dares he, or his King,
To call in queſtion ſuch a thing?
Then with a little milder Brow,
Encourage him to anſwer you.
Thus may the Marriage into doubt
By *him*, and not by *you*, be brought.
Beſides, I'll put into his Head
How this may ſtand you both in ſtead.
King. What way can that be? Tell me firſt
Card. When he the matter has diſcours'd,
And, by the Power of his Diſpute,
You of your Marriage ſeem to doubt;
I'll bid him then propoſe another,
Will faſter link both Crowns together;

And closer rivet you to *France*,
Than *Mary*'s Match with *Orleans*.

The *French* King's Sister, Sir, you know,
In Birth is little short of you,
Young, fair, and is as fine a Piece
As that which *Paris* stole from *Greece*:
When *France* and you Conclude the Bed
Of *Kate* Unlawful, her you'll Wed:
All which I'll *Whisper* in his Ear,
And sure 'twill please the *Gallick* Peer:
And as to you, if *Her* you Wed,
When *Kate*'s Divorced from your Bed;
Then, if the *Emperor* contend,
You have a Potent King your friend:
Thus you secure your self and state,
'Gainst all the Kin of Madam *Kate*.

Besides, the *French*, in Policy,
To your Divorce, Sir, will agree:
And what against it *Charles* can say,
They'll strongly Bias t'other way.
King. Perhaps the *French* may side with *Kate*,
And such a mad Proposal Hate.
Card. No! No! You'll see the *Gallick* King
Will readily promote the Thing,
Because the *Emperor* and *He*
Could never in their lives agree,
But have together by the Ears
Been tugging now these twenty Years,
And against him *You've* now and then,
Assisted *Cæsar* with your Men.

No doubt, but therefore that wise Nation
Will readily embrace th'occasion
Of bringing *England* to their side,
By Marriage of the *Gallick* Bride.
Where Interest moves, 'tis sure the thing,
Will take from Beggar to a King,

State

State Policy will ſtick at nought,
King. I'm troubl'd with another thought,
The *Pope* will never yield to this,
Card. If repreſented as it is,
I grant ye, neither He, nor *Rome*
Will e'er allow your parting from
Her, whom they judge your Lawful Queen,
The Marriage has Confirmed been
By *Julius*, a former Pope.
King. Why then there's no pretence of Hope,
Card. Deſpair not, for I do not doubt it,
If we go Dext'rouſly about it,
But ſo to have the Matter ſtated,
That, when at *Rome* it is debated,
'Twill take effect as you deſire
King. Then half my Realm ſhall be thy Hire.
Card. Send to the (*f*) Univerſities,
And move the Schools beyond the Seas To

(*f*) In the Book intit. *The Determinations of the moſt Famous and moſt excellent Univerſities of* Italy *and* France: *Printed in* London, An. 1533. *Cum Privilegio*, you will find that the Propoſitions or Queries to the Univerſities turn all upon the Point of the Marriage *Conſummated*. For Inſtance, The Queſtion to *the Faculty of Decrees of the Univerſity of* Paris, was, whether the Pope might diſpenſe that the Brother might marry the Wife that his Brother had left, if Marriage between his Brother dead and his Wife were once *Conſummate?* Queſt. *To the Rector and Doctors in Law Canon and Civil, of the Univerſity of* Angewe. Whether it is Lawful by the Law of God, and the Law of Nature, for a Man to marry the Wife that is left of his Brother, that departed without Children, but ſo that the Marriage was *Conſummated*. *To the Faculty of Divinity of the Univerſity of* Paris. *Query*, Whether to marry her, that our Brother Dead without Children had left, and Marriage between her and her former Husband *Conſummate*, and finiſh'd by Carnal intermedling, be prohibited? *To the Faculty of Divinity of*

the

To give their Judgment in the Caſe,
Whether to keep or to diſplace,
Her, who has been your Brother's Wife;
But this keep ſecret, on your Life,
And let it never once be ſaid
Your *Brother* left his Wife a *Maid*,
And if it comes into debate,
The contrary Inſinuate,
And carry't in the Negative,
Then will your undertaking thrive,
And they'll declare without Diſpute,
Your Marriage Null. *King.* Of this I doubt.
Card. Doubt not: For if the Caſe be ſtated
Of *Arthur*'s Marriage Conſummated,
Nor Law nor Goſpel will allow
That ſhe's a Lawful Wife for you.
Next, for the gaining of your end,
To *Rome* all their Opinions ſend,
And to the Pope your Scruples tell.
King. I like the Project paſſing Well.
Card. Let ſubtile Agents be employ'd,
That he may make your Marriage void,
And Licenſe you to Wed another,
And leave the Relict of your Brother.
King. The Pope is Prudent, Sage and Juſt;
He never takes a Thing on Truſt,
Till thoroughly he underſtand,
And have it's Circumſtances ſcan'd.
He all Things to the Bottom ſifts,
Nor can he ſoft'ned be by Gifts;

And

the Univerſity of Padua *in* Italy. *Query*, Whether that to marry the Wife of our Brother departed without Children is Forbidden?

The Queſtion ſo propos'd and ſtated to the Univerſities without their Knowledge that the firſt Marriage was never *Conſummate*, their Anſwers could not be otherwiſe than they are, whereas had they underſtood that the Marriage had never been *Conſummated*, their Anſwer had been quite contrary.

And being in an higher ſphere
By much, than other Mortals are,
He looks Impartially on things,
Nor winks he at the Faults of Kings?
Doubtleſs he'll therefore penetrate
Into the Juſtice of Queen *Kate*:
And therefore, what if he deny
With theſe our Wiſhes to comply?
Card. Well, if it happen ſo, when Death
(Which will be ſoon) has ſtopt his Breath,
Uſe all Endeavours, Foul or Fair,
To get me ſeated in his *Chair*:
When I am Pope, I will conſent
To all your Highneſs can invent;
Or, if the Pope his *Legate* ſend,
Get me in the Commiſſion joyn'd;
The Pope will never dare deny
What you deſire *King.* Well, I comply.

Thus having laid their whole Deſign,
The Pious Queen to undermine,
To Action forthwith they proceed,
In Form and Manner as agreed.
King *Harry* feigns his tender Breaſt
With a huge load of *Conſcience* preſt,
Eſpecially if *Kate* come nigh hand,
It's *Ætna* on the Paunch of Gyant.
To eaſe his Conſcience *Kate* muſt part
From Bed and Board, and (Cruel Heart.)
Preachers are Brib'd thro' all the Nation
To ſpread the Right of Separation,
The *French* Embaſſador, and Schools
Are work'd upon, and made the Tools,
To move, define and authoriſe,
As *Wolſey* and the King deviſe.

They try the Pope, but all in vain,
Their Orators return again
Without effecting what they went for;
To end it here, a Legate's ſent for,

Who is (upon the King's Petition)
Conjoin'd with *Wolſey* in Commiſſion:
Campejus was the Legate ſent,
One Juſt, who had a good Intent
Not to be Biaſs'd any way
From that ſide where the Juſtice lay.

Whilſt *Wolſey* thus contrives his Plot,
And thinks that he has ſurely got
What he deſign'd, his truſty Trojan,
Who had for Name Sir *Francis Bryan*,
Informs him of th'intrigue with *Nancy*,
And how ſhe was the King's ſole fancy:
Enrag'd at this, *Wolſey* replies.
Card. It can't 'tis plain be otherwiſe,
Than only to make her his Whore
The *ne plus ultra* of his ſcore.
Bry. No, by your leave he means to Wed her.
Card. May Hell confound them both together,
Says *Wolſey*, now if this be true,
And may they both their Project rue.
Is this th' effect of my endeavour
In his Divorce? ——— *He ſhall not have her.* (g)
Bry. My Lord, let's with Reſpect and Duty
Speak of the King: He likes her Beauty
Much better than the *French* King's Siſter
Thö' he give never ſo much with her.
Card. Have I been plodding all this while,
And tir'd my ſelf with Anxious toil,
To undermine the Right of *Mary*,
And drive poor injur'd *Kate* from *Harry*,
And ſet him and the *Emperor*
At deadly Feud, and endleſs War,
By joyning him and *France* in League:
Is this the End of my Intrigue?
But yet things are not gone ſo far,
But I may Croſs 'em. *Bry.* Have a care, You

(g) *We will have none of this* Anna Boleyn, ſays the *Cardinal*: See Dr. *Bailey's Life of* John Fiſher, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter.

You muſt not Croſs the King's deſign.
Card. No! But I will, if he croſs mine.
Bry. Strive not, my Lord, I know his fancy,
In ſpite of Honour's fixt on *Nancy*.
Card. A vengeance take her wanton fetches,
Which thus his Majeſty bewitches.
That Monſter, not of Nature's making,
Has nothing in her that is taking:
Her Hair, black as the plume of Crow,
Encroaches on each ſide of Brow:
She's Colour'd like one in Green-ſickneſs
When free from Paint an Inch in thickneſs;
Large Balls of Cheeks, Taper to Chin,
From Ear to Ear ſhe's Mouth'd, and in
Her upper-Gum there ſticks a Tooth,
That wants room for it in her Mouth:
Above her Breaſt, beneath her Chin,
There grows an ugly Sort of Wen,
As Apple round, large as a Wall-nut,
Of dusky brown, like that of Small-nut,
Clad with ſoft Down, and here and there
It briſtles out a ſort of Hair,
That's ſeen in threes or fours to ſtand:
She has ſix Fingers on a Hand.
All this conſider'd, can a King
Affect ſo hideous a Thing?
What ſees he in her ſhe's ſo woo'd for?
The Murrain on her, what's ſhe good for?
Sir *Francis* carry nought away,
For ev'ry Syllable I ſay
Is the effect of Love and Duty.
Bry. My Lord you have no skill in Beauty:
What ſeem to you Deformities
Are Marks of Beauty to the Wiſe,
Or Nat'ral *Foils*, proper enough
To ſet her other Beauties off.

Conſider but thoſe little ſwatches,
Us'd by the Fair Sex, called Patches.

With

With which they ſprinkle here and there
The Face, to make it ſeem more Fair:
If Beauty riſe from Art's black ſpots,
What muſt *it* do from Nature's Blots?
How *glad* we ſee that pretty Soul
Who has the bleſſing of a *Mole*
Upon her Cheeks, or Chin; what care
She takes to nurſe the double Hair
That from the midſt of Wart Ariſes?
Another, her Black Eye-brows prizes.
If ſo ſmall Warts are of ſuch value,
By nat'ral conſequence 'twill follow
That larger and of deeper Sable,
Are yet the much more valuable;
Provided, when too big for Face,
They take a more convenient place.
So prudent Nature ſaw it beſt
That *Nan*'s ſhou'd ſtand above her Breaſt,
And, as a Foil, has fixt it there,
To render Face above more fair.
Thus by good Argument 'tis plain,
Her Beauty's height'ned by the Wen.

As to her *Teeth*, 'tis better far
Than want one, to have one to ſpare.

So that *odd Finger* which does ſtand,
In ſuper-number on her Hand,

Card. Hold! hold! Sir *Francis*, Here's enough
Of Nonſenſe, and inſipid Stuff;
So let us our Diſcourſe give o'er
With this Concluſion, ——— *She's a Whore.* (*b*)
The Knight took leave and ſaid no more.

Campejus (as is ſaid) being come,
Concerning the Divorce from *Rome*,
The King commands his Carpenter
To frame an Amphitheatre
Of Oaken-Boards, in ſome large Room,
For all to ſee that pleas'd to come;
For he, good King, wou'd have it ſeen
How *Juſt* he would be to his Queen.
In a Religious (*a*) Houſe, that ſtood
On the eaſt ſide the (*b*) *Stygian Flood*
Over againſt the Palace *Bridewell*,
A (*c*) Bench was rais'd nigh to a Side-wall,
On which the *Legate-Judges* ſat;
And for the *King* and Madam *Kate*
Without the Bar two Chairs there ſtood,
Carv'd in old times from ſolid Wood:
Behind the Chairs for the Spectators
(As *Harry* thought of mighty Matters)
Benches were ſet half round the Houſe,
In five or ſix aſcending Rows:
The *Grandees* ſat on th' loweſt Benches,
And on the higheſt, Boys and Wenches.
The Court is form'd, to which repair
The *King* and *Queen*; and at the Bar The

(*b*) *Cum* 15 *eſſet annorum* Ann. Bolena, *ab eo qui* Thomæ Boleno *à Poculis, atque etiam ab altero, qui eidem à* Sacello *fuit, Seſe Deflorari paſſa, Mox in* Gallias *mittitur,--- ibi tam Impudice Vixit, ut vulgo à* Gallis *appellaretur* Hacnea, ſeu *Equa Anglicana. Cùm autem & in Regis Galliarum familiaritatem aſcita eſſet, cæpta eſt vocari* Mula Regia. Vid. Sand. lib. de Schiſm. Anglicano, p. 17.

(*a*) *Black-Fryars.* (*b*) *Fleet-Ditch.*

(*c*) There was a Court, ſays *Stow*, platted in Tables *and Benches in* manner of a Conſiſtory, fol. 158.

CANTO I.

The Royal Crown'd Head ready ſtands,
To hold up one, or *both* his Hands;
Or *both*, I ſay for rather than
He'd loſe his Point, he'd hold up Ten,
Or ten times ten, if he had had 'em,
Rather than not be quit of Madam.
Whoever knew a Royal fancy
Stoop thus to ſuch a Pug as *Nancy*?

The *Cryer*, *Cerb'rus*-like, a Triple
O-*YES* barks out as loud as able,
And crys, *King Harry* now appear:
The *King* as loudly anſwers, HERE;
The *Queen* when call'd, regarded not
The Cryer, or the Court a jot;
But falling on her bended Knees,
Speaks to the King, —— *Her Words are theſe.*

Sir, I beſeech you do me Juſtice and Right, a
ſome Pity upon me, for I am a ſimple Wom
a Stranger born out of your Dominions, and
Friend but you, who now being become my
ſary, alas! what Friendſhip or Aſſurance of
rency in any Council can I hope to find amon
Subjects? What have I done? Wherein ha
fended you? How have I given you any occ
Diſpleaſure? Why will you put me from yo
ſort? I take God to be my Judge I have bee

You with Shame and Infamy; but if there be no ſuch Cauſe, then I pray you let me have *Juſtice* at your Hands. The King your Father was in his time of ſuch an excellent Wit, as that for his Wiſdom's ſake he was accounted a ſecond *Solomon*. And *Ferdinand* my Father was reckon'd to be one of the Wiſeſt Princes that had reigned in *Spain* for many Years before his Days: Theſe being both ſo wiſe Princes, it is not to be doubted but they had gathered unto them all wiſe Counſellors of both Realms as they in their Wiſdoms thought moſt meet, and as I take it, there were in thoſe Days as wiſe and learned Men in both Kingdoms as there are now to be found in theſe our times, who thought the Marriage between you and I to be Good and Lawful. (*Then ſhe ſpeaks to the Cardinal*) But, for this I may thank you my Lord Cardinal of *York*, who having ſought to make this Diſſention between my Lord the King and me, becauſe I have ſo often found fault with your Pompous Vanity, and aſpiring Mind. Yet I do not think that this your Malice proceeds from you merely in reſpect of myſelf, but your chief diſpleaſure is againſt my Nephew the Emperor, becauſe you could not at his Hands attain unto the Biſhoprick of *Toledo* which greedily you deſir'd: And after that was by his means put by the chief and high Biſhoprick of *Rome* whereunto you moſt ambitiouſly aſpired; whereat being ſore offended, and yet not able to revenge your Quarrel upon him, the heavy burthen of your Indignation muſt be laid upon a Female weakneſs, for no other Reaſon but becauſe ſhe is his Aunt, and theſe are the manly ways you take to eaſe your Mind: But God forgive you. (*Now ſhe ſpeaks to the King*) Wherefore, Sir, it ſeems to me to be no Juſtice that I ſhould ſtand to the Order of this Court, ſeeing one of my Judges to be ſo partial. And if I ſhould agree to ſtand to the Judgment of this Court, what Councellors have I but ſuch as are your own Subjects, taken from your own Council to which they are privy and perhaps dare not go againſt it: Wherefore I refuſe to ſtand to their *Advice*, or *Plea*,

or

or *any Judgment that is here*; and do appeal unto the *See Apoſtolick* before our Holy Father the Pope: Humbly beſeeching you, by the way of Charity to ſpare me, till I may know what further Courſe my Friends in *Spain* will adviſe me to; and if this may not be granted, then your pleaſure be fulfilled. *See* Dr. *Baily*.

Thus the poor injur'd Queen gave o'er
And ne'er appear'd before 'em more;
But left the King in Court alone,
Who thus breaths out, in Pious tone,
Her Virtues, and his Grief to leave her,
If Conſcience would but let him have her.
She's Virtuous and Good, quoth he, (*i*)
As ever Man-a live did ſee,
And has to me as faithful been
As Chaſt *Lucrece* to *Collatin*.
In all her Carriage meek and humble,
You'll never once perceive her grumble,
As other Curſed Queans will do;
Beſhrew my Heart if ſhe's a ſhrew.
Her Looks Majeſtick, and poſſeſſes
What's Great and Good in *Empreſſes*,
All which (Poor Heart!) when I conſider,
I die to think of parting with her;
But * *Conſcience*, *Conſcience*, who can bide it!
Few know it, Sirs, but I have try'd it.
Conſcience is ſuch an awful thing,
'Twill ſcare a *Turk*, or *Perſian King*, 'Tis

(*i*) Seeing now the Queen is gone, I will Declare before you all, that ſhe has ever been to me a true, obedient, and dutiful Wife. Having all the Virtuous Qualities, *&c.*

And therefore how willing I would, if it were lawful, Continue her to be my Wife you may all gueſs.

* But *Conſcience*, *Conſcience* is ſuch a thing. Who can endure the Sting and Prick of *Conſcience* always Stinging and Pricking within his Breaſt, wherefore my Lords, *&c.* *See this Speech at large in the ſaid Life of* John Fiſher, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter, *p.* 73.

'Tis *Sting* all o'er, and when't begins
To Check a Sinner for his Sins,
'Twill ne'er give o'er till he Repent him;
It's one of th'greateſt troubles ſent him,
Next to the *Rib* that *Adam* lent him.

The Queen, good Woman, has till now
My Wife been · —— (*Hence theſe Tears do Flow*
And muſt I leave her, who my Heart has?
I Swear a Kingdom ſhould not part us,
If *Conſcience* would but let me reſt,
Free from it's gnawing in my Breaſt;
But to be always pull'd a-pieces,
As Sheep in Brambles have their Fleeces,
No Horſe is able to endure it;
Cou'd he but know what way to Cure it.

Conſider on't, my Lords, I pray ye,
If you have any Pity in ye,
And free me from Queen *Kate my Wife*,
Or *Conſcience* ſure will end my Life.

† When firſt this ſcruple mov'd within,
And that I fear'd it was a Sin

† I moved you, my Lord of *Canterbury*, f
King, firſt to have your Licenſe to put this
Queſtion, as I did to all the reſt, which you
granted under your Seals, which I have here
That is true, ſaid the Biſhop of *Canterbury*, and
not but my Brethren here will acknowl
ſame. No, my Lord, ſays the Biſhop of *Ro*
ſo, by your favour, for to that Inſtrumen
neither my *Hand* or *Seal*. No, *Ho!* ſaid
not this your *Hand* nor *Seal*? No, ſays th
is none of my *Hand* nor *Seal*. How ſay
ſaid the King to my Lord of *Canterbury*
it is his *Hand* and *Seal*. No, my Lord,
indeed you were in Hand with me oft
and *Seal*, but I always told you I wo

To live with her, who, tho' my Queen,
Yet once my Brother's Wife had been,
I got your *Leaves*, my Lords, to ſtate
And bring the Queſtion in debate,
As very plainly does appear
Under your Hands and Seals: --- Lo here.

That's True my Liege, quoth *Canterbury*,
True! Marry is it True, quoth *Harry*.

Nay, hold, my Liege, quoth *Rocheſter*,
My *Hand* I'm ſure came never there,
Nor did my Seal come ever at it.
Quoth *Warham*, yes my Lord, you ſet it
Amongſt the other Biſhops Hands.
Look! Look! Cries *Harry*, where it ſtands:
Says *Rocheſter*, whats'ever's there
Is none of mine, I do declare;
My *Hand* and *Seal* I never ſet,
And my *Conſent* you ne'er ſhall get;
I know you preſt me for the ſame,
But I deny'd both *Seal* and *Name*.

Says *Warham*, yes my Lord, you know,
That at the laſt you did allow,

Conſent to any ſuch Act. And my *Hand* an

I thereunto ſhould write your *Name*,
And ſet your Signet to the ſame.
No! no! my Lord, ſays he, the *Truth*
Comes not at preſent from your Mouth:
I utterly deny the thing.
Well! well! no matter, ſays the King,
Argue no more, you are but one,
One Swallow makes no Summer, John.

Where's *Conſcience* now, that was of late
So tender in the Cauſe of *Kate*?
'Tis now, by frequent uſing made
Blunt as an Egg, and Dull as Lead.
Tho' *Hands* and *Seals* they *Counterfeit*,
It never Checks them for the Cheat.
Oh Powerful Will! That has ſo ſoon,
Maugre it's *Sting*, Conjur'd it down.

Now enter *Harry's* (*k*) Evidences,
With Suppoſitions and Pretences,
That ſickly *Arthur* might have then
As potent been as able Men.
But let themſelves their ſtuff rehearſe
For I'll not have it ſtain my Verſe;
And therefore, in the Margin read it,
If ſo ye liſt, or never heed it. Againſt

(*k*) *George* Earl of *Shaftsbury* depoſed that he *believ'd* Prince *Arthur* knew his Wife carnally, and was able ſo to do, becauſe he himſelf knew his before he was 16.

Thomas Marquis of *Dorſet ſuppoſed* him able for the Buſineſs.

Robert Viſcount *Fitzwater* ſaid, he heard Prince *Arthur* ſay, *I have been in* Spain *the laſt Night*.

Charles Brandon, Duke of *Suffolk*, ſpoke to the ſame effect; ſo did alſo *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*; and added, we *believe* that the *Prince* carnally knew her, becauſe himſelf had performed the like at the ſame Age. Sir *Anthony Willoughby* ſaid, he had heard the Prince ſay, *Give me a Cup of Ale for I have been in the midſt of Spain the laſt Night*.

Againſt their Evidence, in Reply
Comes in the (*l*) Biſhop Lord of *Ely*,
Who *Confeſſarius* to the Queen,
And her *Director* late had been.
This Prieſt ſhe *Licenc'd* to Declare
All that he knew in this Affair,
He did ſo, having her Commiſſion;
Obſerve, in ſhort, his Depoſition.

The Queen to me has often ſaid
She to the King's Bed came a Maid,
And this upon her Conſcience tender
She did declare, ſo God defend her.

You may ſuppoſe King *Harry* knew
That which this Prelate ſaid was True,
Becauſe the Matter he deny'd not
And to Queen *Kath'rine* he reply'd not,
When in a very Solemn Sort,
She this affirm'd in publick Court,
Nor had the Confidence to blame
Her Affirmation of the ſame,
And certainly he would have done it,
If for a Truth he had not known it,
Seeing on this he knew Depended,
The Matter of Divorce pretended,
And only could by this be ended.

(*l*) Againſt theſe, the Bp of *Ely* depos'd, *that he had heard the Queen often ſay* (ſub teſtimonio Conſcientiæ ſuæ) *That ſhe was never carnally known by Prince* Arthur.

Then ſpeaks the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, All this, ſays he, is no more than what hath formerly been depoſed, examined, thoroughly debated by the beſt and moſt learned Divines and Lawyers, *&c.*

All the Allegations (againſt *the Marriage*) were Judged vain and frivolous, whereupon the Marriage was Concluded, Approved, and Ratify'd by the See Apoſtolick, and that in ſuch large and ample manner as that I think it a very hard Matter now again to call the ſame before another Judge.

* The reſt of thoſe Immodeſt Fancies,
Advanc'd by *Harry's Evidences*,
Seem'd to the Council of the Queen,
Fooliſh Conjectures and obſcene:
They Nullify'd 'em, and in ſhort,
Made them appear to all the Court
Vain Stuff, a Frolick, or at beſt
But meer Surmiſes, from a Jeſt.

* Then ſpake Dr. *Ridley*, another of the Council, ſaying, my Lords the Cardinals, heard the Queen herſelf, here in the Face whole Court, and in the Preſence and He the King himſelf, call the Great God of He Earth to witneſs, *That ſhe was a Pure Virgin w came into the King's Bed*; and how ſhe put it King's *Conſcience*, ſpeaking unto him Face and if it were otherwiſe, we cannot ima either the Queen durſt ſo Appeal unto him King ſo ſpoke unto, if unworthily, w have contradicted her; beſides, we have Teſtimony of the Biſhop of *Ely*, who hath upon his Oath, how the Queen had ofte *monio Conſcientiæ ſuæ* ſaid unto him, that ſhe any carnal Knowledge of Prince *Arthur*.

Now, my Lords, that ſuch a Frolick o that about a *Sup of Ale*, or the *midſt of Spai* together with all the reſt that has been ſai meer Conjectures and Preſumptions, ſhoul Competition with ſo great a Teſtimony reign Princeſs's ſolemn Atteſtation of her on the King's Conſcience, and that C *Clearing* her from ſuch Preſumption by it' lence, ſhould cauſe us to lay aſide all which we owe to former Power and Aut that of even the See Apoſtolick itſelf ſhoul Void by your calling this Matter into Q a thing in my Conceit moſt deteſtable, & *this Speech, and that of the Biſhop of* Rocheſter' *Dr.* Bailey's *Life of* John Fiſher.

The ſage *Campeius* underſtanding
The Juſtice of the Cauſe Depending,
To be on *Kath'rine*'s ſide, who from
The *Legate's* Court Appeal'd to *Rome*;
Reſolv'd with *Wolſey* there to ſend it,
That by the Pope it might be ended.

At this the King grew deſperate hot,
And *Brandon* on the Table ſmote,
His Eyes ſtruck Fire, he breathed Smoak,
And a moſt Bloody Oath he took,
That Cardinals did never good
In *England*, ſince the Nation ſtood.
This ſtruck the Courtiers all with Fear,
Till one by one they diſappear,
Not liking ſuch unwelcome Sport,
And ſo *Diſſolved* was the *Court*.

To *Rome*, in haſte, *Campeius* goes,
And tells Pope *Clement* all he knows.
The King on his ſide alſo ſent
His Orators, to repreſent
The Matter in another ſort,
Than what *Campeius* would report;
And diff'rently the Cauſe was ſtated,
And *pro* and *con* it was debated;
Which when *his Holineſs* had heard,
And ſaw on what ſide *Right* appear'd,
The King's Pretences he denies,
And with the Queen's Suit he complies.

King *Harry* finding it was ſo,
Was at his Wit's-end what to do,
And for Advice, he runs out ſtreight
To an old *Bard*, *Tom Cranmer* hight:
Cranmer could tune his Rev'rend Song
To *Harry*'s Fancy, Right or Wrong,
Swallow huge *Oaths*, and when he Swore,
Proteſt his *Oaths* ſhould bind no more

Than *Sampſon's* Cords: Could Conſcience looſe
From Sacred Ties of Solemn Vows,
Could break his Faith and plighted Troth
And Sacrifice to Intereſt both:
Could play the Hypocrite, and Lie,
A Sinner of the deepeſt dye,
Stain to his Character and Coat,
Luſtful he was as any Goat,
And whereſoe'er he went, they ſay,
With him he did his *Miſs* Convey,
Yet in cloſe manner: For the Man
Contriv'd for her a ſtrange Sedan,
Yclep'd (*m*) a Cheſt, made fit for ſtowing
That precious Stuff his *German* Frow in:
(It was in *Dutchland* he trapan'd her,
And ſhe was Niece to *Oſiander*.)

Such, in his Youth, were *Cranmer's* Crimes,
But he had worſe in After-times;
So that the King had ſcarce a Sin
But *Cranmer* had a ſhare therein,
Nor was a Sin by th' *One* Invented,
But what the *Other* ſo contented,
That readily he would allow it,
And frequently add ſomething to it,
By which 'twould daily greater grow,
As Snowballs do, when rowl'd in Snow.

With ev'ry Vice they ſtock'd the Region,
To fit it for a new Religion.
From Luſts of both, from both their Sins,
The *Engliſh* Hereſy begins,
The Lewdeſt, and the Groſſeſt one,
In all the Reformation.

The

(*m*) Mr. *Maſon* in his Book of the Conſecrations of *Engliſh* Biſhops, ſays, *Cranmer kept his Wife Secret for fear of the Law, and that they reported ſhe was carried up and down in a Cheſt, and that at* Graveſend *the wrong End of the Cheſt was ſet upward*, p. 73.

The King with this Arch-Villain meeting,
After Salute and Friendly Greeting,
Lays open Caſe of Conſcience tender,
As *Saul* did once to th' Witch of *Endor*;
And, from the firſt, to him relates
His whole Concern and Madam *Kate*'s,
Then his Advice demanded; who
Having Directions from below,
Does thus Adviſe him what to do.
Cran. Sir, if the Pope will not comply
With you, do you *His* Power deny,
And baniſh his *Supremacy*.

King. Could I the Papal Pow'r unhinge,
I durſt not take that ſweet Revenge.
Cran. Why ſo, Sir? Follow my Direction,
Affirm he has no Juriſdiction
Over your Realm, or any in it.
Sir, if you think there's any Sin in't
Charge that on me; I'll anſwer for't
To God, the Pope and *Roman* Court.
When this is done, Proclaim yourſelf
The Churches Head. *King.* Thou damned Elf,
Doſt thou ſuppoſe me ſuch a *Turk*,
To make a *Schiſm* in the Kirk?
Cran. But, Sir, to this you muſt be forc'd,
Before the Queen can be Divorc'd.
King. Is there no other way but that
For me to free my ſelf from *Kate*?
The Cure is worſe than the Diſeaſe.
Cran. Vain Scruples! Vain ſuch Thoughts as theſe!
The Pope, as I can make appear,
Can *Claim* no *Juriſdiction* here
By any Law Divine or Human.
King. I doubt thy Doctrine is not True, Man;
Yet ſince it fits our Caſe ſo well,
I'll take't for once, as Oracle:
And hence I'll thy Directions follow,
For, *Thou ſhalt be my great* Apollo.

Cran. As ſoon as *Warham* dies, King *Harry*,
Get me Inſtall'd in *Canterbury*,
Which, as the times are, muſt be done
By Papal Approbation.
King. But this you know, we cannot do
Without the Oath, and how can you
Obedience Swear unto the Pope,
And I for Churches Headſhip hope?
Cran. Yes, Swear I muſt, but on my Troth
I *Swear*, I'll never keep my Oath;
In Oaths of diſagreeing Kinds,
The firſt, and not the ſecond, Binds.
King. Well, when you are in Primate's Chair,
Then what's the next? *Cran.* Take you no Ca
I ſo to paſs will Matters bring,
You ſhall be Pope, as well as King;
And then do you, by Power Supreme,
Commiſſion me, and I'll Proclaim
Your Marriage Null, and give a Bill
For *Kate*'s Divorce: —— Ay, that I will.
King. And Wed me to my Daughter *Nan*?
Cran. Yes, that I will. *King.* O Bleſſed Man!
King. But prithee *Cranmer* how can't be
That thou ſhould'ſt make a Pope of me
That am a Lay-Man, I proteſt, one
Not fit at all to make a Prieſt on?
I'll ne'er pretend to ſuch a thing.
Cran. Great Sir, you are (*n*) Anointed King,
By Virtue of the Regal Unction
You may perform the Prieſtly Function.
King. What, tho' no Conſecrated Prieſt?
Cran. Sir, Conſecration's but a Jeſt,
One that's Elected needs no more,
And Kings have *Patriarchal* Pow'r;
They may Ordain, and Conſecrate,
Abſolve and Excommunicate.

(*n*) The Clergy placed the King's Supremac
ſome extraordinary Grace conferr'd on the Kin
the Anointing in the Coronation. *Burnet*, A
l. 2. *p.* 56.

May Teach and Preach, and may Diſpenſe
As well as Pope, all (o) Sacraments,
So may any Elected Lay-Man.
King. By Crown and Globe, thou art a Gay-Man!
But yet I fear this Doctrine's new.
Cran. No matter, ſo it ſeems but true,
And in the Bible it is ſaid,
You are an Holy Prieſthood made,
Which being ſpoke to *All*, 'tis plain
That *All* are Prieſts. *King.* Only the Men,
I hope you mean not Women too?
Cran. Not Women! Yes, Sir, but I do;

(o) Dr. *Burnet* in his Hiſtory. In his Collection of Records, *Record* 21. Entituled, *The Reſolution of ſeveral Biſhops and Divines, of ſome Queſtions concerning the Sacraments* upon the Sacrament of *Holy Order*: *Cranmer* in Anſwer to the Queſtions ſays, —— All Chriſtian Princes have Committed unto them immediately of God the whole Cure of all their Subjects, as well concerning the Adminiſtration of God's Word for the Cure of Souls, as concerning the Miniſtration of things Political and Civil, *&c.* *Barlow* agrees with him, both affirming, that the Apoſtles, lacking a Chriſtian King among them, made Biſhops by that Neceſſity; not by Authority given by God. In Anſwer to the Tenth Queſtion, *Cranmer*, *Barlow*, *Cox*, &c. ſay, That at the beginning, Biſhops and Prieſts were all one.

To the Eleventh Queſtion *Cranmer* ſays, Princes and Governours may make Prieſts. He, *Barlow* and *Cox*, &c. affirm, That Lay-men may make Prieſts by Election.

To the Twelfth Queſtion, ſays *Cranmer*, In the New Teſtament he that is appointed to be a Biſhop or a Prieſt, needeth no Conſecration by the Scripture; for Election or Appointing thereto is ſufficient. *Barlow* ſays, only Appointing with Impoſition of Hands, is ſufficient wit hout Conſecration.

They're part o'th' *Ad*, as well as we.
King. Oh, *Tom!* If you'll be rul'd by me,
Put not the Women into Pulpits,
For they'll deride our Sex for Dull-pates,
And ev'ry one aſpire as high
As I do, to *Supremacy:*
They'll Murther with Eternal Din
Both one another, and us Men.

But to be ſerious; for 'tis now
Time to conſider what we do.
Our *Engliſh* Clergy never will
Conſent that we the Pope Expel.
Nor will our Spiritual Lords allow us,
Or pay their Ghoſtly Homage to us.
Cran. Doubt not, Great Sir! I know a way
If you'll proceed in't, how you may
Oblige the Biſhops to proclaim
The King, the Churches Head Supreme.
King. I doubt the Task will be as hard,
As Great *Mogul* to take by th' Beard.
Cran. No, Sir, I read a while a-go
An ancient Book of Statute-Law,
In which I find a Statute extant,
(That was recorded in good Text-hand
When *Dick* the Second rul'd the Land.)
Which on our *Clergy* laid Command
In Penalty of *Premunire*,
Not to own any Legate here,
Without Commiſſion from the Prince,
King. And what can you infer from thence?
Cran. Wolſey, you know, has acted here
As *Pope's Legate*, many a Year
Without your Majeſty's Conſent,
(I mean, by Publick Inſtrument
Under your Hand and Seal) beſide,
The Biſhops too with him comply'd;
For doing which I'll make appear,
They've all incur'd a *Premunire*.

Kin

King. Nay hold, for I a while ago
Commiſſion'd (a) *Wolſey* ſo to do,
And what was done without Conſent
Of me, or of our Parliament,
Is pardon'd him, as he can ſhew.
Cran. Well, then I'll tell you what we'll do:
I am acquainted with his Man,
As Arch a Rogue as ever ran,
One who, I know, for Gold will ſell
His and his Maſter's Soul to Hell.
Let's Bribe with Gold the cunning Knave,
To get the Patent back you gave;
For where the Cardinal did lay it
He knows, and can from thence convey it.

(b) When you have got that Buckler from 'em,
Then fall with Tooth and Nail upon 'em;
Convict them ev'ry Mother's Son
By *Richard*'s Statute; when that's done,
Threaten to put 'em all in hold,
As cloſe as Miſers do their Gold:

(a) The Author of *Church Government*, Part 3. p. 22. The Cardinal pleaded, *That it was well known to his Majeſty, that he would not preſume to execute his Power Legatine before the King had been pleas'd to ratify it with his Royal Aſſent, given under his Seal.* See *Goodwin*'s Annals, p. 107. And, p. 119. he ſays, *It was certain that* Wolſey *was Licenſed to exerciſe his Authority Legatine.*

(b) Dr. *Baily* in the *Life of* John Fiſher, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter, ſays, That the Cardinal procured a Confirmation of his Legatine Authority under the *Great Seal*, as well for that which was paſt, as that which was to come: which the King remembring, thought the Cardinal too hard for him, but he ſo deals with a *Servant* then belonging to the Cardinal, and in great truſt about him, that by *his* Means he regained the ſaid Ratification under the Great Seal into his Hands; And then to work he went, p. 106.

E'er they'll endure such Walls of Stone,
(As Holy *Anchorets* have done,)
They'll yield to all you can require,
And *Pardon* on their Knees desire;
But Pardon *Not*, till they agree
To grant your Grace *Supremacy*.

Thus was the subtil Project laid,
And *Wolsey* by his Man betray'd.
His Pardon and Commission lost,
And all in *Premunire* Cast.

At *Harry's* Mercy now they stand,
With bended Knee and Cap in Hand;
While over them he falls to Hector
Like *Sultan*, or a *Null-Protector*,
And positively tells 'em, they
Must ev'ry Man consent to lay
The Pope's Supremacy aside,
(As he had done his former Bride)
And Churches Head acknowledge him;
Or else, by Royal *Diadem*
He swore, they must expect no Pardon.
To soften this; for 'twas an hard one)
They must for Ransom to the Crown,
One hundred thousand Pounds pay down.

Nor must you grumble at it, Sirs,
(Says he) nor make the least demurs,
Deny the Pope, *Proclaim* you me
Head of the Church: For *Head* I'll be.
I swear I will, by good Battoon,
By Scepter, Globe, by Sword and Crown;
Tho' all the Pow'rs above resist it,
And *Christ* and *Holy Church* detest it.

He said: and with an angry Brow
Left them consulting what to do.

At this Schiſmatical Requeſt,
Wiſe *Rocheſter* ſpake to the reſt,
His learn'd *Oration* (*c*) was ſo clear,
It ſatisfy'd all that were there.

This learned and profound Oration
So byaſſed the Convocation,
That, *Una Voce*, all deny
To Grant the King Supremacy.

At which, (*d*), quoth he, my Lords, I pray
Be not ſo ſtiff, mind what I ſay,
I ſolemnly on Word of King
Proteſt, that if you'll grant the thing,
I will not in the leaſt abuſe it,
But as *Coactive* only uſe it.
Nor will I ever touch the *Helm*
Of *Peter*'s Ship, for all my Realm;
Nor Order, Judge, or change, or meddle
In Spirituals.——Oh! that's a Riddle
Quoth *Rocheſter*, I'll therefore tell,
My Lords, a certain Parable.

(*e*) The

(*c*) You will find the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*'s Speech at large, in Dr. *Baily*'s *Life of* John Fiſher *Biſhop of* Rocheſter, p. 116.

This Speech, ſays my Author, ſo wrought upon the whole Convocation, that the King's Purpoſe for that Time was clearly fruſtrated.

(*d*) He proteſts unto them on the Word of a King, that if they would acknowledge and confeſs him for ſupreme Head of the Church of *England*, he would never by Virtue of that Grant, aſſume unto himſelf any more Power, Juriſdiction, or Authority over them, than all other the Kings of *England* had formerly aſſumed; neither would he take upon him to Promulge, or make any new Spiritual Law, or Exerciſe any Spiritual Juriſdiction, *&c.*

(*e*) The *HEART* desired to be the *HEAD*,
And to the other Members said,
Make *Me* your *Head*, and I declare
I'll neither Speak, Smell, See, nor Hear;
Nor Act as *Heads* are wont to do,
But play the Heart, as I do now.
They all Consent. The *Heart* now made
The *Head*, it forthwith acts the *Head*:
And having got Mouth, Nose, Eyes, Ears,
It Speaks, Tasts, Smells, and Sees, and Hears.
The Members finding this, Complain
Of Breach of Promise. ——— But in vain.
This Parable mov'd all the rest
Still to deny the King's Request.

The King displeased went his Ways,
And said no more for sev'ral Days,
But bad Sir *Audley* go and try,
If they but thus far would comply,
To give the Title that he sought,
With this restrictive Clause put to't,
As far as God's Law will allow. (*f*)
This they were willing all to do,
Not minding that it was a Step
When granted, for a further Leap,
Which he design'd, at fitter Season,
Over the Bounds of Law and Reason.

Now grown Impatient, in short while
He tempts 'em in a rougher Stile.
What tho', my Lords, you granted me
The Title of *Supremacy*?
Yet what is added to the same
Restrains it to an empty Name;

And

(*e*) See Dr. *Baily's Life of* J. F. *Bishop of* Rochester; In which you will find this Parable at large, and Abundance of excellent Speeches, *p.* 120.

(*f*) *Quantum per Legem Dei licet.* Life of *J. F.* Bishop of *Rochester.*

And therefore take away that Clauſe;
For I'll not bounded be by Laws:
See, that no longer you Diſpute,
For *Head* I'll be, and *Abſolute*;
I'll at my Pleaſure Rule at large
And Steer at Will St. *Peter*'s Barge.

The Biſhops, urged thus ſeverely,
Expect no Good from further Parley,
Aſſume a Chriſtian Courage, and
By *Audity* let him underſtand,
That he in ſhort muſt either want it,
Or take it as it had been granted.

But while this doing was, came Home
The King's Embaſſadors from *Rome*,
And the unwelcome Tydings bring
That *Kath'rine*'s Marriage with the King
The Pope Confirm'd and Ratify'd
By Bull, and the Divorce deny'd.

His Majeſty, now out of Hope
Of being Divorc'd by the Pope,
And in deſpair of e'er prevailing
Upon the Biſhops for entailing
On him and on his Diadem
Over the Church a Pow'r Supreme;
Into moſt deſp'rate Madneſs fell:
Don, who with Windmills underſail
Engag'd in Battle, never had
A Brain ſo furiouſly Mad.
Groans ecchoing from his griev'd Soul,
About his fiery Eye-balls rowl,
And ſparkle from their ſcalded Holes,
In luſtre like to glowing Coals;
His Brow in rowling Tempeſts furls
Itſelf into ill-boding Curls;
Out ſulph'rous Smoak flies when he ſpeaks,
A flaming Scarlet ſtains his Cheeks,

But ſits not long upon his Face,
E'er dreadful Paleneſs takes its Place:
All tokens of a deſp'rate Rage,
The Churches Ruine do preſage.

With trembling Tongue, his Words at thrice
He ſtutters out, his dreadful Voice
He ſeems to check, and then to force;
'Tis hollow now, now ſhrill, now hoarſe;
So that his Rage in divers Tones,
Like *Cerb'rus* from his tripple Sconce,
Thus vents he.——Am not I a King?
And ſhall I ſtoop to any thing?
Shall I be rul'd by Good, or Ill,
Contrary to my boundleſs Will?
Shall I to *Prelate* cringe, or *Prieſt*,
To *Council*, *Peter*, *Pope* or *Chriſt*,
Contrary to my Inclinations?
No! E'er I'll do't, I'll damn my Nations,
I'll tear Chriſt's Seamleſs Coat in two;
Thou, *Peter's* Great Succeſſor, know!
Thy *Juriſdiction* hence I'll chaſe,
And ſeat my ſelf in th' *Holy Place*;
And you, my Biſhops, I will be
Revenged on your Prelacy:
I'll grind you all as ſmall as Duſt,
For daring thus to Croſs my Luſt:
The *Engliſh* Church, without Controul
Of Pope or Chriſt, I mean to Rule,
And with my Kingdoms damn my Soul.

Come, ye Infernal Pow'rs! and joyn
All your united Force with mine;
Come, thou black Prince of Sulph'rous Styx,
Come, Spirits of Eaſtern Schiſmaticks,
Come *Arius*, *Neſtor*, *Ebion's* Ghoſt,
From Hell, as ſwift as Swallows Poſt;
Come *Simon Magus*, *Judas*, come on
All you old Hereticks I ſummon,
That like to *Salamanders* roam
In Fire Eternal; riſe and come! Leave

Leave your Vulcanian Grottoes, and
Bask your broyl'd Limbs on cooler Land;
New Bodies take in this my Nation,
By *Pythagorean* Tranſmigration;
What Hereſies you ever knew
Bring in, and broach 'em here anew.

Yet whilſt my Reign laſts, if you pleaſe,
Forbear; becauſe to live at Eaſe
Is my deſire, and all Men know
Diſturbances attend on you;
As Factions, dire Debates and Jars,
Rebellions, Treaſons, Blood and Wars;
For *SCHISM* only is the Thing
That I'll be for, whilſt I am King:
But ſoon as ever I am gone
And my Succeſſor's on the Throne;
Flock hither *Thick and Threefold*, and
Bring all your Plagues upon the Land;
I, in the mean while, will prepare
All things for your Reception here,
And by damn'd *Schiſm* will make way
For all old Hereſies in Play
To come; behold! I do begin:
He ſaid; and call'd each deadly Sin;
Pride, Wrath, Luſt, Envy, Avarice,
Sloth, Gluttony, and all Exceſs:
To which he both his States gave up,
Who greedily quaff off the Cup
Of baſe Delights, till in a Trice
They drunk became with ev'ry Vice:
And *Fear* and *Cowardice* took place
Of Chriſtian *Fortitude* and *Grace*.

Thus they prepar'd with Vice and Fear,
Eaſe, Idleneſs and little Pray'r;
He ſets upon 'em once again,
Unbounded Headſhip to Obtain;
Suppoſing, if he cloſely preſs'd it,
They would want Courage to reſiſt it.

And

And thus he ſpeaks: — My Lords, no Ill is
In my Demand, and this my Will is,
To be Chief *Vicar* in Chriſt's Stead,
And Church of *England's Supreme Head.*
This you, I ſay, muſt not Diſpute,
For *Head* I'll be, and Abſolute.
This is the laſt time I'll demand it;
Who-e'er he be that dares withſtand it
Shall in cloſe Dungeon be immur'd,
'Till by an Ax, or Halter Cur'd.
This ſaid; the Tyrant turns about,
And with an haughty Pace ſtruts out,
To ſhew that he was reſolute.

(*g*) Thus Planet-ſtruck, amaz'd they ſtood,
Like Block-heads hewn from Logs of Wood:
Threatn'd without, and check'd within
By the Approach of deadly Sin,
Were ſeized with a panick Terror,
Which ſhock'd their very Souls with Horror;
'Till *Cranmer*, who was Steel within,
And Braſs againſt all Checks of Sin,
Taught all of them how they might be,
Juſt like himſelf, from Conſcience free.

(*h*) I tell ye, Sirs, ſays he, 'tis Nonſenſe
To talk of ſuch a Thing as *Conſcience*
When Kings command: Unleſs you'll ſay
Conſcience forbids to diſobey;

And

(*g*) See what excellent Speeches were ſpoken against it, *Hiſtorical Collections*, p. 17.

(*h*) When Sir *Thomas Moore* pleaded before *Cranmer*, that he could not in Conſcience take the *Oath of Supremacy*, *Cranmer* replied, that ſeeing he was not certain of his Conſcience, but that it was a thing certain he muſt obey his Prince, therefore he was to reject that doubtful Conſcience of his, and ſtick to the latter, which was undoubted. *Winſtanley's Worthies of England*, p. 316.

And then indeed the Scruple muſt
Be held for Righteous and Juſt.
Do not thoſe Conſciences of yours
Bid you ſubmit to higher Pow'rs?
The Scripture does I'm ſure; and therefore
If Conſcience doth not, tell me wherefore
You plead Religion? that pretence
Is vain, when't contradicts the Prince:
Our Faith is only ſound ſo far
As with the King's it doth not Jar,
Nor can it ever be amiſs,
So long as it agrees with his.
For my Part, ſolemnly I ſwear it,
Nor care I if a Thouſand hear it;
If *Harry* were *Mahometan*,
I would not be a Chriſtian;
Nor would I hold the Primate's Place,
But as Chief *Muſty* to his Grace.

Nice Conſciences, my Lords, ye ken
Belong to Women, not to Men;
Our's free as Fancy, large as Thought,
And unreſtrain'd, muſt ſtick at nought,
But have the Liberty of Ranging
Through all Religions, and of Changing
As often as the King ſees Cauſe
To alter *Faith*, and *Churches Law*.

Thus Irreligious *Cranmer* pleaded,
And laid before 'em all they dreaded;
And might have talk'd till he were weary,
Had there not been a *Premunire*.

(*a*) After a long Debate, at laſt
This damn'd Determination paſt;
The King ſhall have Supremacy,
Tho' *We* Pope, Faith and Chriſt deny,

Good

(*a*) The Lord *Fitzherbert* Records an admirable Speech againſt the *Supremacy*. *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 17.

Good *Rocheſter*, with Grace endu'd,
With Reaſon, Truth and Fortitude,
Did openly the Thing deteſt,
And contradicted all the reſt;
But all he ſaid could not prevail
With thoſe new Worſhippers of *Baal*.

The King perceiving their Compliance,
Sets them the further at defiance;
Rejects with Scorn their baſe Submiſſion,
Until they Court him by *Petition*
To take them to his Gracious Favour,
And pardon all their bad Behaviour:
In which *(b) Petition* there was writ
His new-got *Title*: —— This was it;
Protector and Supreme Head
Of the Engliſh *Church and Clergy*.
To that Petition all their Names
They did ſubſcribe to all their Shames:
To ſhew Submiſſion more profound,
They pay an hundred thouſand Pound
For Ranſom to the King, and he
Receives 'em into Clemency:
At which with Tears, and Thanks, and Praiſe
They kiſs his Hand: and go their Ways.

A Parliament his Highneſs Summons,
Pack'd of a Crew of ſervile Commons:
Such as he knew would ready be
To fix on him Supremacy.
This in the Space of fifteen Days,
Brought forth a few ſtout Statute Laws. It

(b) They in their Convocation concluded an humble Petition in Writing, and offered the King 100000 Pound, to have their Pardon by Parliament, which after ſome Labour was accepted, in which Submiſſion the Clergy called the King *Supreme Head of the Church*. *Baker*'s Hiſt. p. 299. See *Heylin*'s Hiſt. p. 19. He ſays, This Inſtrument bears Date the 12th of *March*, 1530.

It firſt votes lawful ev'ry thing,
That had been acted by the King;
As ſending *Rocheſter* and *Moore*,
Priſ'ners (unjuſtly) to the *Tower*.
Next it enacts the King Supreme
O'er *Engliſh* Church, as well as Realm,
And gives him Power to *Detect*,
To *Cenſure*, *Judge*, *Damn* and *Correct*,
And when he pleaſed to *Neglect*
All Errors, Hereſies, and what
Might hurt the Church, (as well as State.)
For to the Prince alone it gave
Authority to Damn or Save.

Nor can the Biſhops uſe the Keys,
But when and how their *Lay-Head* pleaſe;
The further to Corroborate
The Headſhip of the Magiſtrate:
It makes it *Treaſon* to deny
His *Spiritual Supremacy*.

Another (*c*) Act was alſo made,
Which a ſtrict Prohibition laid
On all the Biſhops in the Nation,
Ever to meet in Convocation;
Till they were ſummon'd by his *Writ*.
For thus the Churches *Head* thought fit,
To Licenſe th' Body when to ſit.

(*d*) That Statute alſo, (at their meeting
And in full Convocation ſitting,)

Pro-

(*c*) 25 *H.* 8. 19. The Convocation ſhall be aſſembled by the King's Writ, and ſhall not enact any Conſtitutions or Ordinances without the King's Aſſent. See *Wingate's Abridg. of the Statutes.*

(*d*) The Convocation promiſed upon the Words of Prieſts, never to make any *Canons* without the King's Aſſent. *Burn. Abridg.* p. 112.

Prohibits taking ought in Hand,
But what the *Head* ſhall firſt Command;
Nor *Canons* make, nor Sign *Decrees*
But ſuch as ſhall the Lay-Head pleaſe,
Neither Promulge nor Execute 'em;
In ſhort, they muſt do nought without him.
Since that; thoſe *Cyphers* of the Gown,
Have nought to do but ſit 'em down
In Synod Houſe, and there remain,
Till Lay-Head ſends 'em home again.
To make a Gay, Grave, empty Show,
Is all their *Head* will have them do.

(*e*) Nor can they Multiply their Kind,
Unleſs their Lay-Pope have a Mind;
For he muſt Licenſe each to this,
In his reſpective Dioceſs,
And give them Power to *Ordain*
And *Conſecrate* new Clergy-Men.
Nor does their Sacred Miſſion Spring
From other Fountain than the King;
Unleſs a Woman have the Crown,
Then from a She-Pope it's brought down,
And at her Hand they muſt receive it,
As kindly as if *Peter* gave it,
And own themſelves beholden to her,
As Miſtreſs of all Ghoſtly Power:
As by this ſtrange Oath will appear,
Which *Beſt* obliged them to Swear.

(*f*) I,

(*e*) The King did empower the Biſhops in his ſtead, to *Ordain*, give *Inſtitution*, and do all other Parts of the Epiſcopal Function; which was to laſt during his Pleaſure, *Burnet's Abridg.* 228.

Cranmer held, that Eccleſiaſtical Offices that were derived from *Ordination*, was only a Ceremony that might be uſed or laid aſide, but that the Authority was Convey'd to Church-Men only by the King's Commiſſion. See *Burnet's Abridg. l.* 2.

(f) I, *A. B.* Swear by Wounds and Blood,
By Goſpel, God and all that's Good,
That He or She Prince is Supreme,
A Child that bears the Diadem
Is ſo too, and the *Head* in all
Matters Eccleſiaſtical:
And whatſoever Foreign Pow'r,
Or Juriſdiction heretofore
In *Engliſh* Church, as well as State,
By Council, Pope or Potentate
Was had, or held, or exercis'd,
I do Renounce: As when Baptiz'd,
I did Renounce three Fatal Evils,
Pomps of the World, *the Fleſh and Devils*,
Yet with this Diff'rence, I proteſt,
'Gainſt thoſe in Earneſt, theſe in Jeſt.

Thus was the Church of *England* broke
By Schiſm from it's Native Stock,
And ſince has wither'd and decay'd,
As Branches rent from Tree do fade;
And thus it was our King became
The Churches Head, with Pow'r Supreme,
A Pow'r Eccleſiaſtical
O'er Biſhops, Councils, Popes, and all
The Pow'rs on Earth Eccleſ'aſtick,
Whether Foreign or Domeſtick.

A

(f) *The Oath.* I, *A. B.* do utterly teſtify and declare in my Conſcience, that the Queen's Highneſs is the only Supreme Governor of this Realm, *&c.* As well in all Spiritual or Eccleſiaſtical Things or Cauſes, as Temporal; and that no Foreign Prince, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath, or ought to have any Juriſdiction, Power, Superiority, Preheminence, or Authority, Eccleſiaſtical or Spiritual, within this Realm. And therefore I do utterly Renounce and Forſake all Foreign Juriſdictions, Powers, Superiorities and Authorities, *&c.* See the Book entit. *The Form of Conſecrating Biſhops, Prieſts and Deacons.* Printed by *Charles Barker*, Anno 1596.

A Pow'r ſo Vaſt, and ſo Egregious,
As turn'd to Laicks Vow'd Religious:
Judg'd whom they pleas'd for Hereticks,
Then burned them with Faggot-ſticks:
Th' Ancient Canons it Abrogated,
And Points of Faith Annihilated,
Alter'd the Churches Liturgies,
And did her Rituals deſpiſe.
It fram'd new Forms of *Ordination*,
Such as before were ne'er in faſhion.
It's Holy Sacraments Aboliſh'd,
And Conſecrated Kirks Demoliſh'd;
The Choirs transformed into Stables,
And Altars into Fuddling Tables:
The *MASS* Aboliſh'd, and the Maſs-days,
Turn'd Faſts to Feaſts, and Feaſts to Faſt-days.
In place of all which they deviſe
New Creeds, New Pray'rs, New Homilies.
Harry the Eighth ſet out the firſt Creed,
Ned made the ſecond, *Beſs* the worſt Creed.
Of Common-Prayer-Books, *Ned* made two,
And Homilies compos'd a few:
Beſs mends his Pray'r-Books and made more
New Homilies, above a Score.
Each Prince thus, as he gets the Crown,
Makes a Religion of his own.

By this New Pow'r, the new-Pope *Harry*,
Made *Cranmer* Lord of *Canterbury*,
And gave him by this boundleſs Power
A Liberty to Wed his Whore,
And free her from her Coffin-Bed,
In which (poor Girl!) ſo long ſhe'd laid,
And *Cranmer*, who was grateful ever,
Requites him with as kind a Favour;
To (g) *Anna Boleyn* Weds him firſt,
And afterwards Queen *Kate* Divorc'd, And

(g) The King's Marriage with *Anna Boleyn* was performed by Dr. *Rowland Lee*, on the firſt of *November*,

And a Commiſſion had for this
From Supreme High and Mightineſs.

Should *Jove* ſet *Vulcan* o'er the Gods,
To rule them with his Nail-ſtring Rods,
And dictate from his Bellows hollow,
Sage Sentences to wiſe *Apollo*,
And ſend away the Heel-wing'd Poſt,
With his Commands to ev'ry Coaſt,
To charge Lord *Phœbus* for his Ears,
Not to diſtinguiſh Days and Years,
Or bid him at Dark Midnight ſhine,
And *Bacchus* leave off toping Wine,
And *Æolus* to ceaſe from Breathing,
And *Neptune*'s Belly t' leave off heaving,
And *Mars* no more to Huff and Swagger,
But keep in Sheath his Truſty Dagger;
And *Chronus* t' leave his *Spaniſh* pace,
To trip the Twelve in three Days ſpace;
And *Phœbe* with full Face to run,
When in Conjunction with the *Sun*;
Sure ſuch Diſorder in the Skies
Wou'd argue *Jove* no longer Wiſe;
And to allow ſuch Work as this is,
Wou'd ſpeak him Mad amongſt his Miſſes,

And

vember 1532. None preſent at the Nuptials but Archbiſhop *Cranmer*, the Duke of *Norfolk*, the Father, Mother and Brother of the new Queen; but long it could not be Conceal'd, for being with Child, on *Eaſter-Eve*, the 12th of *April*, ſhe ſhewed her ſelf openly as Queen, and an Order iſſueth from the Parliament then ſitting, that *Katherine* ſhould no longer be called Queen, but Princeſs *Dowager*; *Cranmer*, the new Archbiſhop, Cites *Katherine* in fifteen Days to Appear before him, and in Default of her Appearance, proceedeth Judicially to Sentence of Divorce, and Cauſed it to be openly Publiſhed on *Friday* the 23d of *May*, 1533. See *Stow*, fol. 563, and *Heylin*, p. 161.

And ſtrike the whole World into Wonder,
At truſting *Vulcan* with his Thunder.
Yet *Harry* acts as far amiſs,
His Deeds run parallel to this.

No ſooner was King *Harry* made
Of *Engliſh* Church the Supreme Head,
But he a (*a*) Black-ſmith's Son Appointed
Head in his Place; one, who *Anointed*
Had never been, unleſs his Dad
Had in the ſleek-trough waſh'd the Lad,
With the Intent that that ſhou'd do
For Chriſt'ning and for Prieſt-hood too.
This *Cyclops*, as Hiſtorians tell us,
Leaving his Anvil, Forge and Bellows,
Liſted himſelf in *Bourbon*'s Wars,
Whence flying for avoiding Scars,
Kind Fate ordain'd his Lot ſhould fall,
To ſerve my Lord the Cardinal;
Where he gain'd Credit with the King,
For dext'rous handling ev'ry thing;
And at the laſt was look'd upon,
As for his Turn a fitting one;
And by Degrees was by his Grace
Exalted to Vicegerent's Place,
Made Vicar General in all
Affairs Eccleſiaſtical.
And now the (*b*) *Black-ſmith* ſits at Helm,
O'er all the Biſhops in the Realm, Mak-

(*a*) *Thomas Cromwel* ſat in the Convocation Hou- amongſt the Biſhops, as *Head* over them, *Bak.* p. 30-

(*b*) In the Convocation Houſe at his coming i- all the Biſhops did Obeyſance unto him, as to the Vicar-General, and he Saluted them and ſat dow- in the Higheſt Place. *Thomas Malon*'s Abſtract o- of *Fox*'s Martyrs, Entituled, *Chriſt's Victories over S- tan's Tyranny*, p. 197.

He ſent forth *Injunctions* to all Biſhops and C- rates throughout the Realm, *Charging* them, &c. *See Stow*, p. 574.

Makes them ſubmit to his *Injunctions*,
Preſcribes them Methods for their Functions:
And ſets them Bounds how far to go,
Both in Divine and Canon Law.
Baſe was his Carriage to the Reſt,
The Poor and Helpleſs he oppreſt,
Was Deaf to Orphans Cries and Prayers,
Laught at afflicted Widows Tears;
Look'd on the Gentry with Diſdain,
Contemn'd the Peers and Noble-men,
Inſulted o'er the Clergy, and
Griev'd all the Honeſt in the Land.
Errors in Faith the Fool Commended,
And Impious Hereticks defended.
None worſe than he in Pagan times
For Sacriledge, the worſt of Crimes.
What can I add? The Impious Thief
Did never Good in all his Life;
And here it is I mean to tell
How the Religious Houſes fell,
For 'twas this Monſter mov'd the Crown,
To Seize their Lands, and pull them down.

The King Convenes a Parliament,
Well choſen for his good Intent:
The firſt Thing that the Houſe begun with,
And what he preſt their going on with,
Was to examine Miſdemeanors,

And theſe to (*c*) Magnify, as far,
As *Sol* in Light out-ſhines a Star.
They Authorize the *Mob* to bring in
Complaints againſt the Clergy's Sinning,
And lay Commands on ev'ry *Brother*
To Charge with Vices one another,
And bitter Grievances expreſs
With Exclamations for Redreſs,
Which the baſe Scoundrels gladly do,
Regardleſs whether falſe or true;
Nor did the Viſitor care whether
'Twas true (*d*) or falſe, took all together:
For when it chanc'd they found no more
Than one or two in Twenty Score,
That they for Vice, or Sin could blame,
On the whole Houſe they Charg'd the ſame,
And for the Failings of a Few,
Charg'd all with Sins, which they ne'er knew;
Now all thoſe Crimes Imaginary,
Were ſent to *Cromwel* and King *Harry*,
By a Black Not'ry, whom they took
To write them in their Doom's-day Book.
And by this Scandal made the People
Wiſh for the Downfal of the Steeple,
And ſhake their Heads at the Religious,
As Criminals the moſt Prodigious.

Thus

(*c*) They repreſented their Offences in ſuch Multiplying Glaſſes, as made them ſeem both greater in Number, and more Horrid in Nature, than indeed they were, *Heyl.* p. 262.

(*d*) The Commiſſioners threatned the *Cannons* of *Leiceſter*, that they would Charge them with Adultery and Buggery, unleſs they would ſubmit to *give up their Houſe*. See *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 36.

Burnet owns, that there were great Complaints made of the Violences and Briberies of the Viſitors, *and perhaps* (ſays he) *not without Reaſon.*

It was Complain'd (ſays *Burnet*) that Dr. *London* had corrupted many Nuns, *Abridg.* p. 182.

Thus having clear'd the Way to what
The King deſigned to be at;
He moves the Parliament to grant
Relief for paſt and preſent Want,
And give him *Caſh* to pay the Score,
He had been at to gain his *Whore*.
The Way that he would have it done,
Was by a *Diſſolution*
Of ſuch ſmall Abbies, as were found
In Annual Rents two hundred Pounds,
Or under: And joyn, as his own,
Their Lands and Livings to the Crown.
But (*e*) *Rocheſter* diſlik'd the Thing,
And Vig'rouſly oppos'd the King,
Fore-telling ſuch a Grant wou'd ſoon
Bring all the Greater Abbies down;
And in a very little while,
Not leave one ſtanding in the Iſle;
Which after came to paſs: But now
All his Endeavours would not do;
Cromwel prevails: The Parliament
To pleaſe the King, gave their Conſent,
And down the *Leſſer* Houſes went;
Which were in Number, at their Fall,
Three hundred ſeventy ſix in all:
Their Yearly Rent was that Day found,
Upward of Thirty thouſand Pound
In Ancient Rents, which would be more
Than that at this Day ten times o'er.
He ſeiz'd their Jewels, took their Gold,
And at half Price their Goods were Sold:
Sent the (*f*) Religious up and down,
With forty Shillings and a Gown.
Thus the ſmall Houſes: —— Now the Great
Come next, and ſhare the ſelf-ſame Fate

(*e*) See *Rocheſter*'s Speech, *Hiſt. Collect.*

(*f*) 10000 of the Religious were ſent to ſeek their Livings with 40 *Shil.* and a Gown a Man, their Goods

Abbies six hundred forty-five,
(If we may History believe)
They levell'd to Foundations, and
Unjustly seiz'd all their *Land*.
Chant'ries and *Chappels* they threw o'er
Twenty three hundred sev'nty four.
Good *Hospitals* one hundred ten,
Which long had kept Poor Pious Men,
They seiz'd into their Impious Hands,
And turn'd *poor* Saints to Vagabonds,
And *Colleges* almost one hundred
Into their Ancient Chaos turned.
Scarce Stone on Stone, or Brick on Brick,
Was left of any one Fabrick,
Save here and there a Bit of Wall,
To shew a Glorious Abby's Fall,
And the old Foot-steps yet of Stones,
To Meet the Ground it Cover'd once.

The (*g*) Revenues of Abby-lands
Seiz'd by the King's and Nobles Hands, Wer

Goods and Plate were esteem'd at 100000 *l.* and th valued Rents of their Houses at 32000 *l.* but was real ly above ten times so much. It was thought strang to see the King devour, what his Ancestors had de dicated to the Honour of *God* and his *Saints*. See *Bur net's Abridg. Baker* tells us that *The Number of Monasteries suppressed were* 645, Besides 90 *Colleges*, 100 *Hospitals*, and of *Chantries* and free *Chappels* 2374, *p.* 305.

(*g*) The *Acts* and *Statutes* made by Parliament con cerning the Reformation, are more fit to compose a *Volume*, than for a *Margent*, as those relating first to the Divorce of Q. *Katherine*, *Anna Boleyn*, to *Cranmer*, to the *Division* from *Rome*, to the Death of Sir *Tho. Moor*, and the Holy *Bishop of Rochester*; with many others, to the *Supremacy*, the *Fall of Abbies*, with many other *Acts* relating to those Affairs; I therefore refer the kind Reader to the Statute Books and Records themselves, the Books are more publick among *Attornies* and *Pettyfoggers*, than Bibles among *Parsons*.

Were then in Yearly Value found
One hundred ſixty thouſand Pound
In good old Rent, ſuch as might be
At this Day trebl'd three times three:
The *Treaſure* Seiz'd on by the Prince,
In Gold and Jewels was Immenſe.
Pride, Gluttony and Drunkenneſs,
Rebellion, Luſt, and all Exceſs
Is now maintain'd by that, which then,
Was the Support of Holy Men,
And Dedicated to God's Honour,
By the Intention of the Donor.

Where once the *Lark* on flutt'ring Wing
Call'd drowſy Brothers up to Sing,
Lauds, *Mattins*, *Thanks* to God above,
Now, not a Tongue is heard to move,
Unleſs of *Owls* and Birds of Night,
Or diſmal Shrieks of Haunting Sprite.
Thoſe Sacred *Cells*, where *Votaries* were
In Peaceful Contemplative Pray'r,
Are lurking Dens of wild Beaſts made,
And Foxes Howl where Hermits Pray'd.

Oh! Lofty Towers, and Sacred Piles,
That once adorn'd our happy Iſles,
Who can Record your *Overturning*
But in deep Sighs and bitter Mourning?
Beſides the Lines my Papers bear,
Let injur'd Juſtice take her Share,
And Sigh thro' all the Liquid Air;
'Till the whole World perceives the Noiſe,
And falls to liſten to the Voice;
Then let it *Form* ſuch Words, that *All*
May Underſtand, and Weep your Fall,
And the ſad Fate of all your Saints,
And innocent Inhabitants,
Who were ſo violently hurl'd
From bleſs'd Abodes, to Curſed World.

This Thunder-clap now ſcarce was o'er,
When in his Brow a bloody Show'r
Contracts itſelf, and hence a Flood
Is poured down of Martyrs Blood:
The Deluge flow'd o'er all the Land,
Swept *all* away that durſt withſtand
His late Uſurped Supreme Pow'r:
Of which were *Rocheſter* and *Moor*,
Two Martyrs *Pious*, *Wiſe* and *Learn'd*
As any Age has ſince diſcern'd.

Fam'd (*a*) *Avalonia*, [illegible] 'tis ſaid
Aramathea's Bones wer[illegible]
Was moiſten'd with [illegible]Stream,
That from it's Martyr[illegible] came:
The greedy Earth dra[illegible]e Flood,
And gave free Paſſage [illegible]Blood,
Which ſunk as if it g[illegible]ought
To honour that which *Joſeph* brought.

This holy Abbot's Head they nail'd
Upon his Gate, his Limbs impail'd
In Cities four adjoyning near,
Bath, *Wells*, *Bridgewater*, *Ilcheſter*.

The learned Abbot *Farringdan*,
And Commiſſary *Peterſon*,
John Beck Abbot of *Glaſtenbury*,
And * *Jenniſon* renown'd in War
Were put to Death; and *Richardſon*,
Powell, *Owen*, and *Fetherſton*,
Rug, *Abell*, *Bolbeim* and the Prior
Of *Doncaſter*; in ſhort there were Two

(*a*) *Glaſtenbury* where St. *Joſeph* of *Aramathea*'s Body lies, and the two Viols that he brought with him fill'd with the Water and Blood that he waſh'd from the Sacred Wounds and Body of our Saviour after he took him down from the Croſs. *Records of* Glaſtenbury *and* Capgrave.

* A Knight of *Malta*.

Two *Cardinals* condemn'd to Death,
And Thirteen *Abbots* loſt their Breath;
Archdeacons, *Cannons* ſeventy four;
Prieſts, *Priors*, *Monks* five hundred more;
And fifty Learned *Doctors* dy'd,
Dukes, *Marqueſſes*, and *Earls* were try'd,
Of which a Dozen ſuffered,
To ſatiate this Bloody Head:
Twenty nine *Knights* and *Barons* fell
Sad Victims to his Headſhip's Will;
Of *Gentlemen* were eighteen ſcore,
Townſmen One hundred thirty four,
And *Ladies* full an Hundred more.
The weak Sex here no Mercy found,
More than the Hare before the Hound. (*a*)
In all, King *Harry* ſent to Heaven
About Twelve hundred eighty ſeven;
And more, if more had ſtill deny'd
His Power Supreme, had ſurely dy'd;
For ne'er was Heathen Prince before
More Prodigal of Chriſtian Gore.

And here was laid the deep Foundation
For *Ned*'s and *Beſs*'s Reformation:
As on this Baſis up they rear'd
Their Church of *England*, they beſmear'd
It ſtill with Blood: With Blood each Stone
Cemented was, as 'twas laid on;
And Blood her Builders to this Day
Make uſe of, for their Lime and Clay.

(*a*) *England* ſat ſighing and Groaning (ſays *Cambden*) to ſee her Wealth exhauſted, her Money embaſed and mingled with Copper; Abbies demoliſhed, which were the Monuments of ancient Piety; the Blood of her Nobility, Prelates, Papiſts and Proteſtants promiſcuouſly Spilt, and the Land embroyled in a War with *Scotland*. *Hiſt. Eliz. Introd. Edit.* 3.

Aſtrea, as Wiſe Poets ſay,
Left Earth and took the Milky-Way,
To the bleſt Palace of the *Gods*
Where reſting in ſecure Abodes,
On Mortals ſometimes from on high
Looks down, with an All-ſeeing Eye,
That all their darkeſt Secrets heeds,
She winkt not long at thoſe black Deeds;
But pourd on each Reformer's Scull
Revenging Wrath, whole Vials full.

Firſt on that (*a*) Girl, who caus'd the Strife
Between King *Harry* and his Wife,
Anne Boleyn; ſhe, ſo dear of late,
Is now the Object of his Hate;
And has her Veins by him quite drain'd
Of the black Blood which he had ſtain'd.
Stern Fate, in prime of blooming Years,
Turn'd all her Laughter into Tears,
And when ſhe thought herſelf ſecure,
Sent her from *Greenwich* to the *Tower*;
In which for Inceſt She was caſt,
Condemn'd, Divorc'd, and her Head loſt.
Rochford, her Brother, loſt his Head
For his Acquaintance with her Bed (*b*).
Weſton and *Brereton* Grim Death
Pack'd hence, to wait on her beneath;
And *Smeeton* with another Rival,
Theſe were her Lovers when alive all.

And

(*a*) *Anne Boleyn* try'd by her Peers and found Guilty, and had Judgment pronounc'd by the Duke of *Norfolk*. See *Baker*: Immediately the Lord *Rochford*, her Brother, was condemn'd; who, together with *Henry Norris*, *Mark Smeeton*, *William Brereton*, and *Francis Weſton*, about Matters touching the Queen were beheaded. Queen *Anne* herſelf was beheaded within the *Tower*.

(*b*) The Crimes for which ſhe died were *Adultery* and *Inceſt*. See *Baker*. This Author and ſome others

are

And therefore *Harry* kindly ſent her
All four, leſt three ſhould not content her.
This was the wicked Wench's Fate,
Thus Heav'n Reveng'd poor Injur'd *Kate*.

New Hereticks, as *Fox* Confeſſes,
Loſt one of their chief Patroneſſes : (*c*)
For, while ſhe liv'd, the King conniv'd
At *Lutherans*, and *Zuinglians* thriv'd,
And ſtrange Religions proſpered ;
For ſhe was Head o'er Church's Head.

Here *Cranmer*'s Death cannot come in,
'Till he his Meaſure fills with Sin,
But Vengeance ſtill the Rogue purſues,
'Till *Mary* paid him all his Dues.

That impious Miniſter of State,
The wicked (*a*) *Cromwel* had the Fate
Firſt of an unexpected Priſon,
And then to loſe his Head for Treaſon ;
Not ſuffer'd for his Innocence
To plead, or make the leaſt Defence ;

are inclin'd to believe her Innocent ; nor do I judge her. But, I ſay, if ſhe was Innocent, what was the King and her Judges ? If the King ſcrupled not to ſhed her *Innocent* Blood, can we believe it was a ſcruple of Conſcience that forc'd him to divorce *Katherine* ? The very Day after Q. *Anne*'s Death, the King married Mrs. *Jane Seymour*. See *Heylin*, p. 5.

(*c*) For her Religion (ſays *Baker*) ſhe was an earneſt Profeſſor, and one of the firſt Countenancers of the Goſpel, *Supra*.

(*a*) The Lord *Cromwel* ſitting in the Council Chamber was ſuddenly apprehended and committed to the *Tower*, was Attainted by *Parliament*, and never came to his Anſwer ; by a Law, as ſome reported, he himſelf had cauſed to be made : He was beheaded for *Hereſy* and Treaſon. See *Baker*.

By a new Law *Condemn'd* unheard,
That he himſelf had juſt prepar'd;
A Law the Villain did invent
For murthering the Innocent;
But was himſelf the firſt was Try'd by't,
And, as juſt Heav'n would have it, dy'd
Like wicked *Haman* on his Gallows,
Or in his burning Bull *Perillus*.
Next of the *Zuinglian* Crew we hear on
Was old *Hob Barns*, *Gerrard*, and *Hierom*,
Three Rogues about Reforming buſie,
And with ſtrange Faiths made all uneaſie;
And would have Folk eſteem them, when
They Preach'd, for Apoſtolick Men;
But Faith and Miſſion being wanting,
And *Harry* liking not their Canting,
At laſt, with Fire and *Smithfield* Faggots,
He Burn'd all three to roaſt their Maggots.
Tyndal, another of the Gang
That *Harry* meant to burn or hang,
By help of Heels eſcap'd his Hand,
Yet dy'd by Fire in foreign Land.
Some *Anabaptiſts* hither came
From *Dutchland*, each one with his Dream,
And between ev'ry two a Woman,
For all, but Faith, they held in Common.
They Preach'd and Pray'd by inward Light,
Not caring when wrong, or when right.
Nor did King *Harry* value whether,
But broil'd 'em all by threes together;
And that becauſe the Sex is frail,
On each ſide of 'em plac'd a Male.

But at laſt the Spirit of Preaching
Inſpires the King, (*b*) and he'll be teaching,

(*b*) Another time he, as Head of the Cl
preached a Sermon to his Parliament, ſet dow
Stow at large. He acknowledged their Love to
ſelf, but found fault with their want of Love

And boldly falls to act th'Apoſtles,
And in converting ſtoutly Buſtles.
In Hall of *Weſtminſter* the Sage
And Grave King-Preacher mounts a Stage,
That all about might ſee and hear him,
That ever pleaſed to come neat him,
And ſee the Stock he did inherit
Of *Peter*'s Apoſtolick Spirit,
As being highly fit all Men ſhould know
That with the *Keys* he had the Virtues to,
He calls one (*c*) *Lambert* to appear
And to his Goſpel give good Ear,

That

another: For, ſays he, What Love where there is not Concord? What Concord, where one calleth another Heretick and Anabaptiſt, he again calleth him Papiſt and Hypocrite? And this not only amongſt the Temporality, but the Clergy themſelves preach one againſt another without Charity or Diſcretion: Some be ſo ſtiff in their old *Mumpſimus*, and others ſo curious in their new *Sumpſimus*, that few or none Preacheth truly and ſincerely the Word of God: Now therefore let this be amended, Fear and ſerve God, be in Charity amongſt your ſelves, to the which I, as your Supreme HEAD and Sovereign Lord, exhort and require you, *Baker*, p. 312.

(*c*) One *Nicholſon alias Lambert*, being accuſed for denying the Real Preſence in the Sacrament, appealed to the King who was content to hear him; whereupon a Throne was ſet up in the King's Palace at *Weſtminſter* for the King to ſit: And when the Biſhops had urged their Arguments, and could not prevail, then the King took him in Hand; hoping, perhaps, to have the Honour of converting an Heretick, when the Biſhops could not do it; and, withal, promiſed him Pardon if he would recant. But all would not do, *Lambert* remain'd obſtinate, the King miſs'd his Honour, the Delinquent his Pardon, and ſhortly after was drawn to *Smithfield*, and there burnt. *Baker, Chron.* p. 165.

That *Harry* might before their parting,
Obtain the Honour of converting
A *Zuinglian*, as *Lambert* was;
But things came otherwiſe to paſs:
For after that he falls to prate,
Lambert becomes more obſtinate,
And where he ſeem'd to have before
But one falſe Point, has now a Score.

Th' Apoſtle diſappointed thus,
From Temper calm, turns furious,
And breaths out Fire and Faggot-ſtick
If he perſiſt an Heretick;
But *Lambert* laughs at all his Threats,
And *Harry* miſt of doing Feats,
But ov'er to *Jack Catch* he turns him,
Who quickly goes away and Burns him:
Hewart and *Frith* were alſo fry'd,
In the ſame Fire, where *Lambert* dy'd.
Thus Schiſmaticks agreed together,
And Hereticks burn'd one another.

Nor ſcap'd the King, Kirk's Supreme Hea
Juſt Puniſhment for what he did.
For after he his Queen divorc'd,
And from the *Chair* St. *Peter* forc'd,
His *Iſſue*, *Life and Death* were *Curſt*.
He had, in twice ſix Years, ſix Wives;
Four he divorc'd, from *Three* their Lives
He took; the laſt, deſign'd for Death,
Had luck to ſee him out of Breath.
Good Authors alſo further tell ye,
He ript up poor *Jane Seymour*'s Belly.
Anne Cleve, the fourth Wife whom he wedded
He ſoon got quit of, tho' ſh' was bedded,
And only under this Pretence,
Becauſe *She pleas'd not any Senſe*.

The Lady *Howard* in her Stead.
He wed, but ſoon cut off her Head.

And *Kathrine Parr*, the laſt of Six,
Becauſe ſhe favour'd Hereticks,
He to the *Tower* had confin'd,
But that the *Mitt'mus* which he ſign'd
She chanc'd to find before its Date
Commenc'd for her intended Fate.
At which by humble ſweet Behaviour,
She got again into his Favour:
In fine, this *lewd Adul'trous* Prince
Had *Thrice*, *Two* wedded Wives at once.

Curſt in his *Iſſue*; little *Ned*
At ſix Years Reign was Poiſon'd.
Mary the Queen, his *Lawful* Daughter,
Expir'd of Grief but five Years after:
Queen *Beſs*, ſprung from inceſtuous Blood,
Dy'd *Mad*—— Thus ended *Harry*'s Brood.

His Life was *Curſt*: Since the Divorce
It ſeems but one continu'd *Curſe*;
Whate'er he undertook or did,
Set Sin aſide, nought proſpered;
Unhappy was he in his *Pleaſures*,
And maugre all his ill-got Treaſures, (*a*)
Involv'd in Debt, by Luſt and Pride,
At laſt a wretched Beggar dy'd.

But e'er his Soul from Carcaſs fled,
And left its huge unweildy Bed,
He ſent for *Cranmer*, that Arch-Knave,
Who told him *only Faith* would ſave;
But neither bad him *Love*, nor *Hope*,
Nor *reconcil'd be to the Pope*. Now

(*a*) The Treaſures of the Crown were exhauſted (ſays *Heylin*) by prodigal Gifts, and his late chargeable Expedition againſt the *French*, &c. The Money of the Realm ſo debaſed and mixed, that it could not paſs for Current among foreign Nations, to the great Diſhonour of the Kingdom, and the Loſs of the Merchants.

Now drawing near his *Curſed* End;
Black Sacriledge, Blood ſpilt, Blood ſtain'd
And Schiſm brought into his Nation,
Stern Conſcience, and black Deſperation,
Affrighted his expiring *Ghoſt*,
And his laſt Words were, *ALL IS LOST!*
A fearful *Exit*. ——— Exit *Dad*
And enter now the Puny *Lad*.

Edward, that from his Mother's Womb
Came not the Way that others come,
But as is ſaid of *Vipers*, he
Broke out at Navel of the She;
For when he could no longer ſtay,
The Midwife's *Gully* hack'd his Way.

Ill *Omen* 'twas, and did portend,
Miſchievous Life, and wretched End.
And ſo it happ'd. I ſigh to ſing
The *Curſed* Reign of this *Boy-King*.

At Nine Years old he took the Crown,
And at Fifteen he laid it down;
For's Age he was not *ſhort*, nor *Tall*,
Nor very Thick, nor very *Small*,
But had for Brains, the Dev'l and all.

All Arts and Sciences he knew,
As skill'd in Tongues as *Wand'ring Jew*;
In Subtilty deep learn'd as *Cardan*,
Could ſolve a Riddle tho' an hard one,
And by a Sympathetick Play,
Heal Venom of *Tarantula*:
For Manners, ſome think, who have ſeen hi
He had no Vice, nor Virtue in him,
Unleſs his Zeal: For he'd pretend
The *Faith* and *Church* of Chriſt to mend.

The firſt Work, that this little *Thing*
Took under Hand, when crowned King,

Was to Reform (poor Child!) the Kirk,
Whom *Cranmer* then *taught* how to Work.
Seymour and *Dudley* lik'd the Sport,
And ſo did all his greedy Court.
They long'd to practiſe Sacred Theft
Upon what things old *Harry* left.

Thoſe Acts which his Grand-ſire had made
'Gainſt Hereticks, aſide he laid,
And Hereſy does now begin,
To be no longer counted Sin.
Conſcience and *Law* no longer tye,
But Faiths Increaſe and Multiply,
And thoſe who pleaſe may all deny.

The Tares, that Choak the better Seed
Began o'er all the Land to ſpread,
And in a very little while,
Was ev'ry Corner of the Iſle
With ſtrange Opinions overſpread,
And by new Doctrines Peſtered.
(g) Commiſſioners the *Babe* prepares,
To look into all Church affairs,
To whom he fitting Preachers joyns,
To cry down Images and Shrines,
Maſs, Altar, Crucifix, Pray'rs ſaid
To Saints above, and for the Dead. Now

(g) *Injunctions* were prepar'd, and *Commiſſioners* ſent down with them into all Parts of the Kingdom. They were accompanied with certain Learned Preachers to inſtruct the People. They were to leave ſome Homilies with the Pariſh Prieſts, which *Cranmer* compoſed. The Preachers were inſtructed particularly to perſuade People from praying to Saints, from making Prayers for the Dead, from adoring Images, Beads, *Maſs*, &c. *Heylin's Hiſt.* p. 33, 34.

The Injunctions are intit. *Injunctions* by the moſt excellent Prince *Edward* the Sixth, *&c.* To all and ſingular his loving Subjects as well of the Clergy, as of

Now theſe he ſends thro' all the Nation,
To propagate the Reformation,
And well they manag'd, without doubt,
The great Affair they went about;
For Images in ev'ry Town,
And Altars too were broken down;
Upon which Spoil and Chantry Lands,
His Courtiers laid rapacious Hands;
Veſtments, and *Copes of Cloth of Gold*
Adorn'd with Pearl, Rich to behold,
And Richer *Antependiums* Sold:
Plate Candleſticks and *Silver Flaggons*
Were turn'd to Braſs and Pewter Noggings,
And *Silver Chalices* to Tinn;
Nor did they look upon't as Sin,
When pleas'd to take their Merry-ſups,
To turn them into Fuddling Cups:
On Beds they Antependiums laid,
Of Sacred Veſtments Cuſh'ons made;
And *Albs* the Parſons Wives convert,
To Smock of Wife, and Parſon's Shirt.
'Twas noted for a Papiſt-houſe
Had none of theſe for profane uſe:
The very Bodies of the Dead,
That many hundred Years had laid
Intomb'd in ſilent Beds of *Lead*,
Naked as they were Born they left,
And of their Leaden Shirts bereft:
Whoever ſaw a Town in Plund'ring?
What Ruffling, Tugging, Tearing, Thund'ring
Among

Laity (*a fine young Pope to pretend ſo peremptorily to enjoyn ſuch hard Rules to his Laity and Clergy.*) Firſt they are Injoyn'd to obſerve and keep all Laws and Statutes, made for the aboliſhing the Power and Juriſdiction of the Biſhop of *Rome*, as alſo for the Eſtabliſhment and Confirmation of the King's Authority, Juriſdictions and Supremacy. They are alſo to Open four times in the Year againſt the Pope's Power, and for the King's Supremacy.

Among rude Soldiers is till they,
Are each one glutted with his Prey;
Such work or worſe, if worſe could be,
In *Engliſh* Churches might you ſee:
Their Sacriledge was without Meaſure
Till they got Temple clean of Treaſure;
For 'twas it's Riches rais'd the Storm,
And ſet thoſe Heathens to Reform.

This done, they fall by cunning Tricks,
T' expoſe Church Lands and Biſhopricks
To the Rapacity and Rage
Of the Court *Harpies* of that Age.
And thus it was they fell to work
In kicking Biſhop out of Kirk.
The firſt Step was to undermine
The Biſhop's Claim to Right Divine,
And thus 'twas done; an *Act* was ſign'd,
In which the little Lad ordain'd,
(*i*) *That Biſhops ſhall be* (ſo it ſaid)
By the King's Letters Patent made:
And in *His* Name their Holineſſes
Muſt make their *Warrants* and *Proceſſes*,
And not their own Seals ſet, but *his*,
And write their Names as *Witneſſes*;
And Dean and Chapter ſhou'd no more
Exiſt; but give their Office o'er.

Nor

(*i*) It was ordain'd (ſays *Heylin*) that Biſhops ſhould be made by the King's Letters Patent, and not by Election of the Deans and Chapters; that all their Proceſſes and Writings ſhould be made in the King's Name, only with the Biſhop's *Teſte* added to it, and Sealed with no other Seal but the King's.

The Intent of the Contrivers of this *Act* (ſays *Heylyn*) was by degrees to weaken the Epiſcopal Order, by forcing them from their ſtrong Hold of *Divine Inſtitution*, and making them no other than *The King's Miniſters only*, his Eccleſiaſtical *Sheriffs* to Execute his Will, and Diſperſe his Mandates.

Nor might the Biſhops *Orders* give,
Till (*k*) *Licence* and eſpecial Leave
The Poſt or Paritor ſhould bring,
Seal'd and *Subſcribed* by the King,
T' impower 'em to confer the Same
By Virtue of his Power Supreme.

Beſides, the Sacred Character
With which the Clergy ſtamped are
When they're *Ordain'd* and *Conſecrated*,
Was by a *Statute* abrogated;
That is, the *Form* by which they're made,
Was by an *Act* aboliſhed.
'Twas made the third Year of his Reign,
And in the ſixth, (but not till then)
New Forms were by Twelve Men Deviſ'd;
Six *Laicks*, ſix were Canoniz'd;
I do not mean for *Saints*: For then
I'd wrong 'em; They were Clergy-men,
Such as their Reformation brought forth,
Fall'n Prieſts, whom all Men know for nought Worth.

For then, ſway'd by the *Zuinglian* Faction,
King *Edward's* Clergy held *Election*
Sufficient for 'em, therefore ſought
No *Form*, or one that's next to nought, To

(*k*) Of this *Act* ſuch Uſe was made, that the Biſhops of thoſe Times were not in a Capacity of Conferring *Orders*, but as they were thereunto impowered by ſpecial Licenſe: The Tenure whereof was in theſe Words following.

The King to *ſuch a Biſhop* greeting, Whereas all and all manner of Juriſdiction, as well Eccleſiaſtical as Civil, flows from the King's, as from the Supreme Head of all the Body, *&c.* *We* therefore give and grant to thee full *Power* and *Licence*, to continue during our good Pleaſure, for holding Ordination within thy Dioceſs of *N*, and for Promoting fit Perſons unto Holy Orders, even to that of Prieſthood. See *Heylyn*, p. 51, 52.

To wit, a *Form* which they affected,
To ſhew them Solemnly Elected;

Not to give Prieſts a Character,
Or Grace Epiſcopal Confer;
For then a *Biſhop* or a *Prieſt*,
Were held for Limbs of *Antichriſt*:
And it was then they thought it beſt,
T'obliterate the Name of *Prieſt*
And *Biſhop*, and not once to Name
In either of their *Forms* the ſame,
As may be ſeen, for thus they run:
If't pleaſe ye, Read 'em, then go on.

The Form of Ordaining Prieſts
DEVISED (for this is the Word) by K. *Edward*

Receive the Holy Ghoſt, whoſe Sins tho
Forgive, they are Forgiven: And whoſe Sin
doſt Retain, they are Retained. And be thou a
ful Diſpenſer of the Word of God, and of his
Sacraments: In the Name of the Father, and
Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt; *Amen.*

The Form of Conſecrating Biſhops
DEVISED by K. *Edward* VIth.

Take the Holy Ghoſt, and Remember tha
ſtir up the Grace of God, which is in thee

The Biſhops from *Jure Divino*
Thus brought, (what cannot Kings and
Are now become no other thing,
Than ſimple *Vaſſals* to the King;
And, as ſuch, he from Sees Ejects,
As often as he finds Defects
That he's not willing to endure:
And all this do's by Pope-like Power.

And now the Game begins at Court
And Biſhopricks make Noble Sport:
The Stake put down, each Courtier
With all the Cunning that he has:
But *Seymour* and *Northumberland*,
Were always on the Winning Hand.

Good Biſhop *Tonſtal*, Lord of *Durham*,
They fell upon full bent to Worry him
And got his Biſhoprick by Act
On purpoſe made, Diſſolv'd and Wrested
And all his Revenues and Lands
Were ſeiz'd into the Prince's hands:
Which *Dudley* would have hindered
From being parcell'd out by *Ned*:
He aiming, you muſt underſtand,
To joyn 'em to *Northumberland*;
So that his Dukedom might by theſe,
Extend itſelf from *Tweed* to *Tees*.

The Biſhopricks of *Winchester*,
York, (*m*) *Weſtminſter*, and *Rocheſter*
Scap'd not the Fury of the Storm:
A Godly Method to Reform!

They tore from *Coventry* and *Litchfield*
Whole Limbs: *Lincoln* loſt many a Rich

(*m*) The Biſhoprick of *Weſtminſter* was
by the King's Letters Patent, *Heylin.*

In the Months that it lay Vacant
So many Hands there were to take from't
That when the laſt new Biſhop came,
Of all his Mannours in the ſame,
Not only *One* the Thieves had left:
'Twas *Bugden* call'd that ſcap'd their Theft.

And now comes in Great *Somerſet*,
With whom *all's Fiſh that comes to Net*:
Uncle to *Edward*, Infant-King,
The Scum of all his Mam's Off-ſpring:
One Drunken *with his Brother's* Blood,
An Impious Atheiſt, own'd no God:
Yet Chief Reformer of his Days,
Wicked as *Nero's* were his Ways.
Moſt Sacrilegious and Prophane,
Proud, and Extravagantly Vain.
Blood-thirſty, Cruel, and Unjuſt,
A Traitor to his King and Truſt:
Ambitious, Avaritious, and
A plaguy Griper after Land:
Greedy of Gain, as Mouth of Hell's:
A Wolf that eat up *Bath* and *Wells*;
Which by what Slight he ſeiz'd upon,
We'll tell you here; and then go on
From this Diſcourſe of Biſhopricks,
To other of his impious Tricks.

And there he liv'd as long as 't laſted,
But left it then, when all was waſted.

This *Barlow (o)* was a *Zuinglian*,
Yet was for him the fitter Man,
That he from twenty ſcore could pick,
With whom to ſhare a Biſhoprick.
To him th' *Duke* ſends, and in ſhort Space
Barlow appears before his Grace;
Where after he had made a Bow,
And roughly ſcrap'd a Leg or two;
Without much further Complement,
Demands the Reaſon why he ſent.
To whom the Duke in friendly wiſe,
Bids him ſit down, and thus replies.

Come Maſter *Barlow*, you, I hear,
Wou'd gladly have a Biſhop's Chair:
If you'll be grateful to the Giver,
I'll either fit you now, or never.

Grateful, my Lord, yes marry will I,
Quoth *Barlow*; for my Lord, I tell ye
If you'll do this, I will not ſtand
To give you two Thirds of it's Land.

(o) Now we may not without Reaſon ſu
that this *Barlow* was one of thoſe *Proteſtant Cl*
Promoted, becauſe tho' King *Harry* put him
Biſhoprick in *Wales*, yet it cannot be found,
in the Records of that Place, or any where
the World, that ever he was *Conſecrated* Biſhop
very probable that the King promoted him
glian Proteſtant, for the ſaid Ends would ne
quire him to be *Conſecrated*. The *Zuinglian* Prot
in general, and *Barlow* in particular, being
Conſecration, as is ſhewn above.

I note this, becauſe this *Barlow* was the pre
Conſecrator of Dr. *Mathew Parker*, Q. *Elizabeth*
Biſhop, and yet was no Biſhop himſelf.

You ſhall my Help have, quoth the *Duke*,
For like an honeſt Man you look;
Here's *Bath* and *Wells* lie Vacant now,
I'll bid King *Edward* give 'em you,
And make you Lord of th' Dioceſs;
Provided when you this Poſſeſs,
You'll me remember as the Actor,
And well reward your Benefactor.

Doubt not, ſays *Barlow*: for my Lord,
I'm always better than my Word;
As for Reward, you need not crave it,
Hint what you'll have, and you ſhall have it
Provided that you leave behind,
As much as will this Carcaſs find,
(Clapping his Hand upon his Belly,
And pointing to his Wife;) I tell ye
I would not want Support of *Life*,
Nor what is fitting for my Wife
And pretty Babes; for we have five,
That muſt you know be kept alive;
Piſh! Piſh! quoth *Seymour* in a Huff,
Doubt not but I ſhall leave ye 'nough:
Turn me but Nineteen *Mannors* o'er,
('Tis ſtrange he made them not a Score)
And on my Soul I'll ask no more:
Yes that I will, my Lord, quoth *Barlow*,
So both are pleas'd, and end the Parley.

Abbot-Dean-*Benſon* (p) hearing tell,
That *Seymour* lik'd his Kirk too well;
And dreading he would quickly ſeize on't,
Steps to his (q) Brother with a Preſent:
Begging of him to keep the Peace
Between St. *Peter* and his Grace;
And he to gratify his Honour,
Would add unto his *Sudley* Mannour,
Sev'nteen ſufficient Tenements
And Mannour Houſes with their Rents,
By Leaſe of Nine and ninety Years;
This ſounded well in *Seymour*'s Ears,
And ſev'nteen more for the ſame Reaſon,
He does preſent to (r) Sir *John Maſon*
For his great Maſter's Uſe: But's *Grace*
Unwilling was to take the Leaſe;
'Till he had *Iſlip*'s joyn'd to theſe,
For yet an hundred Years to come
Save one; and for their Annual Sum
Of Rent, was tax'd one Corn of Pepper.
Thus in a Storm the prudent *Schipper*,
Tho' richly laden, thinks it beſt
To heave out part, to ſave the reſt.

The Builder thus prevail'd upon
To let St. *Peter*'s Church alone;
It was not long before his Grace,
Bethinks him of another Place.

About the Middle of the *Strand*,
Did three old Biſhops Houſes ſtand;
And a large Church was by them Seated,
T' our bleſſed Lady dedicated,
Which four Great Fabricks he pull'd down,
And built his Houſe with *Holland* Stone,

(p) *Benſon* was the laſt Abbot and firſt Dean of *Weſtminſter*.

(q) Sir *Thomas Seymour*, the Duke's Brother, *Admiral*.

(r) The Duke's Great Favourite and Miniſter.

But not ſufficient were they all
So he makes bold with good St. *Paul*,
And *by your Leave* was ſcarcely ſaid
When level with the Ground he laid,
The *Cloſter* joyning to the Kirk,
Encompaſſed with *Curious* Work;

Two Chappels he demoliſh'd, and
The Charnel-houſe fell by his Hand.
Which to the *Strand* were all convey'd,
And into *Finsbury* Field the Dead.
For thither all the Bones were ſent,
That in the Charnel-houſe were pent.

St. *John's Church at Jeruſalem*
Unwilling was to go with him,
'Till by a Blaſt of Powder laid
Flat with the Ground, it then obey'd.
And *Smithfield* left it's Ancient Stand,
To wait upon him in the *Strand*.

Beſides, there follow'd other Four,
As *Bark'n* Chappel by the *Tower*,
St *Ewin*, St. *Martin le Grand*,
St *Nicholas*. All to the *Strand*
Were led away for *Seymour's* Uſe,
In building of his Sumptuous Houſe.

In ſhort, the *Tomb* Stones ne'er flew

The (*s*) Duke to Lodge among the D...
In a dark Vault, and Bed of Lead:
As with his (*t*) Brother he had dealt,
Whose Blood not long before he'd sp...
Mov'd by their Disagreeing Wives,
The Church-Lands fav'd not their L...
Nor was for them in Holy Ground,
From Death a Sanctuary found;
Where let us leave them, and prepare
To entertain the *Common-Prayer*.

As *Prudentius* to its Extraction,
A *Babylonian* Confusion,
Under Pretence of Reformation,
Invades all Churches in the Nation.
At *Windsor*, *Ned* and *Somerset*,
With *Latimer*, and *Cranmer* met;
Where into deep Consult they fell,
How to amend things that were well,
On purpose that it might be said,
They had a Reformation made;
At least, that now they had begun
What they design'd to carry on,
And perfect after, at their Pleasure,
As Time allow'd 'em better Leisure,
And bring't at last to such a pass,
As to be void of Faith and Mass.
Now with the Mass they first begin,
Turn inside out, and outside in;
Leave Part in *Latin*, th'other Part
They into *English* do convert,
And a new Form fall on inventing,
To Celebrate the Sacrament in;
Which being done, they set it out
To all the Churches round about,
Or else it would have serv'd for n...

(*s*) The Duke of *Somerset* beheaded &c.
(*t*) He had cut off his Brother's Head (*Seymour's*, a while before for Treason.

this their new Form of Communion,
ing the Tyes of ancient Union,
Stream that kept before in one,
an hundred Channels run.
would not leave the Ancient Way,
's would by the new-Form Pray.
were for both, and ſome for neither,
half the one, and half the other,
would in *Engliſh* mutter o'er
as, Leſſons, and Confiteor;
: others would *in Engliſh* read
Epiſtle, Goſpel, and the Creed,
keep the Cannon of the Maſs
n, as before it was;
in the *Latin* Tongue go on,
at the Benediction,
h they pronounc'd in Mother-Tongue;
ng a Medley all along:
ſome who would not imitate
Church, refus'd to Conſecrate
ords Divine, which Chriſt had taught,
at the Inſtitution laught;
of their own, new Forms invent,
onſecrate their Sacrament;
: ſtrange and uncouth, (Lord bleſs all!)
all the Miniſters of *Baal*
d have deviſed in their Cries,
Fire to roaſt their Sacrifice.

And Doctor (*s*) *Horneck* at this Day
Affirms, where there's no Bread, you may
Make uſe of any other Meat,
That in the place of Bread you eat;
Yea, tho' 'tis made of Roots of Trees,
Or even of a good Cow's Cheeſe;
For Milk and Millet he'll allow,
And Cheeſe is made of Milk you know;
But if you think it is not Bread,
Caſt in a little Millet-Seed
Among the Curd, when firſt 'tis made,
So have you Milk and Millet Bread;
And this, he does aſſure you, may
Be us'd when other Bread's away,
Yet this fam'd Doctor cannot grant,
That you may uſe, when Bread you want,
Turnips and Carrots, or Potatoes;
Tho' Seamen ſay that in *Barbadoes*,
The laſt of theſe was all the Bread
That the firſt *Engliſh* Planters made.
Apples and Pears he'll not allow,
Nor *Cocoe*, tho' the *Indians* know
No other Bread but of *Cocoe*.
The Reaſon he admits not theſe,
Is, 'cauſe they are the Fruit of Trees;
But why he ſhould reject the Fruit,
None knows, when he admits the Root,
Unleſs it be the Fool's ſo wiſe,
T' expoſe his damn'd Abſurdities:
But leave we *Horneck*, and again
Return to bleſſed *Edward*'s Reign.

Some would omit the Elevation;
When ſuch as us'd right Conſecration,
Held up the Hoſt to be adored,
Some would not bend their Knee before it,

And

(*s*) See Dr. *Horneck*'s Book intituled, *The Crucified Jeſus*, Printed 1686, p. 112.

others turn'd their Heads awry;
ome would leave the Kirk, and cry
ry! Idolatry!
at that Time the giddy Rabble,
ike the Builders of Old *Babel*,
more diſtracted were they then,
Nimrod's Tongue divided Men;
g the two firſt Years of *Ned*,
ther Form the Chaos had,
ndigeſted, Rude, Confus'd
all Religious Rites they us'd;
pleas'd th'Almighty Lord Protector,
Spring of Motion and Director,)
ſpire with Zeal *Cranmer*, and *Ridley*,
Latimer to patch a Medley
ntences pluck'd here and there
Roman-Miſſal and *Breviar*:
h ſoon as't was in Shape of Book,
Title COMMON-PRAYER it took;
h Name 't has holden ever ſince,
often alter'd by the Prince.

hen News was to [illegible] brought,
Fame will fly as faſt as thought)
Engliſh Sophies were about
urgy; grave *Calvin* thought
s Meet he ſhould his Service offer
ranmer (tho' he ſlights his Proffer)

To all the Churches that were there,
As Code of Universal Prayer;
Yet scarce three Years it did remain,
Before 'twas called in again.
Of Catholicks none could abide it;
The *Zuinglians* did all deride it;
Nor did the *Lutherans* care for it;
And *Calvinists* did all abhor it:
So that King *Edward's* Church was then
Like none o'th' Kirks of other Men;
For at this Day, if you'l but mind it,
A Monster of a Kirk you'l find it.

Those, who this *Liturgy* compil'd,
Affirmed (but they were beguil'd)
That then they saw the Holy Ghost
Close at their Elbows take his Post.
And heard him help them to extract
From Antichrist, an Holy Tract;
Which if 'twas True, Who help'd 'em
'Twas three Years after made again?
But *Buter*, as his Books relate,
Believ'd it no Divine Dictate.

This *Buter* was at first a Monk,
But left his Order for a Punk;
A Leud, inconstant Hypocrite,
Who did Teach Heresy in Spite;
When he at *Zuinglians* was offended.
Then *Luther's* Errors he commended,
And so *è contra*, when again
At *Luther* vex'd he chang'd his Strain;
Till four times, e're the Man had done,
He chang'd his Judgment off and on.
Yet this Blasphemous Doctrine he
Held always most tenaciously,
To wit, "That God has ever been
"The Author of all Sorts of Sin.

This *Bucer*, and one *Peter Martyr*,
At that time kept an heavy quarter
About Inventing new Religions,
With which to fit thoſe giddy Widgions,
That had a mind to Preach and Pray
Themſelves to Heaven ſome other Way,
Than that which Chriſt himſelf had brought 'em,
And by his Holy Church had taught 'em.
Thoſe two, and one call'd *Bernard Ochin*,
A buſy Fellow always Botching
His Faith, it ſeems, with an Intention
It ſhould appear his own Invention:
For nothing was with him leſs taking,
Than what was of another's making.
Ochin, than whom *Calvin* himſelf
Was not a more blaſphemous Elf,
Deny'd the Bleſſed Trinity,
Impugned Chriſt's Divinity;
Taught it for Lawful to have two
Wives at a time, he died a *Jew*.
Thoſe three, I ſay, and ſeveral more
Were by Duke *Seymour* ſent for o'er,
To help him in his Reformation,
And fit Religions for the Nation;
But *Bucer*, 'mongſt all that were there,
Was buſieſt with the Common-Prayer,
Which *Cranmer* had ſo very late
With all his Skill been hamm'ring at;
And which, as *Bucer* thought from hand
He'd ſent ill poliſh'd one the Land.
Hooper and *Rogers* alſo ſtorm,
Two that came over to Reform
With *Peter Martyr* and *Ochinus*,
Zealots as eager, and as keen as
Bucer for Prayer-Book's Reformation,
But each would have't in his own Faſhion;
For all were perfect in Religion,
As were *Mahomet*'s Aſs and Pidgeon.

Water with Wine, in the Oblation,
They mixed for the Conſecration;
Theſe Cuſtoms *Bucer* rudely handles,
Nor will allow of lighted Candles;
Their uſe, ſays he, for Ornament
On God's Board, may be innocent;
But do not light 'em, as on Stages,
So may two Candles laſt for Ages;
Yet better 'twere you uſed none,
For ſhunning Superſtition:
The Godly muſt with Satan fight,
By inward, not by outward Light.
Thus, in his Cenſure, 'gainſt all theſe
Fell *Bucer* bitterly inveighs;
Hooper and *Rogers* alſo blam'd
This firſt Prayer Book: being thusdefam'
They ſent it over to *John Calvin*,
Who Curſt it e'en beyond Abſolving,
And ſends it back again to *Ned*,
To have it utterly forbid.

This made the huge-wiſe little King,
Take Cognizance of every Thing;
Calling old *Cranmer* Fool and Aſs,
For having made his Book half Maſs,
And charging him by ſtrict *Mandatum*,
To call in's Prayer-Books: For I hate 'em
Says he, and am reſolv'd, that you
Shall Model Common-Prayer a-new,
And publiſh ſuch a Book as ſhall
Not have one Word of Maſs at all,

Nay ſoft, my Liege, quoth *Cranmer*'s Gra
Some Bits of Maſs may keep their place,
Epiſtles, Goſpels, bits of Prayer,
We yet may uſe as they ſtand there;
But what may ſeem in any wiſe
To favour daily Sacrifice,
All ſuch we'll take Care to pull out,
And from our Book Contraries cull out.

Oc

Odſ-life, my Liege, and now I think on't,
Here is a Gulf, w're juſt at brink on't;
So that if *Scylla* we eſcape,
We ſhall into *Charibdis* leap:
You with the Parliament, and we
Who firſt compos'd this Liturgy,
Have told the World, that Heaven did aid
Our Synod, when the ſame was made;
The Holy Ghoſt we ſay was there,
And help'd to frame this Common-Prayer;
Conceive ye this? Wiſe Sir, I fear,
We ſhall come off but bluely here;
For if 'twas true the Holy Ghoſt
Was preſent, as we boldly boaſt;
Then God and Man will us Condemn,
For changing what was done by him;
But chiefly if we go about
To make one quite contrary to't.
But if he was not preſent, when
We made this Book; 'tis certain then,
That's but a Human Work at moſt,
And falſely charg'd on th' Holy Ghoſt,
And all the Land has cauſe to cry,
That we abus'd them with a Lye:
For if then abſent, Pray ye how
Can Folk believe, he helps us now?
Nor can hereafter any tell,
That either Book is framed well,
Beſides, ſays he, (and fell a ſtorming,)
We ſhall, till Doom's-day, be reforming.

Well! well! quoth *Edward*, this I know
Without your telling, that I do,
And muſt Confeſs 'tis very true, Sir;
But yet this Buſy-body *Bucer*,
By *Calvin* put, it ſeems, upon't,
Makes all the Land ſo eager on't,
That I had better fairly yield,
Than be conſtrain'd to quit the Field;

Our

Our neareſt Friends are for it; and
Who dare oppoſe *Northumberland?*
And I muſt tell ye, none more keen
Than he, this pretty while has been:
Yea, all our Court ſays (ſie upon 'em!)
We Paim the Maſs in Engliſh, *on 'em*;
'Till I am deaf'ned with their Clamours,
That beat my Brain-pan worſe than Hamm
But that's not all, one Reaſon hear,
Which moſt convincing does appear,
And moves me more than all the reſt;
They ſay, if this Book be ſuppreſt,
'Twill open eaſy Ways to bring
Vaſt Heaps of Treaſure to the King,
Which is well known we ſtand in need on,
My Dad left but ſmall Stock to breed on;
He being forc'd to Coyn his Boot-tops,
And ride in Black-Jack-Legs, without Top
His ſending out of coyned Leather,
Shews Gold and Silver he left neither
To his poor Son; and what a Pox is
A Coyn worth, made of Hides of Oxes?
Or what avails our Coffers full
Of Patches, ſtampt from Pelt of Bull?
I therefore ſay, if putting down
This Prayer-Book will enrich the Crown,
It is but fitting that we do it;
And therefore *Cranmer* buckle to it;
Call *Ridley* to ye and prepare
Another ſort of Common-Prayer;
With *Calvin* too, do you adviſe,
And ſee that neither *Sacrifice*,
Nor *Real Preſence*, nor a Prayer,
For Souls that hence departed are,
Nor any Saint be named there.
For thoſe put out, we may with Eaſe
The *Riches* of the *Altars* ſeize;
And Golden Shrines, and Chantry Land
Will fall by Courſe into our Hands:

So that you quickly will behold
Your Leathern Prince, a King of Gold.

Nay then, quoth *Grannir*, if't be ſo,
You ſhall have my Vote for it too;
For when the State may gain by it,
'Tis Reaſon that the Church ſubmit;
And ſo it ſhall, I promiſe ye,
While I hold *England*'s Primacy;
Nor ſhould I Scruple't as a Sin,
To bring old *Paganiſm* in,
Provided that the King deſire it,
Or Private Intereſt require it.

Tom thus conſenting, all went well,
And to Reform again they fell;
Yet never after durſt pretend
The Holy Ghoſt his Aid did ſend.
Now *Grannmer*, *Ridley*, and King *Ned*,
With *Latimer*, who had a Head
As full of Brain, as a Bag-Pudding
Took out of Boyling Pot it ſtood in,
Falling to work with Pen and Ink,
With little Wit and Store of Drink,
In Twinkling of an Eye they made
For Things were done, as ſoon as ſaid,)
Their ſecond Common-Prayer-Book, and
Gave to the firſt a Counte,mand.

They own't a very Godly Order,
" Agreeing with God's Word; nay farther,
" Fitted to the Ancient Church's fashion,
" And profitable for the Nation,
" And comfortable to all that use it,
" And Hell to all that do refuse it,
Yet, for all this, even they Reject it,
And as Erroneous detect it,
And use another quite contrary;
And thus in Points of Faith they vary.
Let no Man take this for a Fiction,
But know, Eternal Contradiction
Was the first Ground for a Foundation,
On which to ground this Reformation.
The Real Presence now, which they
Had hold till then, they cast away,
Placing a Rubrick at the Door,
That Christ may never enter more,

Nor

hath been a *Very Godly Order*, set forth by the Authority of Parliament for Common-Prayer and Administration of Sacraments, *&c.* Agreeable to the Word of God and the Primitive Church, very comfortable to all good People desiring to live in Christian Conversation, and most profitable to the Estate of the Realm, upon which the Mercy, favour and Blessing of Almighty God is in none so readily and plentifully poured, as by Common-Prayers, due use of the Sacraments, *&c.* And yet, this notwithstanding, a great Number of People do wilfully and damnably before Almighty God abstain and refuse to come to their Parish-Churches, where Common-Prayer, *&c.* is used upon *Sundays*, &c. And therefore the King's most Excellent Majesty, with the Assent of the Lords and Commons in this present Parliament Assembled, and by the Authority of the same, hath caused the aforesaid Order of Common-Service entituled the Book of Common-Prayer to be faithfully and godlily perused, explain'd, and made fully perfect, *&c.*

r Adoration e'er be given
him on Earth, 'cauſe he's in Heaven;
this they made the Reaſon, why
ey did his Preſence here deny.

This ſecond Book, in other Rubricks,
d alſo many pretty new-tricks;
turning Altar into Table,
d ſetting Miniſter to Gabble
the North-ſide, and on the South
nmunicants with open Mouth,
take in Lumps of Leaven'd Bread,
Trencher in ſquare Gobbets laid;
d, none being ſtinted to their Parts,
nk hearty Draughts of Wine in Quarts,
d what eſcapes their greedy Throttles,
e drunken Parſon puts in Bottles;
at bleſs'd Communion Bread remains,
s to the Sexton for his Pains,
ere waiting for't, the hungry Gull
ms both his Leathern Pockets full;
ter with Wine they do not now
k, as before they wont to do,
r do the Sacrament reſerve,
e Sick for Ghoſtly Food may ſtarve;
ne Kneeling take Communion, which
ther Sort receive on Breech.
ments and Copes they caſt away,
l Hoods and Croſſes, when they pray;
y the Surplice is put on,
t Men may know who is Sir *John*.
nmemoration of the Saints,
l Extreme-Unction this Book wants;
tion of Infants in Baptiſm
ſing the Font, and Exorciſm;
r's for the Dead are now giv'n o're,
Purgatory is no more.
ne, all theſe old Cuſtoms were
ſin'd i'the firſt, but wanting here,
ever *Buser* deem'd amiſs
hat firſt Book, was chang'd in this;

As

As far as they could well imagine,
They did Aboliſh all Religion.

But Reader, prithee lend thine Ear
To *Hopkins Pſalms*, that follow here,
Jigs by theſe Godly Fidlers made,
As ſung to *Ned* the Sixth; and play'd
On Bag-pipe, Sackbut, Violin,
And when Inſpir'd, made a Din
On Haut-boys, Gelder's-Horn, and Shaulm,
And living Voice in Meeter-Pſalm;
As Charming as that Piper play'd,
Who all the *Hammel* Rats betray'd
To Dance Moriſco to his Sound,
Without regarding Feet or Ground
Till they were in the *Weaſer* drown'd;
Then Sixſcore *Hammel* Children led
Into a Hill that opened,
To Dance unto his Pipe below,
What Tune, or where, no Mortals know.
What Kind of Canticles they were,
By two or three Inſerted here,
Gueſs at the reſt, like him, who drew
Whole *Hercules* from Print of Shoe.

Meeter Pſalm 16. *v.* 9, 10.

Wherefore my Heart and Tongue alſo
Do both rejoyce together;
My Fleſh and Body reſt in Hope,
When I this Thing Conſider,
Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Grave,
(For Lord thou loveſt me,) *&c.*

Proſe, as in the Proteſtant Tranſlation.

Therefore my Heart is Glad and my Glory Rejoyceth, my Fleſh alſo ſhall reſt in Hope, for thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, *&c.*

RE-

REFLECTION.

As into *Rhyme* he turns the Story,
That is a *Tongue*, which *Proſe* calls *Glory*.
And for the Want of one poor Foot,
On which the third Verſe ought to ſtrut,
He thruſts whole *Body* in for Prop;
My Fleſh and Body reſt in Hope.
And to ſhun *Limbus*, thus the Knave
For *Hell* in Proſe, in *Rhyme* writes *Grave*;
But this is Nonſenſe of the Noddy,
Unleſs he buries Soul with Body. . . . .

Pſalm 119. *v.* 130.

When Men firſt enter into thy Word,
They find a Light moſt clear,
And very Ideots Underſtand,
When they it Read or Hear.

PROSE.

The Entrance of thy Word giveth Ligh
giveth Underſtanding unto the Simple.

REFLECTION.

[redacted]

Pſalm 120. V. 5.

Alas! too-long I ſlack
Within theſe Tents ſo Black,
Which *Kedar's* are by Name;
By whom the Flock cleſt,
And all of *Iſaac's* Sect,
Are put to open Shame.

PROSE.

Wo is me that I ſojourn in *Meſech*, that I dwell in the Tents of *Kedar*.

REFLECTION.

'Tis for the Sake of this Word *Slack*,
He's forc'd to make his Tents ſo *Black*;
Whereas, for ought he knew, they might
Be of ſome other Dye, or White.
And for a Word to Rhyme to *Name*,
Three Lines he adds to bring in *Shame*;
And *Iſaac's* Off-ſpring for a *Sect*
Muſt paſs in *Hopkins* Dialect.
As if the holy *Iſaac* were
An Heretick, or Sect-Maſter;
John wanted one to authoriſe
His Sect, and therefore boldly flies
To *Iſaac* to ſupply the Want;
So brings him in a Proteſtant:
Thus the Pſalm-ſinger doth abuſe,
And Robs of Patriarch, the *Jews*;
Likewiſe in this that follows next,
Two Lines are added to the Text,
To juſtify their breaking from
The Doctrine, and the Laws of *Rome*,
Which they about that time forſook,
That they Compos'd this Meeter-Book.

Pſalm 2. *v.* 3.

Shall we be bound to them, ſay they,
Let all their Bonds be broke,
And of their Doctrine and their Law
Let us Reject the Yoke.

PROSE.

Let us break their Bonds aſunder, and c
Cords from us.

REFLECTION.

The Ignorant for Goſpel take,
That *David* bids 'em here forſake
Rome's Yoke, her Doctrines and her Law,
And off her Juriſdiction throw.
Whereas in Proſe th' Inſpired King
Is treating of another Thing,
To wit, how captive *Jews* might free
Themſelves from their Captivity.

Pſalm. 129. *v.* 5, 6, 7, 8.

They that hate me ſhall be aſhamed
And turned back alſo,
And made as Graſs upon the Houſe,
Which withereth e'er it grow.
Whereof the Mower cannot find
Enough to fill his Hand;
Nor can he fill his Lap, that goes

But eaſy 'tis to underſtand,
That he who Glean'd *upon the Land*,
Is never like to fill his Lap
With Graſs *ungrown* on Houſes-top,

Pſalm 42. *v.* 9.

I am perſuaded this to ſay
To him with pure Pretence,
O Lord thou art my Guide and Stay,
My Rock, and ſure Defence.

PROSE.

I will ſay unto God my Rock, Why haſt thou forgotten me?

REFLECTION.

In God they have ſmall Confidence,
For when they call him their Defence,
'Tis but, you ſee, a *pure Pretence*.

Pſalm 51. *v.* 5.

It is too manifeſt, alas!
That firſt I was Conceiv'd in Sin,
And of my Mother ſo born was,
And yet vile Wretch remain therein.

PROSE.

Behold I was ſhapen in Iniquity, and in ſin did my Mother conceive me.

REFLECTION.

The Sin that into th' World he brought,
It ſeems the Poet carried out:
An Argument he has deviſ'd,
To ſhew he never was baptiz'd;
But as by Birth a Child of Wrath,
Void of Hope, Charity, and Faith,
So he remain'd without e'er mending,
Which ſhews he made an hopeful ending.
And that he was a bleſſed Man,
To make a Church-Reformer an.

Well, Sirs, if yet you are not weary
With ſinging Pſalms, nor Mad, nor Merry,
So on, for you ſhall have enough
Of *Sternhold*'s precious Meeter Stuff.

Why doſt thou draw thy Hand a back, [*v.* 12. *Pſ.* 74.
And hide it in thy Lap?
O pluck it out, and be not ſlack
To give thy Foes a Rap.

So I ſuppreſs and wound my Foes, *Pſ.* 18. *v.* 37.
That they can riſe no more;
For at my Feet they fall down flat,
I ſtrike them all ſo ſore.

The Man is bleſs'd, whoſe Wickedneſs [*v.* 1. *Pſ.* 32.
The Lord hath clean remitted;
And he whoſe Sin and Wickedneſs
Is hid, and alſo covered.

O God break thou their Teeth at once [*v.* 6. *Pſ.* 58.
Within their Jaws throughout;
Their Tusks that in their great Jaw-bones
Like Lions Whelps hang out,

And now, Sirs, 'twill not be amiſs,
If here we give you *more and leſs*,
With a *for-ever-and-for-ay*;
With a *for-ever-and-a-day*.
Nor let it grieve ye, if we come
To *leaſt-and-moſt*, and *all-and-ſome*,
And to the *great-and-eke-the-ſmall*,
And alſo to, *alſo-withal*,
Evermore-daily, *ever-ſtill*,
We'll come to: And at laſt we will
Shew, what good Uſe the Pſalmiſt made,
Eſpecially of the Word *Trade*.

For every wicked Man will God *Pſ.* 37. *v.* 9.
Deſtroy both *more and leſs*.

All

All Kings both *more and leſs*, *Pſal.* 148
With all their Pompous Train.

The Children of *Iſrael*.
Each one both *more and leſs*.

The Lord was ſet above the Floods, *Pſ.* 2
Ruling the Raging Sea:
So ſhall he Reign as Lord and King,
For ever and for aye.

What? is his Goodneſs clean decay'd, *Pſ.*
For ever and a Day?

All Men on Earth both *leaſt and moſt*, *Pſal.*
Fear God and keep his Law.

But of his Folk the Time and Age *Pſ.* 8
Should flouriſh *ever ſtill.*

And likewiſe Laws both *all and ſome* *Pſ.* 8
For Gain are ſold and bought.

Them that be fearers of the Lord, *Pſ.* 11
The Lord will Bleſs them all,
Even will Bleſs them ev'ry one;
The *Great and eke the Small.*

For why? they did not keep with God *Pſ.*
The Covenant that was made,
Nor yet would walk or lead their Lives
According to his *Trade.*

For why their Hearts were nothing bent
To him, nor to his *Trade.*

And ſet all my Commandments light,
And will not keep my *Trade.*
For this is unto *Iſrael* *Pſal.* 8
A Statute and a *Trade.*
To them he made *Pſal.*
A Law and *Trade.*

To theſe another Pſalm we'll add,
Robin, not by *David* made,
e time when *Wiſdom* was afraid
at *Turk* and *Pope* ſhould have undone him,
d Antichriſt have over-run him.

ROBIN WISDOM's *Pſalm.*

(b) Preſerve us Lord by thy dear Word,
om *Turk* and *Pope* defend us Lord,
hich both would thruſt out of his Throne
ur Lord Jeſus Chriſt thy dear Son.

(c) When Doctor *Corbet* had the Parts,
e Pains, the Zeal, and the Deſerts
this *Bob Wiſdom* ſeen, tho' 'twere
ter his Death an hundred Year;
could not chuſe but thus accoſt,
modeſt Terms, his naked Ghoſt.

" Thou, once a Body, now but Air,
Arch-Botcher of a Pſalm or Prayer,
From (d) *Carfax* come,
And patch us up a zealous Lay,
With an old *ever-and-for-aye*.
Or *all-and-ſome*;
Or ſuch a Spirit lend me,
As may an (e) Hymn *down* ſend me,
To purge my Brain: " Then

(b) In the Back-end of their Meeter Pſalms.
(c) Dr. *Corbet* Biſhop of *Norwich* his Addreſs to the ghoſt of *Robin Wiſdom*, the Pſalm-Poet.
(d) The Place where he is buried in *Oxford*.
(e) He means a Hymn that's *downward* ſent,
rom Wind in Hypochondria pent.
r, an Hymn compos'd of *Half-Farthings*. Meaſure
e Word *Farthing*, and by that time you come to
e middle you'll find the value of an *Half-farthing*
nd its fitneſs *to purge the Brain*.

" Then *Robin* look behind thee,
" Leſt *Turk* or *Pope* do find thee,
And go to Bed again.

Thus Common-Prayer-Book made
And Pſalms in Meeter bound up with
The next Work that they went about
Was turning Churches in-ſide-out,
Thereby to make Room for the ſame
Againſt it from the Printer came.

Had you in Being that Day been
You would have bleſs'd ye to have
How every one about 'em laid,
O horrible! What Work they made!
There might you ſee an Impious Clo
Breaking our Saviour's Image down;
And there you might behold another
Tearing the Picture of Chriſt's Moth
Here might you ſee another ſtand
Hacking with Ax in cruel Hand
The Infant in our Lady's Lap;
Others as buſy Clambring up
To break down all the painted Glaſs
That in the Churches Windows was,
And others trampling in the Street
The Twelve Apoſtles under Feet.
The peaceful Tombs in which were laid
The Sacred Aſhes of the Dead,
Might now be ſeen in Pieces broke,
And thence the Holy Bodies took.
Bleſs'd Martyrs now you might behold
Who dy'd for Chriſt in Days of old,
Torn from their Tombs, and made to
T'endure a ſecond Martyrdom.
If here and there a Church remain'd,
Which yet the Sacred Maſs retain'd,
Strait thither would the Rabble hurry
And Ruin all Things in their Fury.

The ſacred Ornaments they tore,
Trampled Chriſt's Body on the Floor,
Rent Corporals, and Miſſals burn'd,
And Chalices to Bullion turn'd.
Here Altar-Cloths lie ſcatter'd; and
There does a broken Altar ſtand;
One ſteals away the Crucifix,
And ſome the Silver Candleſticks.
Rich Veſtments other ſome convey,
And Antependiums bear away;
And what they thought not fit to Steal,
They burn'd, as an effect of Zeal:
Some of the Rabble might you meet
In Veſtments ſtalking in the Street,
Who bitter Execrations vent
Againſt the Holy Sacrament,
And wickedly blaſpheme the ſame
By many a hideous ugly Name.
For me to write, and you to read,
Their Blaſphemies, our Hearts would bleed;
Our Eyes would in ſalt Streams be drown'd,
And Ears ſhut out the wicked Sound.

The Holy *Altar* of our Lord,
They'll not call *Altar*, but, *God's-Board*:
Nor muſt it now ſtand any more
In *Eaſt* of Quire, as heretofore;
But from the *Eaſt* muſt move to *Weſt*,

Which uncouth Names they did deviſe,
T'extinguiſh Thoughts of Sacrifice;
For while the ancient Names remain'd,
People the Memory retain'd
Of what they ſignify'd before;
So Maſs, Prieſt, Altar, are no more.

Kirks thus prepar'd for Common-Prayer,
In new-erected Cloſets there
They ſit 'em down; I mean in Pews,
As cloſe as Hawks are penn'd in Mews;
And the *Young Elder* takes his Way
Into his Desk, and falls to Pray,
Or Read his Common-Prayer-Book o'er;
A Form ne'er Read in Kirks before.
Pray'r done, and Elder growing Calm,
The Clark then ſets a Meeter-Pſalm,
Well tim'd to make thoſe in Pews merry,
That are with th'Elder's Praying weary;
Or from the Drowſy Nap to free 'em,
That haunts the Pews where none can ſee 'em.
The Pſalm ſet out from ſtretch'd Throat
By *Hen*, well Tun'd as Stags at Rut;
They of all Sexes, Sizes, Ages,
Warble from Pews like Birds from Cages
The Rhymes that Dreaming *Sternhold* gave 'em,
And *Robin Wiſdom* deign'd to leave 'em:
Chaunting their Notes in artful Turnings,
Like thoſe of Rooks in *April* Mornings:
'Till deafned with each other's Din,
They ceaſe, that th'Elder may begin:
Who is by this Time from his Desk
To Pulpit got: Where taking Text,
Be the Words of it what they will,
He falls a Damning, deep as Hell,
The Church and Faith of former Times,
And cites his Text to prove it's Crimes;
Crying to liſtning Auditory,
Beloved, I ſhall lay before ye,

From

rom Scripture wrote in Reign of *Saul*,
low Antichriſtian *Rome* did fall;
nd bring from *Exodus* a Score
'at Texts, that ſhe's the Scarlet Whore.
'his railing Nonſenſe thus he vents,
arge Stock of which he never wants,
Till Dinner Glaſs is empty run,
nd then his *Sunday* Sermon's done.
or Belly, Glaſs and Elder's Head,
ll at a Time are emptied;
Vhich muſt, ye know, be fill'd again,
'he Glaſs with Sand, the Head with Brain.
'he Sermon done, he prays for King,
s fit he ſhou'd, and then they ſing
ab *Wiſdom*'s Pſalm, 'gainſt *Pope* and *Turk*,
Then Congregation leaves the Kirk.

'Twas thus King *Edward* carried on
His Hodge-podge Reformation:
But Death in Seaſon did appear,
And ſtopt him in his full Career:
For from the Moment that we breath
That ugly, ghaſtly, Goblin Death,
That thin-fac'd, bare-bon'd Skeleton,
That fatal Enemy to Man,
Attends us with unwinking Eye,
'Till catching Opportunity,
He ſnatches one by one away,
Or Moſes us down as we do Hay:

In ſhort, he dwindl'd faſt away,
After the *Dudleys* near him lay;
The juſt Effects of Reformation,
And dying left his Crown and Nation
To *Suffolk*'s Daughter, called *Jane*,
By Will; Mark now her Nine Days Reign;
But in the firſt place I ſhall tell,
What mov'd the King to make his Will.

Ned having cut his (*g*) Uncles Weaſons
For their ill Management and Treaſons,
And after them had ſent a Train
Of Traitors; *Arundel* and *Vane*,
And *Stanhope* and *Miles Partridge* fell.
This laſt was hang'd (in Rope of Bell
Perhaps) for he, as *Heylin* tells,
Caſt Dice with old King *Hal* for Bells,
And by the Sacrilegious Fling,
Won *Jeſus* Bells, the fineſt Ring
That ever *England* had before,
The Dev'liſh Throw no ſooner o'er,
But *Partridge* goes and melts 'em down,
And ſells the Mettle as his own.

The King's two Uncles gone, I ſay,
And their beſt Friends thus ſent away,
Ned fell of Courſe into the Hand
Of *Dudley* of *Northumberland*,
A zealous bigot Proteſtant,
Who cunningly in godly Cant
Cloak'd his Deſigns, and paſs'd for Saint;
Seeking his End in Scripture Phraſe,
After the Manner of thoſe Days,
When Texts of *Bibles* were brought in
To authorize all ſorts of Sin.

We read, quoth he, in Sacred Writ,
How holy *David* thought it fit

(*f*) The Lord Protector *Seymour* an
Sir *Thomas Seymour* Lord Admiral.

(g) To make Succeſſor to the Throne
The wiſe religious *Solomon*,
And not the Hare-brain'd *Abſalom*,
Now his Deſign, as we may gueſs,
Was to ſecure the Church by this:
I therefore take upon me now,
O Pious King, to Counſel you
To imitate the good King *David*,
That *Congregation* may be ſaved,
My Bowels in my Belly bleed,
To think that *Mary* ſhould ſucceed;
She'll ſpoil the Vineyard you ha'been
Theſe Five long Years a toyling in:
Our Kirk, I mean, (Heav'n bleſs the Founde
Muſt fall as flat as any Flounder,
Our Common-Prayer-Books neatly bound u
With Meeter-Pſalms by *Hopkins* tun'd up,
Muſt be laid by to take their Reſt
In ſome old muſty fuſty Cheſt:
Tho' *Mall*'s your Siſter, and the Heir,
Of Crown, yet (Godly King) take care
Of this our bleſſed Reformation,
And Rivet Goſpel in our Nation
So thoroughly, that after-Ages
Shall not remove't with Maul and Wedges.
But this cannot be done, ye know,
If *Mall* the Throne mount after you:
Conſider therefore, and contrive it,

And with our Singing Pſalms we'll bind 'em
That Folk in after-Times may find 'em,
For Great and Small, and All and Some,
To ſing your Praiſe till Day of Doom;
And tell how you our Faith invented,
And ſafe to future Ages ſent it,
By leaving Crown ſecure from *Pap'ſt*,
And Church of *England* void of a-Prieſt.

This likes me well, quoth little *Ned*,
And were I up, as I'm in Bed,
I'd go and fight, as ſick as I am,
My Siſter *Mall*, like Son of *Priam*,
And kill her out-right, for I mean,
That ſhe ſhall never come to Reign.

Nay, quoth Sir *Dudley*, if you pleaſe,
Things may be done with greater Eaſe;
This is a better Way I think,
Call *Cecil* in with Pen and Ink
To draw your Will, he'll quickly write it,
And you b'ing ſick, Sir, I'll indite it,
The Lard he knows, there is no Way,
But t'give your Crown to Lady *Gray*:
The King conſented, Will was made,
And *Edward* turn'd about and pray'd
For Holy Flock; and future Reign
Of Queen Elect, the Lady *Jane*.
Nor was he heedleſs of Religion,
Leſs than the Pious famed *Trojan*,
Who carry'd thro' the Flames a Pack
Of wooden Gods upon his Back.
He pray'd, that it, as Authors ſay,
Might laſt *for-ever-and-a-day*,
Juſt as he left it at his ending,
Except that when it wanted mending,
That then ſome Godly Men would Clout it,
Or ſome Convention ſit about it;
Having concluded thus his Pray'r,
His Soul departed, God knows where.

The Crown is offered to poor *Jane*,
Who very faintly falls to Reign.

Queen they Proclaim her, and for Honour,
They put the Royal Robes upon her,
Scepter and Globe ſhe takes in Hand,
As Regal Badges of Command:
And humbly they kneel down before her,
And in the uſual Way adore her,
Invoking her, and then the Lord,
And ſit 'em down at Council-Board,
And fall a Pumping each his Brain
For ſage Advice, but pump in vain,
How to ſupport Queen *Jenny*'s Station,
Againſt Queen *Mary*'s Indignation.
Scarce was this Senate ſet together,
When *Mary*'s Letters were brought thither,
In which ſhe claims the Crown by Right
To her belonging; this they ſlight,
And having got their Reaſon pen'd
In Black and White, to her they ſend
Their Letter Sign'd by all their Hands,
With wholeſome Counſel, and Commands
To ceaſe her Claim, and haſte amain
To make Submiſſion to Queen *Jane*.
Old *Cranmer* firſt did ſet his Hand to't,
And bloodily did ſwear to ſtand to't,
Contrary to the Oath he ſwore
To *Harry*, but Six Years before;
The Perjur'd Villain never minding
That Vows are Sacred, Oaths are Binding.

Soon after this comes News of Forces
By *Mary* rais'd, of Men and Horſes,
As if ſhe were reſolv'd to Fight,
And by the Sword to try her Right,
This put 'em in a plaguy Pickle,
Made *Cranmer* ſtir, and *Ridley* ſtickle:
The reſt, while the Amazement laſted,
Sate as if Planet-ſtruck, or Blaſted,

'Till *Cranmer*'s Words begun to ſally
Out of the Wicket of his Belly.

What mean ye, Sirs, quoth he, to ſit
Like wooden Block-heads, void of Wit;
And not endeavour to prevent,
What threatens thus our Government?
How can ye ſuffer poor Queen *Jane*
To loſe the Crown, and *Mary* Reign?
When you are certain, if't fall out ſo,
That ſhe will rattle us about ſo,
That not a Man, or Mother's Son,
But will be utterly undone,
And our Religion go to pot,
By which our Riches we have got,
And Articles and Common-Prayer,
And three times Fifty Pſalms, that are
Than Honey-Comb or Sugar ſweeter,
Since *Hopkins* turn'd 'em into Meeter,
Muſt be put down, and which is worſe,
What from the Kirk we took by Force
We muſt reſtore, and this, ye know,
Will leave us nak'd as *Æſop*'s Crow,
Beſtir ye therefore Gentlemen,
Defend yourſelves and good Queen *Jane*:
You who are Sword-Men, to your Sword,
We who are Word-Men, we'll to th' Word
Get up and Fight in Blood to Knee,
We'll Preach and Pray for Victory:
Rouſe ye, great *Dudley*, our Protector,
And lay about ye like *Troy*'s *Hector*:
Duke *Suffolk*, and your Kinſman *Gray*,
Call all to Arms 'tween *Thames* and *Tay*,
Fight like old *Goths*, or *Muſcow*'s *Cæſars*,
Zerobabels, or *Sheabunezars*;
'Till all your Foes lie dead before ye,
Thus you'll triumph, and we'll adore ye:
This ſaid, they bid *Northumberland*
Of th' Army take the chief Command,

And lead to Battle; ſoft, quoth *John*,
There's ſomething elſe muſt firſt be done;
I ought to have, before I go,
Commiſſion for what I do;
That what I undertake may be
By *Jane*'s and your Authority.

That's true, quoth *Cranmer*, and I'll draw
A full Commiſſion without Flaw,
Which I and all the reſt will ſign,
And the great Seal we'll to it joyn;
So that for all the Blood you ſpill,
You're authoriz'd by Hand and Seal;
Go therefore boldly to the Wars,
And ſhield ye Heav'n from Wounds and Sc
And now the Tall Gigantick *John*
Puts Back and Breaſt, and Head-piece on,
And Truſty-blade with Basket-hilt,
Which Foes in former Fights had Felt,
Puts into Pocket his Commiſſion,
Then Piouſly makes his Petition,
That *Cranmer* would draw from the Skies:
A Bleſſing on his Enterprize:
And tho' in Armour ſtifly buckl'd,
On Knees he down to *Cranmer* truckl'd:
At which *Baal*'s High Prieſt takes upon him
To call down *Abra.* Bleſſings on him,
Layes both Hands upon his Crown

May all your Men be fierce as Lions,
As Maſtiffs fell, and ſtout as Giants;
And when engag'd, for ever fight on,
Till all are kill'd that e'er ye light on:
And may you, when you come again,
Bring back as many Heads of Men,
That by your own Hand have been ſlain,
As may for every Day you March,
Build up a large Triumphal Arch:
Take now your Sword, and gird it to ye,
Go on, ye have my Bleſſing with ye.
Thus ends he what he had to ſay;
Dudley gets up and goes his Way:
While Things at Court were acting thus
(*f*) *Ridley* was Canting at *Paul's* Croſs.
This *Ridley* was, as moſt agree,
The Picture of a *Phariſee*,
In *Calviniſm* moſt deeply learn'd,
His Living by his Preaching earn'd;
Could hold forth, when the Spirit preſs'd,
From Morn to Night, and never reſt him
A Fawning Flattering Hypocrite,
That Canted Goſpel out of Spite,
Had at Command his Tears and could
His Face into ſtrange Figures Mould,
And in his Eyes could make appear
Love, Hatred, Joy, Grief, Zeal and Fea
Succeſſively one after t'other,
And when he pleas'd ſhew all together,
Or any one, or all diſſemble,
And had a Tongue as glib and nimble
As Tail of Eel, and for his Treaſon
Pretended Scripture ſtill, and Reaſon,

(*f*) Dr. *Ridley* Biſhop of *London* (ſays the 16th of *July* at St. *Paul's-Croſs* Preach mon, wherein he invited the People to to Queen *Jane*, whoſe Cauſe he affirm'd t Juſt. See *Baker's* Hiſt. p. 215.

This wicked Canting Counterfeit,
Gets him into his Pulpit Seat,
With all the Rabble gaping round it,
To ſwallow that which he Expounded;
Where having three times of his Eyes
Turn'd up the White to Blue of Skies,
Th' Enthuſiaſtick Spirit moves him,
To utter what he thinks behoves him;
Mary's a Papiſt, O Beloved,
You know, and ſo I need not prove it;
I've told ye thouſand times e'er this,
What frightful Thing a Papiſt is,
And have to you explain'd the Word,
As Reveal'd to me by the Lord,
From *Geneſis* to *Revelations*.
Againſt the Papiſt Faith and Faſhions;
By which I've ſhewn that *Rome*'s a Beaſt
With Six or Seven Heads at leaſt,
And ev'ry Head has half a Score
Large Horns upon it, if not more:
What therefore now I muſt hold forth is,
That Papiſt *Mall*, for all her Birth, is
No Lawful Heir to th'Crown; becauſe
Her Faith's Repugnant to the Laws,
Which Bleſſed *Edward* made of late,
While he Reign'd Head of Church and State,
He, to prevent a Papiſt's Reign,
By Patent gave his Crown to *Jane*;
And made us Swear to ſee her Crown'd,
As ſoon as he was laid in Ground:
So that her Highneſs being thus
By Will of King, and Oath of us,
Own'd for our Queen, 'tis plain the Crown,
Is indiſputably her Own.
Beſides, ſhe does inherit it
As Heir of Old *Plantagenet*:
It follows then, that *Mall* the Princeſs
To Heirſhip can have no Pretences:
Beſides, if e'er ſhe gets the Crown,
Then woe's my Heart for this poor Town:

She'll baniſh Proteſtants from *London*,
And new-Religion will be undone;
Hang us Apoſtles by the Necks,
For Rebels and for Hereticks:
But good Queen *Jane* (pray Heaven ſave her)
And let us praiſe the Lard we have her;
'Tis ſhe that muſt Defend us from
The Seven-head ten-Horn'd Beaſt of *Rome*.
Then does he ſet her Vertues forth,
Her Piety and paſſing Worth;
Her Hatred great 'gainſt Popery,
And Zeal for Goſpel-Liberty:
Then from her Birth he does declare,
That to the Crown ſhe is Right Heir.
This, Brethren, is unqueſtionable,
Aſſiſt her therefore godly Rabble:
Arm, arm, brave Boys, and to the Field;
Make *Mary* and her Forces yield:
Let every Man gird on his Sword,
And fight the Battle of the Lord:
The Lord of Hoſts before will go,
And lead you on before the Foe,
As he did *Gideon*, and his Bands
That carry'd Pitchers in their Hands;
Smite Hip and Thigh, with Edge of Sword,
Of all that do reſiſt the Lord:
And, as of Old, ſo now the Sun
Will ſtand ſtock ſtill till you have done.
Thus he went on, but let us leave
The profane hypocritick Knave,
And back return to former Stand,
Where late we left *Northumberland*.

The Manner of his Marching forth
Some Authors tell us, and his Worth,
His Stature, Courage, Strength and Age,
His Armour and his Equipage,
His Warlike Feats in former Days
Perform'd in *Scotch* and *Gallick* Frays;

His Battles won, and great Atchivements,
Wounds, Bruiſes, Bangs and other Grievements,
Which happen'd oft to be his Fate,
(For no Man's always fortunate)
All which I leave in ancient Story;
Now ſee the End of all his Glory.

Arm'd with Commiſſion, Sword and Folly,
From Council-Board he makes his Sally;
Takes leave of Fortune and his Friends,
And to the Head of Army tends:
Where being come, his Men he Muſters,
And Officers together cluſters,
Gives out the Word, which when expreſt,
He of Queen *Mary* goes in queſt.

Scarce had he led his Army down
Thrice three Days Marches from the Town,
When News he gets, that *Mary* Queen,
(*b*) In *London* had Proclaimed been
By Order of the Council, who
Commiſſion'd him a-while ago:
To ſave themſelves they now betray
Their Knights, and leave the Lady *Gray*.

Surpriz'd at this, *John*'s Courage fails him,
No need of Pulſe to tell what ails him:
His Army's daunted, and forſakes him:
Thus left, he to his Wits betakes him.

Standing a while, caſting his Eyes
Down to the Ground in Muſing wiſe,

He

(*b*) The Lords fell from their Side, who aſſembled at *Baynard*'s Caſtle, firſt the Earl of *Arundel*, then the Earl of *Pembroke* fell to Invectives againſt the Duke of *Northumberland*. And then all the Lords joyning in Opinion with them; they call for the Mayor, and in *London* Proclaimed the Lady *Mary* Queen. See *Baker*'s Hiſt.

He ſummons Politicks together,
Which now are ſtray'd he knows not wh
And Muſters up his Store of Thoughts,
Yet all, poor *John*, avails him nought:
Faint Thoughts put him in mind of Flyi
And deſp'rate Thoughts in mind of Dyi
On Point of Sword ſet to his Breaſt,
But wiſer Thoughts did theſe deteſt:
And Thoughts more Manly bid him Figh
Tho' now alone, like Errant Knight.
But Prudence charg'd him not to Warra
Himſelf on Courage of Knight Errant;
Nor truſt himſelf on his own Force,
Now that he wanted Foot and Horſe.
But finding 'twas not ſafe to Fight,
Reſolves to play the Hypocrite,
And this his wiſeſt Reſolution,
Was quickly put in Execution.

To *Cambridge* he returns, and there
Call'd out the Aldermen and Mayor,
And to the Market-Croſs repairs,
And his feign'd Loyalty declares;
Of which to evidence the Truth,
From Ear to Ear he rives his Mouth,
Proclaims Queen *Mary*; letting fly
His feather'd Cap againſt the Sky:
To waſh his Grief with Liquor down,
Taps all the Barrels in the Town;
To *Mary*'s Health ſends Glaſſes round,
And ſwore by *Jove* he wiſh'd her Crown'd
Bonefires he makes to warm his Zeal,
And with his Piſtols rings a Peal,
And Thunders from theſe little Guns,
Jane Gray's Confuſion, and his Son's.
As if he valu'd not a Filbert
His late Queen *Jane*, and (*b*) Son King Gilb

(*b*) The Duke of *Northumberland*'s fourth Son *Lord Dudley* Married the Lady *Jane Gray*, Daughter to *Henry Gray*, Duke of *Suffolk*.

But all this not a whit avail'd him,
Both Friends and his Diſſembling fail'd him
For the next Morn as Day did peep,
To call him up, who ſcarce could Sleep,
Earl *Arundel*, ſo late his Friend,
Enters his Chamber with a Band
Of frightful ill-look'd Muſqueteers,
Hung round with Sword and Bandileers;
And on the Shoulder claps the Man
With, *Here I do Arreſt you* John.
My Warrant's in Queen Mary's Name,
And I, quoth *John*, Obey the ſame:
And on his Knees, for now his Legs
Could ſcarcely bear him, falls and Begs
For Mercy, owning all his Treaſon;
But Pray'rs and Tears were out of Seaſon.
You ſhould have thought on this before
Says *Arundel*, ſo pray give o'er:
Secure him, Captain of the Guard,
'Till further Orders are prepar'd.
He's now in Durance, who of late,
Preſum'd he had a Power o'er Fate,
And could at Pleaſure rule the State.
But *Dudley* long remain'd not there,
E'er he was ſent for to the Bar,
Where holding up his Traitor's Fiſt,
He pleaded Guilty to th'Inqueſt,

And now the Land, that Groaning lay
Under a dire *Anathema*,
Is reconcil'd to God and *Rome*,
And baniſh'd Faith invited Home:
Thoſe Impious Acts by *Harry* made,
And Statutes hatch'd in Days of Old
Were all annull'd by *Mary*'s Pow'r
As if they'd never been before;
And ſhe abandons now the Claim
Over the Church, of Power Supreme.

Now Proteſtants, with mighty Care,
Pack up their Pſalms and Common-Pra
And from the Realm begin to ſcud,
Where they had never acted good:
Some make for *Frankfort* while they may,
Some for *Geneva*; others ſtay
Still to infeſt the peaceful Land,
By acting Treaſons under hand;
As making *Edward*, lately dead,
To riſe again, and ſhew his Head,
And Voices from old Walls to break ou
And Stones or ſomething elſe to ſpeak ou
You'll underſtand me from the Cheat
Of *Beſſy Croſts* of *Alderſgate*,
A Thing that was ſuppos'd by moſt
A ſpeaking Stone, or talking Poſt,
That Preach'd from thence in Croaking
Like *Gray*'s old Toad in Lintel-ſtone.
But to be plainer, thus it was;
In an Old Wall, they hid a Laſs,
Where through a Whiſtle that ſhe had
On purpoſe for th' Impoſture made,
She rais'd a hideous Kind of Noiſe,
That drew together all the Boys,
And old Folks too; for who came near it,
Surpriz'd with Wonder, ſtood to hear it;
'Till by Degrees to liſt'ning Rabble
Her Words would grow intelligible,

And at the laſt her Leſſon tell,
As plain as Heathen Oracle.
Againſt Religion ſhe would Rail
Worſe than a frantick Prieſt of *Baal*:
Maſs, Saints, Confeſſion, Sacrifice,
She would abuſe with hundred Lyes;
And then would praiſe the Common-Pray'r
And Articles full Twenty Pair,
Or Twenty-one, for you muſt know
They then were numbr'd Forty-two.
She Pſalms would often ſing in Meeter,
Like *Hopkins*, but a great deal ſweeter:
And in Concluſion of her Speech,
Would with a hollow accent Preach,
That angry Heaven did reſent
Queen *Mary*'s Popiſh Government:
And therefore ſhe was ſent from Skies,
The holy Flock to authorize
To cut her off: But her Commiſſion
The Manner left to their Diſcretion.
This for a While was held by all
To be a Spirit in the Wall:
But was in breaking down the Mound,
A Proteſtant Impoſture found,
Set on the Mob t'infatuate
And raiſe Rebellion in the State.
This ſcarce was o'er, when on the Stage
They bring a Youth of *Edward*'s Age

For ſcarce a Man of all the Crew,
But claim'd the Paſtorſhip as due.

Old *Wittingham*, and Doctor *Cox*,
Goodman and *Scory*, *Wood* and *Knox*,
Fox, *Jewel*, *Williams*, *Horn* and *Gheſt*,
Sands, *Bentham*, *Grindal*, and the reſt
Agreed about the Common-Prayer,
Like *Hudibras* with Fiddle and Bear.

Wood, *Williams*, *Whittingham* and *Sutton*,
Valu'd the Prayer-Book not a Button;
The *Litany* they grudg'd to ſay,
And threw the Surplice quite away,
Alter'd Confeſſion, chang'd the Hymns
For old *Jack Hopkins*'s Pithy Rhimes.

Their *Zurick* Brethren could not Brook
Such mangling of the *Engliſh* Book:
Embden did bitterly Complain,
And *Straſburg* took't in great Diſdain;
For you muſt know, in all of theſe
They planted had their Colonies.
Frankfort, too weak to hold Diſpute,
Sends for *John Knox* to help 'em out,
With Promiſe, if he'd bide the Shock
He ſhou'd be Paſtor of the Flock.
This tickl'd mainly *Knox* his Fancy;
As glad he was as e'er did Man ſee,
That Congregation pitch upon him,
To take the Paſt'ral Office on him,
He runs about the Town like Mad,
To take Leave of thoſe Friends he had
Sets his Immov'ables to Sale,
And Crams the reſt into his Mail:
Leaps on the Back of lofty Beaſt,
And from *Geneva* poſts in haſte;
As faſt as e'er his Horſe could Ride,
Bang'd with a Heel on either Side;

The Horſe his Four mov'd not ſo faſt,
As *Knox* ply'd two Feet at his Waſte.
But be't as 'twill, both Horſe and he
To *Frankfort* got, as all agree:
And into Kirk he enters, e'er
They could ſuppoſe him half Way there:
Where *Whittingham*, without Reſtriction
Gives him the Keys of Juriſdiction;
Expecting he would let Things ſtand,
As they were fitted to his Hand.
But buſy *Knox*, now grown expert,
As *Calvin* could be for his Heart,
Would undertake to make a Plat-form
Of Kirk, not like at all to that Form,
That *Whittingham* had late invented;
The Congregation diſcontented,
Oppos'd it all the Ways they could do;
But *John* was Reſolute, and would do
What he thought fit, and fell a Storming,
When any croſs'd him in Reforming.
Nor would he let 'em move a Lip,
In what concern'd his Paſtorſhip.

The *Strasburg* Brethren hearing how
Matters (alas) were like to go;
And that Sir *Whittingham* and *Knox*
Would go by th' Ears, or fall to Box,
Or one another's Eyes out Scratch,
Or from their Heads pull all the Thatch;

B'ing thus divided, as the Calf's-
Head was by Teague, into *Three Halfs.*
With Book in Hand up ſteps Sir *Lever,*
Thinking it was now Time or never
To get a Form that he had made,
And always uſed when he pray'd,
To paſs by general Conſent,
Since none o'th' reſt could give Content:
But *Lever*'s Diſcipline and Prayer,
Except himſelf, pleas'd no Man there.
John Fox, a Man of no ſmall Action,
Head of the Fagg-end of the Faction;
For ev'ry Faction that was there,
Had ſev'ral Heads, at leaſt a Pair:
Some like the Snake in *Lerna*'s Fen,
And ſome in Shape of *Amphisben,*
Which hath, as nice Reſpectors tell,
A ſecond Head joyn'd to her Tail.
This *Fox* was he, that ſince did thoſe
Vaſt Acts and Monuments Compoſe:
Thus ſpeaks he, for it was but fit
That he ſhou'd ſpeak, as well as ſit:
For my part, I can make ye know,
A Diſcipline as well as you;
And frame a Godly Form of Pray'r
Soul-moving as the beſt that's there:
(Pointing to theirs, for he had ſpy'd 'em
Laid in the Window cloſe behind 'em:
But this preferring of Inventions,
I find, brings nothing but Contentions;
And will, as ſure as Bard in *Greece* is,
Ding Congregation all to Pieces:
For certainly they ſtrike at Root on't:
And it has neither Shoe nor Boot on't:
Therefore theſe Stripes, harder than Stones,
Muſt break at laſt its Ancle-bones;
And then, the dulleſt of us all
Knows, that it cannot ſtand but fall.
I ſpeak to you that know, Learn'd Sirs,
The Meaning of dark Metaphors.

May ſtrive no more about your Pray'rs,
Nor 'bout Diſcipline go by th' Ears;
But leave your Form, and do not grieve
To follow *Calvin's* of *Geneve*.
For tho' 'tis ſcarce right in all Things,
Yet let us wiſely wink at ſmall Things;
And for the Sake of Unity,
To that ſole Diſcipline agree.
Quoth (*m*) *Whittingham*, my Vote I-gi-ye
For *Calvin*, and much good may't do-ye.
And I adviſe the reſt, good *John*,
To give their Votes as we have done.
Quoth *Haddon*, I am not inclin'd,
To be by *Calvin* Diſciplin'd:
'T may ſuit the Backs of Brawny *Swiſſers*;
But not a Skin ſo fine as this is;
King *Edward*'s Form is good, ſays *Haddon*;
Ye lye, quoth *Knox*, it is a bad one:
I had the rather of the two
Have *Calvin*'s paſs, than joyn with you.

(*m*) When *Whittingham* and divers others of a violent Humour, ſays the Author of *The Sum of the Pretended Holy Diſcipline*, came firſt to *Fra* they fell preſently into a very ſpecial L of the *Geneva* Diſcipline, as finding it to tain ſuch Rules and Practiſes as did great'y

Up *Goodman* ſtarts, when hearing this
As ſour as provoked *Swiſs*.
And told *John Knox* he did defy
All that condemn'd *Ned*'s Liturgy:
And would defend it by the Dint
Of Dagger, Sword or Argument.
With him joyns *Alexander*, and *Saul*,
And *Sands* affirm'd it beſt of all;
Pedder was of his Mind, and *Lakin*;
But *Williams* thought 'em all miſtak
And ſwore by all his Blood within,
It was not worth a Headleſs Pin.
Old *Hillingham*, and *Wood* and *Keath*
Rail'd at it 'till quite out of Breath.
Kent ſwore it was, and ſo did *Bale*
Not worth the Paring of his Nail;
Wainal abus'd it, and grim *Samford*
Swore ne'er to uſe it, were he damn'd.
Thus they, to any Body's Sight,
Ran all Horn-mad, and fit to fight;
'Till in good Time upſtarts me *Gill*,
Who all this while had ſitten ſtill;
As not agreeing with his Reaſon
To plead for't in ſo hot a Seaſon;
And beck'ning to 'em to be quiet,
(For they were bluſtering and high
Advi.es to *Glauber* they'd go,
And unto him their Pray'r-Book ſho
With other *Germans* of Renown,
And deem'd the Godlieſt in the To
And if ſuch Judges like it well,
Then let us uſe it, quoth Sir *Gill*.
This pleas'd all Parties, and next D
T'expoſe their Book they trot away,
And to the *Germans* here and there,
Each Party ſhews his Common-Pray'r
The one to gain it better Fame,
T'other to Ridicule the ſame:
But *Whittingham's* and *Knox* his Aim,
Was to have *Calvin* ſee the ſame;

As very wiſely underſtanding,
No Thing would paſs he had no Hand in.
Knox therefore into *Latin* put it,
And us'd ſuch Means that *Calvin* got it;
But ſoon as *Calvin* caſt his Eye on't;
He falls a hiſſing, and cries, *Fy on't*;
Declaring in an angry Fleer,
(*n*) *There's many a fooliſh Trifle here,*
That may be born with, Not defended;
But it were better 'twere amended:
And e'er you ſet it right, it muſt
Be poliſhed from popiſh Ruſt.
When *Calvin* gave it ſuch a Touch,
It loſt it's Credit very much;
And ſuch as were before ſo fond on't
Now ſcarcely deign to lay a Hand on't,
Unleſs ſometimes a Leaf or ſo
They pluck out when to Stool they go
But now, the Miſchief on't, their Caſe
Is worſe by far than e'er it was:
For having caſt the Book away,
They want a Form by which to pray:
For theſe Men were not gifted then,
To pray *Extempore* like *Pen*:
Nor had they yet, to prompt their Brain,
The Secret of the Magick Cane;
Such as the Whig-Saint, Major *Wear*
Lean'd always on, when at his Prayer.

That is, if none were ſitting on't,
For elſe't had been a baſe Affront.
After ſome Turnings of Diſcourſe,
And Talking much had made 'em hoarſe,
They came at laſt to Reſolution
Of putting Things in Execution.
And thus it was; No one to chooſe,
Nor either of the Forms refuſe;
But ſo to mingle both together
As no Man might diſcover either,
And yet be both in being there,
John Calvin's, and King *Edward's* Prayer.
Thus mixt: The next Thing to be done,
Having the Lump to work upon,
Was to extract from both a new one,
Which for a while muſt be the true one,
A while, I ſay, for they intended
At better Leiſure to amend it.
Well, all were pleas'd, and Matters were
In quiet State for Half a Year;
'Till *Cox's* Crew to *Franckfort* came,
And jumbled all Things out of Frame.
Firſt Thing they do, they beg for Union,
Knox and the Reſt joyn in Communion;
Not doubting but they wou'd comply
With the new Form of *Liturgy*.
On *Sunday* following not a Man
But had his beſt Apparel on:
His Doublet-Lap cut into Quarters,
That ſcarce reach'd half-way to his Garters,
His Breeches ſtrait, long, ope' at Knee,
As Boors do uſe in *Germany*;
His Beard was cut in Form of Spade,
As *Hudibras's* ſince was made:
His Locks ſcarce hid his Ears, he had 'em
As Folks in Ballads picture *Adam*:
His Hat ſhap'd almoſt like a Cone,
Taper at Top, the wide End down;
With narrow Rim, ſcarce wide enough
To Eave from Rain the ſtaring Ruff,

ound his Neck ſtood with no leſs
ing Holes, than triple Cheſs;
iff as Buckram ſtood with Starch,
us equipt to Kirk they March.

when in Kirk this Godly Crew
r, and Parſon in his Pew
his Prayer, Cox with his Boys
out an unexpected Noiſe
ſponds, as the Parſon Read-on,
(a) *Knox* and's Party thought no need-one
uch'd in Conſcience, fell a grumbling,
rown'd the Parſon's Voice with mumbling,
any of the younger Sort,
ut with Laughter at the Sport:

G a So

The Hiſtory of the Troubles at *Franckfort* con-
g *Knox*'s Sermon, ſays, *Knox* having paſs'd ſo
eneſis, that he was come to *Noah as he lay, open*
ne, ſpake theſe Words following: As divers
s ought to be kept ſecret, even ſo ſuch Things
d to the Diſhonour of God and Diſquieting of
urch, ought to be diſcloſed and openly re-
l. And thereupon (ſays the Hiſtory) he ſhew-
v that after long Trouble and Contention a-
them, a godly Agreement was made, and
the ſame that Day was ungodly broken.

So that one might, like that of Hou
Have heard Variety of Sounds.
Knox hides his Wrath, lets them go
But when the After-noon came, *John*
Into the Pulpit gets, and there,
Falls foul on *Car* and *Edward*'s Prayer
With all the Rhetorick he had,
The Subſtance of the Thing he ſaid;
Here in the Margin you may ſee;
Writ from their *Frankfort* Hiſtory.

Car bloodily at this being vext,
Reſolves Revenge on *Sunday* next;
Gets into Kirk by break o' Day,
While *Knox*'s Party was away,
And makes a Parſon of his own
Poſſeſs the Pulpit, 'till 'twas Noon,
With Orders, ſoon as *Knox* came in,
With *Edward*'s Prayer-Book to begin,
From End to End to read it o'er,
And all to Anſwer as before.

to ſpeak againſt it. He farther affirm
mong many Things which provoked
againſt *England*, Slackneſs to reform
one: And therefore it became 'em to be
how they laid their Foundation. And
Men were not aſhamed to ſay, there w
Stop in *England* (meaning in King E
but that Religion might be and is alr
to Perfection, he prov'd the contrary
of Diſcipline: As alſo by the Troubl
Hooper ſuſtained for the Rochet and ſu
Book Commanded and Allowed. An
Man was permitted to have 3, 4, or 5
the great Scandal of the Goſpel, and
the Flock of Chriſt of their Livelihoo
nance. Theſe were the chief Notes
which were ſo Stomached by ſome,
ſuch as had many Livings in *England*,

Knox furious grew at this, and Ire
Set Head and Face, and all a-fire,
And made him Ban, and backwards pray,
Like Miſtreſs *Loveit* in the Play.
But Cox, tho' of a calmer Face,
Reſolves to bate him not an Ace;
It wou'd ha' pleas'd ye to have ſeen 'em,
What Counter-ſcuffles fell between 'em;
How one ſhov'd t'other from the Pulpit,
Who left it not while he could help it;
Till Cox and *Lever* overcame
Both Paſtor *Knox* and *Whittingham*.

They pick'd a Hole in *Knox*'s Coat
(Elſe't had been, whether, for a Groat)
Having found out in proper Seaſon,
That *Knox* 'gainſt *Cæſar* had wrote Treaſon
(p) Of which they good Advantage took,
And brought for Evidence his Book,
Which cloſely to his Charge they laid;
See in the Margin what he ſaid.

very ſharply Charged and Reproved ſo ſoon as
came out of the Pulpit, for the ſame. Thus
Hiſt. p. 38.

(p) *Knox*'s Admonition to Chriſtians, as cited
the Hiſtory of the Troubles at *Frankfort*, p 44.

No ſooner did they this relate
To *Glauber*, who was Magiſtrate
But he commanded *Knox* to fly,
And 'ſcape deſerved Deſtiny:
Tho' *Cox* and *Lever* were in Hop
Glauber would have employ'd th
Some of his Party did embroil
The Congregation for a while;
But *Whitehead* now being made the
Joyns Force with *Cox*, and gets the
O'er all the Rebells he could find,
That buſy *Knox* had left behind;
And force old (q) *Whittingham* and
With all their Clan to follow *Knox*:
They do ſo; and by break o' Da
Pack up Things fitting for the W
As Bread, Cheeſe, Butter, and R
(For Travellers muſt have Relief

other Eight Places, (ſays the Hiſto
moſt noted, in that it touched th
Treaſon was alſo againſt *Philip* the
and Queen *Mary* of *England*.

(q) *John Knox* thus forc'd to fly, &
ty not willing to Conform, reſolved
Upon this; the next Day (ſays
Paſtor, Dr. *Cox*, *Tho. Darry*, and M
Whittingham, *Tho. Cole*, *John Fox*, *Wil*
Hart, *John Hilton*, with certain others
them, What ſhould be the Cauſe o
ture? *Whittingham* anſwered, *Firſt*, T
Promiſe eſtabliſh'd with Invocation
Secondly, Their orderleſs thruſting t
the Church. *Thirdly*, Taking away
Diſcipline eſtabliſhed before their c
cing no other. *Fourthly*, The Accuſa
their Godly Miniſter, of Treaſon,
Blood. *Fifthly*, Their overthrowing
Order taken and commanded by t
Sixthly, The bringing in of Papiſtic

And to *Geneva* away they Pack,
With each his Knapſack on his Back:
For *Fox* adviſ'd 'em not to Ride,
Save on a Stick, for ſhunning Pride:
But e'er 'twas long, himſelf grew ſick,
With riding on a Faggot-ſtick:
And therefore took up Inn at *Baſil*,
And warm'd him with his Horſe of Hazel.
The reſt recruiting empty Wallets,
That had been robb'd by hungry Palats.
Reſolv'd to March on the next Day,
And ſo took *Zurick* in their Way:
And wou'd have gladly Winter'd there,
But that the *Fox*, old *Bullinger*;
Lik'd not that ſuch a Pack of Drones,
Shou'd come to Suck his Honey-Combs:
For he was Paſtor in the Town,
And had a Flock there of his own;
And had the beſt Part of his Living,
From Charities of Burghers giving;
And therefore grumbl'd, *Franckfort* Truants
Shou'd come to eat up his Allowance.
But ſeeing they were got to Town,
He bad 'em (coldly) ſit 'em down;
At leaſt to reſt an Hour or ſo,
And take a Snack before they go.
Then out he brings a Wooden Diſh
With Bits of Beef and Pork and Fiſh

Then points their Way, and gives h
To make Amends for ſuch Diſmiſſi
At laſt they got to Journey's End,
And there we'll leave 'em with the
John Calvin.

Franckfort thus emptyd of a Pack,
As *Noll* himſelf ne'er ſaw more Fact
When every one ran Mad to Fight
Wi'th' next he met, for Inward Ligh
You may perhaps expect to find
The Congregation left behind
At Quiet, free from further Grudgin
Concerning Matters of Religion;
And in their Faith and Kirk-Commun
Linkt all together in cloſe Union.
But this you muſt not look for, whe
Of Proteſtants you find a Pair:
Nay, if but one alone you'll ſee,
He cannot with himſelf agree;
But be for this, that, t'other Way,
Perhaps an Hundred times a Day.

At *Franckfort* then new Feuds aroſe,
About the Name and Stile of thoſe,
Who were as Chiefs to be Elected,
(For Kirk, you know, muſt be protect
Some were for *Biſhop*; but the reſt
Deteſted this, and the Word *Prieſt*,
As Titles ſprung from Antichriſt.

Superintendants ſome were for;
But others did that Name abhor,
'Cauſe *Super* was joyn'd to *Intendant*,
Whereas each Man was Independant
Intendant they could well away with,
But it was *Super* they ſaid nay with;
Becauſe it argu'd him Superiour,
And conſequently them Inferiour;
Whereas the meaneſt of the People,
By Goſpel Freedom was his Equal.

At laſt they all agreed to Name him
Paſtor; and *Paſtor* they proclaim him:
Becauſe, ſay they, it ſignifies
Only to Feed, not Tyrannize,
Nor Govern, nor Command, nor Rule
Over the reſt without Controul:
For none lik'd to be Governed,
But all were willing to be Fed:
Yet ſome thought *Feeding* had Extent
To th'odious Name of *Government*;
For he (ſay they) that Feeds the Sheep,
Will alſo Claim a Power to keep
The Flock from Ranging here and there
In Search of more abundant Fare:
And when by Chance one ſtrays too far,
A ſnarling Cur, e'er it's aware,
Is ſent to Pinch it by the Lug;
'Twill find no Mercy in the Dog.
As for it's Fleece, *Paſtor* will take it,
And leave the Sheep, as *Adam* naked.
If Goverment o'er Congregation
Be exercis'd in this Faſhion;
Pray will not this, Sirs, think ye, be
O'er us a perfect Tyranny?
They all conclude, it muſt be ſo;
And therefore to conſult they go,
How to prevent the ſad Diſaſters
That might befal 'em from ſuch *Paſtors*

Chance to be reinthron'd again,
'T muſt be from Rank of private Men.

You heard before how *Whittingham*
Invented firſt the *Paſtor*'s Name;
And how that he, a ſimple Novice,
Gave up to *Knox* his *Paſt'ral* Office:
And how that ſtubborn Traitor *Knox*
Supplanted was by Crafty *Cox*;
Who yet remain'd not long in Place,
E're he gave way to *Whitehead*'s Grace:
And *Whitehead* turn'd it o'er to *Horn*,
The Archeſt *Paſtor* e'er was Born;
A Rogue that play'd them more falſe Pranks
Than Gypſies cou'd, or Mountebanks.

Horn with a proud inſulting Air,
Rais'd in him from Conceit of Chair,
Behaves himſelf as if he'd been
A little *Ned* or *Maiden Queen*;
Or had Supremacy much more,
Than *Harry* e'er aſſum'd before.
He tells his Flock, they muſt Obey,
(Tho' how, they never knew the Way)
Conform they muſt, each Mother's Son,
To whatſoever he'll have done;
Or elſe in *Franckfort* muſt not ſtay,
But to *Geneva* pack away.
Thus by the mighty Force of Tongue,
He aw'd a while the factious Throng;
Till *Aſhley*, an Eſquire of Faſhion,
And great in Eye of Congregation,
Bolder than others were, and quicker,
When warm'd with Zeal and Rheniſh Liquor,
Hotly with *Paſtor Horn* debated
'Bout Matters that to Church related:
Demanding whether Power Supreme
Was in the People or in him?
With other Things that by Sir *Horn*
Could not with Patience be born

As fearing he would Undermine
His Government, and Diſcipline.
But *Horn*, b'ing of a lofty Soul,
Thought much that any ſhou'd controul,
Or queſtion him about his Office,
A Lay Man too! A ſaucy Novice;
Who, as to *Hebrew*, *Greek*, or *Latin*,
Could with a School-boy ſcarce hold Chatti
And in Divinity as Dull,
As he who Baited the Pope's Bull.
Horn was beſides of Temper Hot,
And hotter when he took his Pot:
For 'twas at Supper they fell out,
When Brimmers briskly flew about:
And therefore could not brook the ſtrange R
Of *Aſh ey*'s Carriage and his Language:
But having firſt boaſted his Worth,
And Faculty of holding Forth,
His Knowledge in old Hiſtory,
And preſent Church's Myſtery.
His Skill profound in Reformation,
And Priviledge of Paſt'ral Station;
All which, he pleads, muſt qualify him,
For Supreme Guide of all Men nigh him,
This ſaid, the reſt of his Diſcourſe
At *Aſhley* levels with much force.
I queſtion not, Sir, but you know
I am your *P ſtor*, and dare vou,

You'll make, I ſhall be pleas'd to Pardo
For Peace's ſake, tho' 'tis a hard one,
Not to make further Satisfaction,
For ſo Rebellious an Action,
As ſetting Congregation up
For Judges of our *Paſtorſhip*.

Well, when you're Sober, if I hear
Words ſo Schiſmatical, I ſwear
I ſhan't be able to diſpenſe Sir,
Therewith, but uſe the Paſt'ral Cenſure.
Know, I Anathemas can breath,
Who have the Keys of Hell and Death.
Softly good *Paſtor*, for I know,
Quoth *Aſhley*, no ſuch Power in you:
I do defy your Curſe alone
To ſend to Hell the meaneſt one.
The Keys of Hell, Death, and Damnatio
Are in the Hands of Congregation;
For 'tis the full Aſſembly can
Damn at their Pleaſure any Man.
The Congregation, hearing this,
Cry'd *Una voce*, *ſo it is*.
I wonder that you ſhould upbraid me
With Drinking; for, by him that made m
I am as ſober as your Reverence,
Who Glaſs for Glaſs has pledg'd me ever
We ſat us down at Board to Supper;
If I be Drunk, then you'r not Sober:
Yet, Sir, I'm not ſo full of Drink,
But know both what I ſay and think,

Some of the Elders that ſat by,
Perceiving Choler work ſo high;
And dreading that the Iſſue might
End in a Counter ſcuffle Fight;
Did what they could to Moderate
Horn's Fury, and Pale *Aſhley*'s Hate;
Perſwading each to make amends
By ſhaking Hands and drinking Friends.

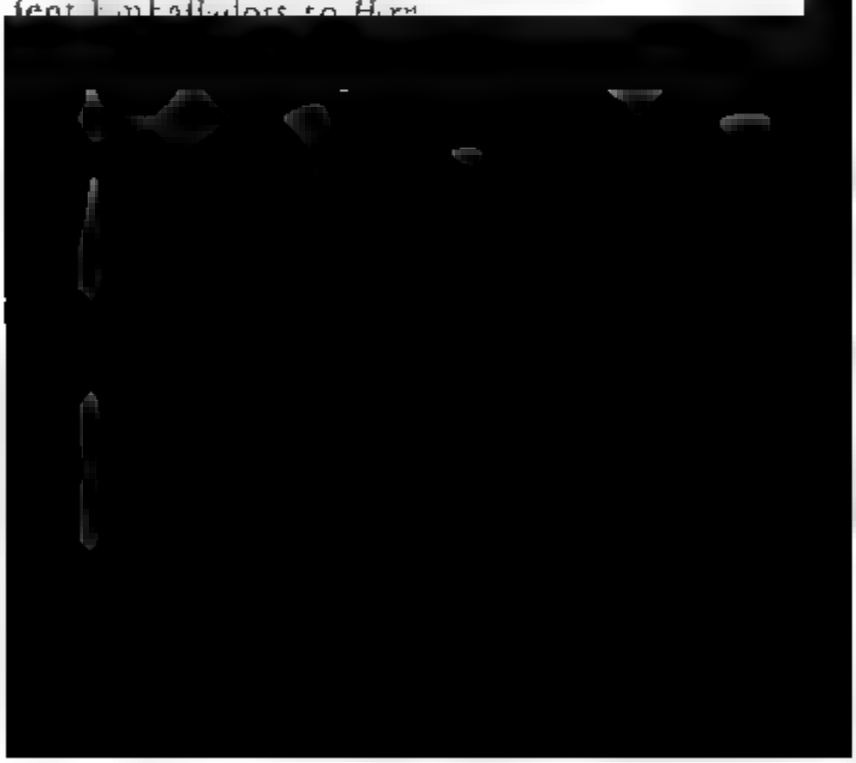
Canto I.

O wonderful effect of Wine!
To Peace it does again incline,
And twiſts what late it did untwine.
For as in it began their Strife,
So to their Friendſhip it gave Life:
And both becoming Merry hearted,
Drank themſelves Friends, and ſo they parte
But Tyes of Liquor are not ſtrong,
Nor laſted drunken Friendſhip long;
For, three Days after, when they met,
A large Doſe did the Knot unknit,
Which never after could be Ty'd,
Tho' *Coe*, and *Kelk*, and *Kockroft* try'd;
And *Benham*, *Falkoner* and *Carryl*
Strove what they could to end the Quarrel:
So *Railton*, *Warcupe*, *Bartney*, *Sands*,
To part 'em put their helping Hands
Thoſe undertook to ſettle Matters,
Under the Name of Arbitrators:
But more they ſtrove, more out of reach
The Quarrel grew, wider the Breach;
'Till watchful Magiſtrates ſtept in,
T' appeaſe by Force the Zealous Din,
And keep th' Incenſed from together,
That one ſide might not kill the other.
Yet could they not prevent their Lungs
From pouring out by ſpiteful Tongues,
The Venom that their inward Meq

The Conſtables and Magiſtrates,
Who buſtled to allay their Heats,
And quench the flaming Conflagration
That raged thus in Reformation;
Made uſe of fair Words, foul Words too
They us'd, when good Words would not do.
Yet neither by their Power or Skill,
Could they their Malice Reconcile:
Nor valu'd they one ſingle Straw
The Force of God's, or *Frankfort*'s Law.
Only ſome few, to make amends,
Shook Hands together, and were Friends;
That is, as to the outward ſhew,
For inwardly they were not ſo.
But *Horn* and *Aſhley*, and the Reſt,
Their Malice Publickly profeſt,
Which to this Day has never ceas'd;
But makes 'em Murther, now and then,
The one the other's outward Men,
And Damn their inward Men and Light
To Flames of everlaſting Night;
Witneſs the Books that both ſides Write;
Witneſs the Wars that were begun
In ſixteen hundred forty one
'Tween Proteſtants and Presbyters,
And ended not of Eighteen Years:
Of which I'll tell you more hereafter,
Let's on with *Horn*, the Theam of Laughter.
The Strife begun as has been ſaid,
And nought of Reconcilement made;
One *Hales*, who't ſeems in Peace delighted,
Reſolves that he'll ſee all things righted;
And to that Purpoſe Letters ſends
To this Effect to all his Friends;
Alas! Dear Brothers, quoth Sir *Hales*,
Shall we ſtand picking of our Nails,
While one Claws out another's Eyen
About our Prayer and Diſcipline,
And not endeavour all we can
To ſettle Peace 'tween Man and Man?

How

Kirk can ſtand in troth I ſee not,
conciliation be not;
ſupported, while the *Paſtor*
People thus together Bluſter:
all the Burghers of Renown
ſcandaliz'd throughout the Town;
at they will not give a Penny,
Bread, nor Beef, allow to any;
dging us, that are ſo ſturdy,
Alms and Charities unworthy.
bers, that keeps our Publick Purſe,
ſingle Stiver won't diſburſe,
ſs the *Paſtor* bids him do it;
ch while this Feud's on Foot, you know it,
not allow, altho' the People
Hunger ſhou'd devour the Steeple
Eat his Elders for Relief,
Pouder him inſtead of Beef.
ats, a ſort of Gyant Mouſe,
Eat a *Paſtor* and his Houſe.
therefore fit we find a Remedy,
re things come to that Extremity,
therefore meet, a dozen of us,
manage things as does behove us,
rn and *Aſhley*'s hot Conteſt:
wholeſome Council pleas'd the reſt,
next Day met betimes i'th' Morn,
ſent Embaſſadors to *Hurn*



Who repreſenting Congregation,
Have taken on us th' Arbitration.
For tho' you are our *Paſtor*, yet
As being a Party, 'tis not fit
You Judge your Adverſary, but
The Cauſe to this Aſſembly put;
For there no Reaſon is, that you
Shou'd be both Judge and Party too;
This were the giving up for loſt
Poor *Ashley*'s Cauſe, tho' ne'r ſo juſt.

Hern looking grim, as armed *Tartar*,
When fully bent to give no Quarter.
And huffing like a petty Prince,
Severely ſhocks their Inſolence:
Demanding by what Power or Laws
They undertake to Judge his Cauſe?
This Buſtle, that you make, I fear,
Says he, when't comes to *Glauber*'s Ear,
May be a means perhaps to make him
To ſome Severity betake him;
Either to lock our Church's Door,
Or ſhut his Purſe againſt our Poor.
He's vext already, as't appears
By ſending of the Halbardeers
To part us, when the Fray begun;
And are you ſtill a carrying't on
With Meetings ſo Tumultuous
Againſt our Paſtorſhip, and us?
I wiſh the turning us from hence
Prove not the fatal Conſequence
Of ſuch your Envious peeviſh Snarlings,
Your Meetings, Mutinies, and Quarr'lings.
And, as your Paſtor, I declare,
That next to Schiſmaticks you are,
For ſure as Death, your Meetings tend
To naught but Schiſm in the End.
But I'm reſolv'd, and that you'l find,
To fit you for it in your kind,

Canto I.

Ods-Curſe light o'my Hands, if't fails,
Severely too, to puniſh *Hales*
By Diſcipline Eccleſiaſtick;
A Weapon worſe than Whip or A-Stick.
But *Hales* and thoſe that with him ſided,
The Paſtor's Threats, and Rage derided;
And valu'd not a crooked Pin,
That awful thing his Diſcipline;
Nor his Eccleſiaſtick Whip,
Nor all his Power of *Paſtorſhip*:
But peremptorily pretended
To have his Diſcipline amended;
Reſolving, (which ſtill griev'd him worſe)
From *Chambers* to tranſlate the Purſe
Into ſuch Deacons Hands as would
Diſtribute honeſtly the Gold.
For *Purſe* and *Diſcipline* and *Prayer*,
Caus'd all the Diff'rence that was there.

Horn hearing ſuch a deſp'rate grudging,
Takes it (and who would not?) in dudgeon
And ſeems as if he'd preach no more,
But give his Paſt'ral Office o'er:
At leaſt (thinks he) I'll tell 'em ſo;
For ſure they'll never let me go:
But rather humbly me petition,
That I'll continue in Commiſſion
And then I'll make enough to do,
Before I will fall on a new:

Adviſing all the Elders, not
T'wards *Steeple-Houſe* to ſtir a Foot
So that to Kirk when People came
They found no *Paſtor* in the ſame;
Nor Elder there to make *Oration*:
But all alone ſat Congregation,
Gazing upon the vacant Pulpit;
'Till at the laſt, in hopes to help it,
They ſent ſelected Members out,
To try if they could bring him to't:
They Beg, he Huffs, they Pray, he Dis
From Parlour into Kitchin flings,
And back again, like Cur with Switch,
Or Bull with Gad-Bee on his Breech:
Checks Congregation's rude Behaviour,
In Language courſer now then ever,
And tell's them, that for divers Reaſons
They were unworthy of his Preſence.
Yet, at the laſt, with much a-do,
He yields (as't were by Force) to go,
But into Kirk h'ing come again,
With all his Elders in his Train,
To Pulpit not a Man would go,
But ſat like Laity below:
Nor would the *Paſtor* thraſh the Cuſhion,
Unleſs they'd promiſe a Submiſſion,
And ſuffer him t'expound the Laws,
And Judge in his, and *Aſhley*'s Cauſe;
And puniſh ſaucy *Hales*, by keen
Eccleſiaſtick Diſcipline
But Congregation you muſt know,
Was ſtiffer Mettle than to bow,
Or ſeem to give the leaſt Conſent
To's Arbitrary Government:
Nor would they yield, that he ſo raſhly
Should judge between himſelf and *Aſhley*;
Nor could a Man of them abide
The currying of *Aſhley*'s Hide;
Or thraſhing Shoulders of Friend *Hales*,
With *Hern*'s Eccleſiaſtick Flails:

And ſo no Hopes, 'tween Congregation
And *Hurr*, of Reconciliation.

This ſtubborn Humour of the People
Makes *Paſtor* Abdicate the Steeple:
As gueſſing ſtill they'd not give o'er
To court him, as they did before.
And ſo indeed they did, but yet,
The more they Fawn, more *Horn*'s in Pet;
'Till fearing they might leave him ſo,
He yields (yet as if forc'd) to go,
But being ſcarcely half-way come
Between the Palace and the Dome
He hung an arſe, and do what they
Could do, would needs have ſlipt away;
Telling 'em that the Words of Worth
Declar'd by him at holding forth,
Was but the *Caſting Pearls to Hogs*.
They were ſuch damn'd unworthy Dogs:
And that their rude, unhallow'd Ears
Deſerv'd nor Goſpel, nor his Prayers.
But having got him turn'd again;
Into the Kirk he ſtruts amain;
And makes a ſolemn Proteſtation,
In face of all the Congregation;
That if it happened after this,
They deemed ought he did amiſs;
He'll give 'em up to Satan's Care,

At which he flings down Paſt'ral Barrock,
And leaves in haſt the ſeat he ſat on,
Expecting that, in former ſtrain,
They'd ſend to call him back again;
And ſo indeed they did, at which,
'Mong private Men he plac'd his Breech.
Nor, tho' they beg'd it of his Grace,
Wou'd he aſſume his Paſt'ral Place.
At which a Lay-Man, and ſo young
He ſcarce had got the Gift of Tongue
With big Words and a Geſture haughty,
Takes on him to teach *Horn* his Duty.
Horn Checks him for his ſaucy Pleading;
He not deſiſting at his bidding,
Horn takes his Contumacy ill,
And leave his *Paſtorſhip* he will;
And up he ſtarts, fierce as a Turk,
And offers t'wards the door of Kirk;
But finding none would bid him ſtay,
Back to his Bench he takes his way;
Where being plac'd (with ſmall reſpect)
His Words break out to this effect,

Our fal'ing-out among ourſelves.
Like wrathful Gibellins, and Guelphs,
Made me ſeem to withdraw my Care
From Flock, and quit the Paſt'ral Chair.
Not that I meant it abſolutely,
But feign'd, to bring you to your Duty:
For I and th' Elders to't were preſt
By policy; yet, we proteſt,
We meant it not: therefore, my Friends,
If for what's paſt you'll make amends;
That is, no more to Grudge or Grumble
Againſt our Diſcipline, but humble,
Your ſelves to us, and your Beheſts
Obey, then we'll remain your Prieſt;

As for my own part to agree
I promiſe nought ſhall want in me,
Nor in the Elders, for we do
Pardon each Mother's Son of you,
Reſerving only things of weight,
That to our Miniſtry relate:
And this I hope you'll not diſpute,
But leave to us to proſecute.
He ſaid no more, but now the wiſe
And grave Aſſembly thus replies
Tho' you are now in *Paſtor*'s Chair,
Conſider, Sir, who plac'd you there.
We own you *Paſtor*, yet, Sir, know
'Twas we, the Flock, that made you ſo,
And muſt the thing created claim
O'er its Creator Power ſupreme?
We theſe diſputes conſent to clear,
But will not buy our Peace too dear.
However that you never may
Caſt in our Diſh, another day,
That we were in the leaſt Refract'ry
Or ſought imperiouſly to hector ye,
We'll own you chief, by way of Order,
Provided that you go no further,
Nor ſeem t' aſſume a Juriſdiction
Over the Flock, without Reſtriction,
Beſides, as to all private Grudges
We'll Pardon you, as God our Judge is,
Reſerving only things that be
Relating to Church Liberty;
And ſuch we hope, you'll not diſpute,
But we ourſelves may proſecute.
Thoſe moſt unlucky Reſervations
Moved *Paſtor*'s Spleen, and Congregation's
To that degree, that neither ſide
Could their profound Reſentments hide.
But that, which yet did further Grudge him,
They take upon themſelves to Judge him
In *Aſhley*'s Cauſe, where they'll be maſter,
And Vote the Church above the *Paſtor*.

At

But ſeeing none themſelves prepare
To interpoſe, returns to Chair;
Where ſcarcely ſat, but up he ſtarts,
And to the Door again departs,
For two or three times thus he did,
But finding ſtill he was not bid
Nor pray'd to ſtay of's own accord
Came always back to Counſel Board;
In hopes at length they would incline
No more to Canvaſs Diſcipline.
But as th' Aſſembly had begun,
They were reſolved to go on;
And have their Diſcipline amended,
In ſpite of him that thus contended.
Nay then, quoth *Horn*, if't muſt be ſo,
I'll ſpeak again before I go:
I, and the Elders will our ſelves,
Correct it; that's to do it by halves,
Says the Aſſembly: therefore we
Will have a Finger in the Pye,
And loſe no Goſpel Liberty,
Nor will we truſt that crafty Wag
Sly *Chambers* with our Money Bag:
At this the Elders lookt agaſt;
And *Horn* blew loud, as if the blaſt;
Had been intended for his laſt

By Heaven (ſays he) by Earth and Hell,
By Sea, and all that in them dwell
I ſwear, and ſolemnly proteſt,
I'll neither Eat, Drink, Sleep, nor Reſt,
'Till I take Vengeance on you all:
For every Bit of me is Gall.
I'll plague you for your Diſcontents,
I'll ſtop and cork up all your Vents;
And bring you into ſuch a plight,
You'll neither Eat, Drink, Piſs, nor Shite,
I'll pine ye to ſuch Skelletons,
That you ſhall gnaw your Fleſh from Bones,

nk me too that I'll permit ye
ſo well; you Dogs, I'll fit ye;
ou feed on Straw and Hay,
ıd for ſuch like Cattle; nay
ing thus diſcharg'd ding-dong
t'ring Gun-ſhot in the throng
no other, but to find
ighted to a better mind:
niſtook, for Congregation
:hus to ſee him in a Paſſion:
ıis Threats, contemn with Scorn
y of their *Paſtor Horn.*
h he cries out (*Cold at Heart*)
/ akes; I muſt depart;
ıping into midſt of Alley,
/hich he was to make his Salley,
: from ſtretched Throat, as high
he for's Life could cry,
e diſſolve th' Aſſembly.
n ſtruts out of Door, as nimbly
Traytor, and to's Houſe
, with Flea in's Ear, or Louſe;
er came in Pulpit after,
aus'd ſome Tears, but mickle Laughter,
ſooner went away,
rs all refuſe to ſtay:
ıiſters left of their Preaching,
turers gave o'er their Teaching,
ɔw *Paſtor* to his Palace,
/ith their Money Bag they ſolace;
and he that had promotion
it were at *Horn*'s Devotion:
he wiſe Elders knowing well
ɔſe to *Horn*, as Wax to Seal.
: himſelf ſtuck cloſe to th' Pouch,
is Friend *Chambers* had in's Clutch,
ng on the ſurer ſide,
gregation they deride:
ıing of 'em for their Wants,
le unſeemly Scoffs and Taunts,

As poor and ſilly ſtarved Dogs,
Scarce good enough for keeping Hogs.
Which, and the wanting of Relief,
Fill'd the Aſſembly ſo with Grief,
That to the Magiſtrates they ſend
A ſad Complaint, by *Whitehead* pen'd,
Of Injuries that *Horn* had done 'em.
And of Aſperſions he caſt on 'em.

The *Paſtor* gone, (as ſaid before)
We of th' Aſſembly muſt ſay more;
For they continue, notwithſtanding
Horn's Magiſterial Countermanding,
And vote themſelves, tho' wanting hi
To be a Lawful *Sanhedrim*.
Thus, cloath'd with ſelf-giv'n Juriſdi
They fall upon a new Election,
And fill the abdicated Chair,
And all the vacant Places there
With Elders of the Glibbeſt Tongue
And beſt Book-Learn'd in all the Thro
Of which they place in Paſt'ral Chai
Not one, as uſual, but a Pair;
Which when ſet in't (for you muſt kn
It was not made at firſt for Two)
They were ſo cloſely ramm'd together
As if the one had grown to t'other
Thoſe Two thus ſeated cheek by joul
Are ſo to act, as if one Soul
Inform'd 'em both, and nothing can
Be done, but by the double Man.

New Canons and Decrees they mak
And Cognizance of all things take
Relating to the Church; and Scorn
All oppoſition made by *Horn*.
Which was not little; for in fine,
When they had made new Diſcipline;
Horn takes his Pen, and from the Scrip
Condemns ſome five and twenty Chap

But *Whitehead*, as a Champion good,
Takes Cudgels up, and *Horn* withſtood;
And from the Bible proves again
What *Horn* Condemn'd, and full as plain
So now their Off-ſpring, Pulpit-Quacks
Turn Bible to a *Noſe of Wax*.
Which they to either ſide can wreſt,
As ſerves their preſent Intereſt,
And what they mak't on *Sunday* ſay,
They'll mak't deny the next Lord's Day.
And now the Scuffle do's begin,
A fiercer yet has never been,
Between two ſuch Death-doing Men,
Arm'd with fell Weapons, Tongue and
One ſtrikes. while t'other does not kno
What way i'th' World to Ward the Blo
The other aims his Stroke as right,
As if he ſmote him out of ſpight.
The *Paſtor* lays on luſty Bangs:
Whitehead the *Paſtor* Batterfangs,
No Mercy: each one ſtrives to kill
His Foe with dint of Gooſe's Quill,
As Mouſe and Frog, in Ancient Days,
With Bul-ruſh fought their Mortal Fray.
If you would all the Combat ſee,
Inſpect their *Frankfort*-Hiſtory:
For here I have not room to Write
All the Particulars of the Fight
Yet for my Reader's Satisfaction

And ſtop, if poſſibly they cou'd,
The ſhedding of Reformed Blood.

Theſe offer, for Accomodation
Between the Foes, their Mediation:
And to that end, to both ſides ſent
A certain ſort of Inſtrument,
Or Form of Reconciliation;
Which neither pleas'd the Congregation
Nor *Horn*; for both the Offer ſlight,
And ſtill continue deſp'rate fight:
Nor could they ever end this Fray,
'Till *Horn* and *Chambers* ran away:
For you muſt know, thoſe Warriours knew
How to Retreat, and Rally too:
When Danger met 'em, how to ſhun it;
And when't purſu'd, to over-run it.
So *Horn*, as I above have ſhewn,
In *Paſtor*'s Chair would ſit him down,
And on a ſudden riſe and quit it,
As if he meant no more to ſit in't.
Now *Horn* is off, and now he's on,
Now *Horn*'s a *Paſtor*, now he's none;
At laſt he vaniſhes like Wind,
With all the Treaſure he could find;
And *Chambers* with him fled, with what
He had purs'd-up in Skin of Cat,
And Leg of footleſs Woollen Stocking
That ſerv'd inſtead of better Poke-in:
For he had of the Publick Gold,
More than his Cat-Skin Purſe wou'd hold:
And with good Silver, ſome ſuppoſe,
Fill'd all the' Pockets in their Hoſe.
The manner how they left their Quarters
Is thus Recorded by good Authors.

Riches in proper were to no Man,
All Beggars were, all liv'd in Common;
Setting the World at flat Defiance,
Like *Waldo*, that *Old Knave of Lyons*,

Canto I.

Who ne'er was haunted with a Farthing,
After he pawn'd his Shop and Garden.
And why they thus reſolv'd to ſlight it
The Reaſon was, they could not meet it.
Yet tho' they were ſo Poor and Shabby;
Lean, Lazy, Louſy Loons, and Scabby;
They had a Publick Stock in Store,
The Bag one Maſter *Chambers* bore.
Chambers, a Knave that had more Fetches,
More Roguiſh Tricks and cunning Stretches
Than *Paccolet* in old Romances,
Or ſhe that, hight the *German-Princeſs*:
Could Lie, Diſſemble, Cheat, Collogue,
Like *Guzman*, or the *Engliſh-Rogue*:
And as deep skill'd in dark intrigue,
As *Burnet*, or old *Lobb* the Whig:
And Dexterous as *Sunderland*,
In acting Treaſon under-hand:
Subtle he was: none could fore-ſee
Approaching Harms, ſo well as he.
He, ſeeing Miſchief might befal him
If to account the Mob ſhould call him,
Provides againſt fore-ſeen Diſaſter,
By joyning him to *Horn* the *Paſtor*.
For he, a crafty Hypocrite,
Would have ſome Colour for his flight;
And a more plauſible Pretence
He could not have than meeting there

Oblig'd he was not to Account
To what thoſe Incomes did amount:
Nor Diſtributions make o'th' Gold,
But when he pleas'd, or *Paſtor* would:
Which ſeldom chanc'd, the pooreſt of
Could ſcarcely wreſt an Orkie from him.
As cloſe together kept thoſe two,
As Dogs in Couplings uſe to do:
In ſhort no four were glued faſter,
Than Purſe and *Chambers*, Prayer and P
And now the next thing to be done,
Is to make ready to be gone:
Their Moveables by Stealth they ſold,
Aud turn'd their Houſhold-ſtuff to Gold;
So that their Equipage from thence,
Was Purſe and Prayer; and for Defence
A luſty ſtrong Battoon, or two;
To help to Fight, as well as go;
Reſolving, if purſu'd in Flight,
To turn 'em back to back, and Fight
While Drop of Blood remain'd in either
And part with Life and Purſe together.

Horn, having ſettl'd all things thus,
Runs me unto one *Morpheus*,
This *Morpheus*, as we are told
By Verſes writ in days of old,
Could. when he liſt, lull Men aſleep,
And in deep ſlumber Cities keep
For a whole day, or two, or more;
Or, if it pleas'd him, for a Score.
No ſooner *Horn* began t'enquire,
But he got News of this Old Sire,
Whoſe Dwelling was a Grot beneath
A gloomy Shade, like that of Death,
In this dark Cell *Sol*'s fulgent Beams
Ne'r come, b'ing clouded by thick Steams
That riſe from an adjoyning Fen;
It is an horrid diſmal Den.

And here it was that *Morpheus* lay,
Securely ſnoring Night and Day;
Scarce poſſible for human Power
To keep him waking half an hour;
Unleſs upon ſome great occaſion,
That to his Empire has Relation.
Horn coming to the Gate of Cave,
Begins to Rap like a bold Knave.
And calls and makes a noiſe like Thunder,
Which ſtruck the God of Sleep with Wonder,
And rous'd him from his Poppy-Bed;
He rubs his Eyes and claws his Head,
His Limbs in retching manner ſtretches,
And gaping thrice, three Yaunings fetches,
'Till being better half awake,
Cries out, Who's there? And *Paſtor* ſpake:
Thou, who makes Mortals at thy Pleaſure
To Sleep and Snore beyond all Meaſure;
Pray lend me now ſome drouſy Elf,
Or elſe get up and come thy ſelf,
And Lull into a leaden Slumber,
Some ſixty four or five in number;
And keep 'em ſo, good Sir, I pray,
'Till I from *Frankfort* get away:
The drouſy Deity his Eyes
Opens, and in this ſort replies.

But who art thou, that makes this ſtir?
I am *Hob Horn* the *Paſtor*, Sir.
Pray take it not, you old Curmudgeon,
So much in Snuff and evil Dudgeon,
That you are call'd to look about ye,
In Matters that belong t', your Duty;
Eſpecially when call'd on by
A Man, ſo Eminent as I.

His Godſhip hearing him ſo rough,
And hector like a Man in Buff,
Gets up, and with unwonted haſte
Stalks to the Door to make it faſt.

And from the inſide of his Grot
Speaks civily to th' angry Sot,
Leſt if provok'd he'd break into't,
Or do ſome other Harm without:
For *Horn* he knew was full of Malice,
As with good Meat a ſound Egg-ſhell
Which that he wiſely might prevent,
Thus anſwers him to his Content.

Thou Godly *Paſtor*, bleſs'd art thou
That cum'ſt to worſhip us below;
Approach not nigh my Grotto's Fences,
Leſt Drouſineſs benumb thy Senſes,
Haſte thee from hence, and get thee H
In ſilent Midnight I ſhall come.

Horn ſcrapes a Leg, gives Head a nod,
Then thanks and leaves the drouſy God.

Things left thus to the Sleep-God's C
Bacchus had Word to meet him there;
Who did not fail, and for the Swine
Prepar'd a Tun or two of Wine;
Which ſtupifi'd their Senſes ſo,
That *Morpheus* had not much to do,
Tho' well provided: For his Pockets
He'd cramm'd with Opiats and Narcot
And hung him round with ſleepy Drugs,
In Bladders ſome, and ſome in Jugs;
Which he compounding, thought it bes
To give each Man his Doſe of Reſt;
And *Bacchus* willing to depart,
Makes every Man drink off his Quart.
'Till all are huſht, and Stupefaction
Had put an End to Mirth and Action:
Some ſtretched out upon a Bed,
And ſome in Chimney-Corners lay'd;
Here one ſits Snoring, t'other there,
That on a Stool, this on a Chair;

And others on the Floor lay flat;
In this Hole one, and Two in that;
Yet not a Soul but ſlept as ſoundly
As Dormouſe, ſnoring moſt Confoundly.

The Sleepy God having ſtir'd himſelf,
Points to a little greaſy Elf,
That always follow'd him about
When he had buſineſs without,
To wait as Foot-boy, you may Gueſs,
Upon his High-and-Mightineſs.
This Dwarf at *Morpheus's* Command,
Takes a dull Ointment in his Hand,
Which to their Eye-lids he applies:
And mumbles out in Charming wiſe
Sleep on, Sleep on, and do not Riſe,
Sleep you, 'till I unſeal your Eyes.

And found they Slept, but *Paſtor Horn*
And *Chambers* took their Heels next Morn,
An Hour before the break of Day,
And towards *Strasburg* made their Way,
Without once looking back behind 'em,
As dreading *Hue-and-cry* might find 'em.

'Tis not my Task to tell you here,
How thoſe they left behind did Tear,
And Rage, and Rail, and Curſe, and Swear

Reporting that he'd fairly ſhown 'em
By his Accompts, that nought was owi
But this gave little Satisfaction
To thoſe that ſuffer'd in the Action:
This Book was ſcratcht and blur'd with
It's Leaves torn out, and ſome ſtitch'd
That not a Man of them could Read it;
Nor did the Congregation heed it;
Unleſs ſtill to increaſe their Grief,
To ſee ſo impudent a Thief.

Let's Viſit next the Lake (c) *Leman*,
Where *Knox* and his *Genevan* Train
Are throng'd in making *Engliſh* Bibles,
And publiſhing Blaſphemous Libels;
Such as would make a Pagan ſweat,
And put a *Jew* in Ague-fit:
With Grief of Heart, quoth *Knox*, I ſee,
How thoſe at *Frankfort* Diſagree,
How they for Trifles ſcold and fight:
Let us, who have more Goſpel Light,
Aim at more Godly Matters, ſuch as
Become the beſt Reformed Churches,
You, who to Goſpel a good Will
Do bear, and have in Language Skill,
Pray turn into the *Engliſh* Tongue
The Holy-Bible: Be not long
In this Attempt, that all may read,
For Folk had never greater Need.
But pray beware of ſeveral Things,
As when the Government of Kings,
Of Biſhops, or the *Real Preſence*
The Text Defends, to alter the Senſe;
And take an Holy Liberty
To make the Bible Damn all three:
But where the Text won't eaſily do it,
Put fitting Annotations to it,

(c) See Dr. *Heylyn*, p. 233, 234.

Such as to Vulgar Judgment may
Turn Senſe of Text contrary way.
As I have caution'd you in theſe,
So deal with what beſides you pleaſe
According as that Spirit directs,
That you and all your Works Protects;
For I am ſure you all inherit,
Large Portion of *John Calvin*'s Spirit:
But I, and thoſe of deeper Skull,
Whoſe Heads are ſtor'd with Wiſdom full,
Will ſet our Doctrine out in Print,
And prove it by ſtrong Argument,
And beat our Foes by dint of Letter.
The reſt make Anſwer thus; 'Tis better
That thus ourſelves we Exerciſe,
Than Scratch out one another's Eyes,
This ſaid, one Sort fell to Tranſlating,
Another to (*d*) Predeſtinating.
Strange was the Liberty they took
In *Engliſhing* their Bible Book.
From *Genesis* to *Revelations*,
They ſtuft it full of falſe Tranſlations.

(*d*) This Predeſtinarian Doctrine of *Calvin*
been ſince his time publickly taught by the
and *Scotch* Presbyterians to this Day, not w
alſo great Endeavours of the Devil and his

The other wicked Works they Printed,
(By *Calvin*, *Knox* and Hell invented)
Made God the Author of all Sin,
That Mankind e'er was plunged in.
And from their Abſolute Decrees
Drew out theſe Train of Blaſphemies:
That God determin'd *Adam*'s Fall;
That Jeſus Chriſt dy'd not for all;
That God decreed Predeſtination
To ſome, to others, Reprobation,
Without Reſpect to Good or Ill:
That God's Commands none can fulfil:
That God to ſome of *Adam*'s Race
Ne'r deign'd to give one Grain of Grace,
But when he gives to other ſome
They cannot fail to overcome;
So, whether't be to Good or Ill,
'Tis God neceſſitates the Will.
Such Tares by *Knox* and *Calvin* Sown,
The Puritans have handed down,
Aſſiſted by a Brood of Vipers
Hatcht by *Janſenius* of *Ipres*.

Second, In the State of Corrupt Nature, [illegible] Grace is never Reſiſted,

Third, To Merit and Demerit in the State [illegible] rupt Nature, a Man's Liberty from Neceſſ[illegible] required, but Liberty from Coaction is ſuffi[illegible]

Fourth, The *Semi-pelagians* admitted the Ne[illegible] Interiour preventing Grace to all Acts, ev[illegible] beginning of Faith, and in this were Heretic[illegible] they would have this Grace to be ſuch, [illegible] Man's Will might reſiſt it or obey it.

Fifth, It is *Semi-pelagianiſm* to ſay, that Chr[illegible] ſhed his Blood generally for all Men.

Theſe are the five Heretical Propoſitions [illegible] the ſaid *Janſenius*'s *Auguſtinus*, and have b[illegible] condemned by Pope *Innocent* the 10th, [illegible] *Alexander* the 7th in the Senſe of *Ja[illegible]*

The End of the Firſt CA[illegible]

England's REFORMATI

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

The Acts of great Queen Bess *are ſung,*
Her Character, and whence ſhe ſprung:
Her Title to the Engliſh *Crown:*
How th' Ancient Biſhops were put down:
The Famous Nagg's-Head *Conſecration,*
Her Clergy's Worth and Education;
Their Skill in Sciences is told,
Their Morals, and the Faith they hold;
Their Articles from Forty-two
To Thirty-nine, when changed, and how.

It was Sir *Thomas Boleyn*'s Chance
To go Ambaſſador to *France*,
And for two Years he there remain'd,
Harry the Eighth his Wife retain'd:
For ſhe was Young, and Fair, and Will
In ſhort, this pretty Lady *Boleyn*
Conceiv'd with Child, and nine Months
Brought forth, of Royal Blood, a (*o*) Da

(*o*) Dr. *Nicholas Sanders* in Lib. de Schi
glicano writes of *Anna Boleyn* thus, p. 15.
Bolenæ, Uxoris *Thomæ Bolen.*, Equitis Aur
Uxoris dico. Nam ipſis *Thomæ Boleni* filia
poterat, propterea quod illo in *Francia* Le
gente, & biennium ibi commorante, *Anna*
terim domi concepta eſt & nata. Cum
Henrico Thomæ Boleni Uxorem adamaret, ut
frueretur, virum ſub ſpecie honoris in Fr
legavit. Interim *Anna Bolena* domi conc
naſcitur. *Thomas* autem *Bolenus* poſt biennium
cia rediens, cum uxorem ſuam peperiſſe
diſſet, ulciſcendi hujus adulterii cupidu
apud Archiepiſcopi *Cantuarienſis* Delegatos
jus vocatam, repudiare in animo habuit.
jus rei certiorem reddit *Henricum* Regem.
Is *Marchionem Dorceſtriæ* ad *Thomam Bolenum*
iis mandatis, ut abſtineret a lite, condon
eamq; iterum in gratiam reciperet. *Bol*
quàm a Regis ira ſibi timendum videret, t
us mandatis ejus non paruit, quam ab uxo
ipſam a Rege ſolicitatam fuiſſe, nec *Anna*
alterius quàm Regis *Henrici* filiam eſſe:
in genua procumbens, rogabat virum, ut
ret, de cætero ſe fidelem ei Conjugem
quod ipſum cum *Marchio Dorceſtriæ*, aliiq; v
rii, tam ſuo, quam Regis nomine peteren
uxori conciliatus, *Annam Bolenam* filiæ lo
Jam prius *Thomas Bolenus* aliam filiam e
ſua genuerat, cui nomen *Mariæ* imponeb

But when Sir *Boleyn* home return'd,
Found himſelf like *Actæon* horn'd;
He was about to take the Life
Of the poor Brat, and Whore his Wife.
He ſtampt and ſtar'd, he bann'd and curſt he
And ſure enough would have Divorc'd her,
If *Harry* had not it prevented,
Who bad the Wittal reſt contented;
And be as kind to th' Girl hereafter,
As if ſhe were his lawful Daughter.
Baſe *Tom* obeys, no more looks ſullen,
But calls her, *Daughter Anna Boleyn*:
Provided her with Cloaths and Feeding,
And ſent her o'er to *France* for Breeding;
Where ſhe was educated well,
Could many a pretty ſtory tell,
Could liſp, and prattle pleaſant ſtuff,
Had Wit at Will, and Tongue enough,
And Confidence a greater ſhare
Than any Lady that was there,

hanc Rex dum ad matrem ibat, oculos co
rat, eandemque poſt *Thomæ Boleni* reditum, in
ſuam, imò & in adulterinum thalamum tradu
Cum autem *Henrici* Regis Domus ex perditiſſi
nere hominum conſtaret, cujuſmodi erant A
res, Adulteri, Lenones, Aſſentatores, Perjuri
phemi, Rapaces atque adeo Hæretici. In

For other Qualities the Wench
Got a new Name amongſt the *French*,
And ſtiled was, while ſhe ſtay'd there,
The Hackney, or the *Engliſh Mare*.
With *Engliſh* Men too ſhe had been
Familiar, e'er ſhe reach'd Sixteen:
One of the firſt ſhe caſt an Eye at,
Was a young Rogue hight Sir (*b*) *Tom Wyat*.
King *Harry* finding her mature,
And to the Purpoſe try'd before,
Begins to fix his Amorous Fancy,
All fir'd with Love. on Daughter *Nancy*.
Good Mother [illegible] (Pious Lady)
Finding her Dau[illegible] lov'd by Daddy,
See boldly tells [illegible]e Report,
And ſharply reproh[illegible]ds him for't.
You know as well [illegible] I, quoth ſhe,
(*c*) *Nancy* is yours, [illegible]got of me:

cubina tenuiſſet, demum ad alteram quoqu[illegible]
Annam Bolenam animum adjicere cæpit. &c. v[illegible]

(*b*) We find in the Life of the Biſhop of [illegible]
That Sir *Thomas Wyat* had Carnal Knowledge [illegible]
Bolcyn; and at Cardinal *Wolſey*'s Perſuaſion[illegible]
hated to hear tell of the King's marrying [illegible]
cauſe his Deſire and Endeavour was, that he
marry the *French* King's Siſter) Sir *Thomas W*[illegible]
ſolved to confeſs all to the King, which he
did, and with great fear told him. The Kin[illegible]
manded him to ſpeak no more upon his Life,
acquaint any elſe with what he had told him.

She had alſo been ſolemnly contracted to t[illegible]
Henry Piercy Earl of *Northumberland*, as ſhe owe[illegible]
ſelf to the King. For when he told her that
ſaid ſhe had promiſed to marry young *Pie*[illegible]
anſwered him. *Sir, When I knew no other but t*[illegible]
lawful for me to make ſuch Promiſe I;
him ſome ſuch Promiſe, &c. p. 58, &

(*c*) Her Mother the Lady *Bole*

Canto II.

'Tis Inceſt in the higheſt Nature,
For you, Great Sir, to wed your Daughter,
The King replies, Upon my Life,
She ſhall for all that be my Wife.
A Knight there was, call'd *Francis Bryan*,
As Monkey cunning, bold as Lyon,
An arch-Buffoon, as Stories tell,
Nicknam'd the King's *Vicar of Hell*:
Of him the King demands in Laughter
What Sin it was to take the Daughter
After the Mother was worn out?
Hell's Vicar quickly ſolves the Doubt.
He tells him, 'tis no more a Sin,
Than eating Chicken after Hen:
Thus having wiſely ſolv'd the Caſe,
He to his Daughter wedded was,
And had by her his Daughter *Beſs*:
Henc't may be ſaid, and very true,
He was her *Sire*, and *Grand-Sire* too.

Well, in the next place, 'tis but fit
We ſpeak a little of her Wit
When but a Child; whence you may gueſs
It was, when Old, Prodigious,
Docile to wonder, toward Child
For, (if my Author's not beguil'd)
She could have conn'd the Book of Horn,
Within a Month that ſhe was born:

And all this, e'er ſhe well could ſp
More than a ſort of childiſh ſqueak
Yet was not tongue-ty'd; for in W
That Imperfection is not common.
This pretty, little Graduate
(Strange ſhe ſhould learn at ſuch a
Began at four Years old to Write,
And wiſe Epiſtles could indite,
In which ſhe ſhew'd, to ſome degr
Her wond'rous skill in Midwifry;
How ſenſibly her wiſe Harangues
Bemoan'd Child-bearing, Women
In Foreign Language ſhe had Skill,
And could ſpeak *Latin* very well,
And was as perfect in *Italian*, (c)
As was at Carving Old *Pygmalion*.
She wrote a Hand as fair at four
As ſhe could do at twenty more,
If this ſeems all incredible
(As to the wiſer ſort it will)
Pray blame my Author, blame no
'Tis *Burnet* in his Hiſtory.

Her leſſer Faults, and Frailties
Such as are incident to Women,
As Peeviſhneſs, and Petiſh-freaks,
That neither Love nor Friendſhip

(c) The Author of a Book Entitul
upon Dr. Burnet *and Dr.* Tillotſon, a
Funeral Sermon of the former upon the latter
ſeverely on Dr *Burnet* for affirming
Vol. I. p 209. That the Lady *Eliz*
ters, one in *Italian*, and another in
Jane Seymour, when ſhe was with C
ward, ſhe not being yet four Year
that both theſe Letters were w
Hand that ſhe wrote all the reſt o
terms *Burnet* for this, A *Raſh* a
ſtorian.

But rather move Compaſſion in
The tender ſort of ſober Men,
Is not my Buſineſs here to tell you,
Or mention every *Peccadillo*,
But for her more enormous Crimes,
You'll find them in our following Rhymes,
Juſt as occaſion, now and then,
Preſents itſelf to bring 'em in:
As to her Vertues, being Wife,
She kept them hid from others Eyes;
Leſt by much uſing of 'em, they
Might grow thread-bare, and wear away:
Only her Chaſtity was proof
Againſt the Batteries of Youth,
So far, that ſhe hath ſtiled been
In flatt'ring Rhymes,—*The Maiden-Queen.*
Yet ſome there are who ſeem to doubt
Of this, and ſay ſhe wore it out,
As other things are apt to wear,
When us'd with none, or little care;
And tho' 'tis not deny'd, that ſhe
At firſt might Queen and Maiden be;
Yet in proceſs of time, ſhe laid
Away the Character of Maid,
As may be gueſt from her Amours,
And Dalliances, at vacant Hours,
With (*d*) *Effex*. Which as ſome ſuppoſe

Of this enough, what next is ſhow
Shall be her Title to the Crown.

(*c*) Thoſe who are not Legitimat
Excluded are by Laws of State,
And ſuch was ſhe, as you may gath
From the Adult'ries of her Father:
Who when he Wed the Whore her
She was Contracted to another,
And He (as is aboveſaid) having
Another Wife at that time Living:
Which Reaſons brought to Counci
With others *Good and Valuable*,
Votes, *Nemin. Contradicente*,
Paſs'd round the Board, tho' they w

(*d*) There was Proviſion made (
an Act of Parliament, for the Su
Natural Iſſue of her Body, *viz.*
during the Queen's Life ſhould by a
ten or Printed, expreſly maintain
ſon is, or ought to be Heir or
Queen, except the ſame be the
her Body.

Incredible it is, ſays *Cambden*, wh
that leudly catch at Words made
ſelves upon occaſion of that Clauſe
be the Natural *Iſſue of her Body*,) for a
Lawyers term thoſe Children Natu
gotten out of Wedlock, whom Nat
not honeſt Wedlock had begotten,
call Lawful according to the ordi
the Common Law of *England*, who
procreated on the Body; Inſomuch
(ſays he) being then a young Man,
ten times ſay, that the Word was
Act on purpoſe by *Leiceſter*, that he
obtrude upon the *Engliſh* ſome Baſh
for the Queen's Natural Iſſue. *Camb*
p. 167. Edit. 3.

That *Anna Boleyn* ought to be
Divorced from his Majeſty,
Which well concur'd with *Harry's* Will
And (g) *Cranmer* Seal'd the parting Bill.
As ſoon as ſhe was caſt in Priſon,
And *Harry* meant to cut her Weaſon,
He diſavow'd th' unlawful Wedding,
And *Beſs* the product of their Bedding,
And all that ever paſt between 'em.
(As Records ſhew them that have ſeen 'em)

(g) In a Solemn Inſtrument under the Sea
Arch-Bp, *Cranmer*, the Marriage between *Anna B*
and K. *Harry* is declared (on good and valuable
ſons) to be null and void. *Some think that her bein*
own Daughter, and a notorious Whore before he wed her
the Good and Valuable Reaſons Cranmer *meant*. For (
Heylyn) no Reaſon was expreſt particularly for
Ground. Which Sentence of Divorce was
nounced at *Lambeth* the 17*th* of *May*, in the Preſ
of Sir *Tho. Hadley*, Lord Chancellor, *Charles* Duk
Suffolk, the Earl of *Oxon*, &c. the ſaid Sentenc
Divorce was approved by the Prelates and Cl
aſſembled in their Convocation on the 8*th* of
It received the like Approbation by Act of Pa
ment within few days after, in which Act ther
ſo paſſed a Clauſe, which declared the Lady E

The Clergy too in Convocation,
And the Great Body of the Nation,
In Parliament approved this,
And Illegitimated *Beſs*;
Diſabling her to wear the Crown,
Or ſit upon the *Engliſh* Throne:
All which conſider'd, you muſt own,
She had no Title to the Crown.
But Policy of after times,
In ſpite of Laws, or Parent's Crimes,
Put Scepter into *Beſs*'s Hand,
And made her Regent of the Land;
And here, in ſhort I will ſet down,
The manner how ſhe got the Crown.

The late King *Edward*, and Queen *Mary*
The Lawful Iſſue of King *Harry*,
Being Dead; the next of Legal Race,
Was *Mary* Queen of *Scots*; whoſe Grace
The *Engliſh* Scepter ſhould have ſwayed,
And had, but (*b*) *Philip* was afraid
That *England* might, by ſuch a Chance,
Become a Province unto *France*.

It has ſeemed ſtrange to ſome, that
Daughter's (Q. *Eliz.*) long Reign, no
Vindication of her Mother, ſo that
made an Argument of her Guilt, and
not be defended. *Burnet*'s Abridg. 16

(*b*) King *Philip* reſolved to uſe his be
not only to preſerve her Life, but obta
ty: For he conſider'd with himſelf,
Princeſs ſhould be taken away, the
ceſſion would remain in the Queen
being Married to the *Dauphin* of *France*,
means of joyning this Kingdom un
thereby give the *French* the Sovereignt
ther Kings in *Europe*, *Heylyn*, pag. 170.

Nothing could be more dreadful
Grandeur who had continual War with
in the Life of Queen *Eliz.* Introduct.

And ſo enable the *French* Crown,
To pull the *Spaniſh* Greatneſs down.
For before this, the *Scottiſh* Queen
Had with the *Dauphin* Married been,
King *Philip* therefore, ſeeing Death
At point of ſtopping *Mary*'s Breath,
Procur'd in Parliament then ſitting,
As many Voices as were fitting,
To over-power ſuch as might
Vote to maintain the *Scottiſh* Right;
Nor was it hard thus to incline
The *Engliſh*, 'gainſt the *Scottiſh* line:
For an old Grudge there had between
The Nations many Ages been.
Which kept them always deadly Foes,
'Twas thus this Enmity aroſe:
When King (1) *Achaius* did Reign,
He made a League with *Charlemain*,
And a ſtrong Friendſhip did advance
'Twixt *Scotland* and the Realm of *France*:
So that when *England* e'er begun
A War with *France*, the *Scots* came on;
And ſo *e contra* when they came
Againſt the *Scots*, *France* fell on them.
From this a Mortal Hatred grew
In *England*, gainſt the other two.
This mov'd, I ſay, the Nation's Truſtees,
Contrary both to Law and Juſtice,
Rather to give the *Engliſh* Crown

The *Spaniſh* Faction moves in haſte,
The *French* begins to ſtir as faſt,
The firſt prevails, for, you muſt kn
'Twas much the greater of the two,
Forces the other to give place,
Proclaims the Lady *Bo*ſy's Grace.
Thus was the Lawful *Heir* excluded,
Thus the Uſurper *Beſs* intruded;
Unjuſt to Policy of State,
And to the Church unfortunate;
For none did ever more oppreſs,
Or Perſecute the Church, than *Beſs*.

This by the Biſhops be'ng foreſeen
Not one of them would Crown her Q
'Till (*k*) *Oglethorp*, to gain Eſteem,
Set on her Head the *Diadem*.
Nor was this done, 'till firſt ſhe took
A Solemn Oath upon a Book,
To keep Religion as ſhe found it,
And not, by Alteration, wound it.
Yet had ſhe not the leſt intent
To keep her Oath; for all ſhe meant
Was only to acquire a Crown,
That well ſhe knew was not her own.

Thus Crown'd, and ſeated on the
The Domineering *Amazon*
Waves round her Head the Scepter R
As if ſhe threatn'd to deſtroy all
That ſhould oppoſe her in the leaſt,
Or not comply with what ſhe preſt;
Tho' 'twere to ſet her up for Head
Of Holy Church, in *Peter*'s ſtead.

(*k*)) She was crowned according to
the *Roman Pontifical* by Dr. *Owen Ogethi*
Carliſle, the only Man amongſt the
could be wrought on by her to perfor
Heylin, p. 278.

Tho' I, ſays ſhe, poſſeſs the Crown,
And tho' the Scepter is my own:
Yet in the Crown I want one Gem,
More worth than all the Diadem.
My Father was the Church's Head,
So was my little Brother *Ned*,
Who, tho' a Child, yet took the Charge
Of Steering great St. *Peter*'s Barge.
His Oars and Rudder he ſo ply'd,
As made it ſtem both Wind and Tide:
It was his Sport to make it go
From ſide to ſide, and to and fro;
To this Point now, and then to that,
Nor matter'd he a Straw to what,
If but the Courſe it ran were awkward;
Or, as a *Crab-fiſh* crawls, went backward;
As if to make his Courtiers Sport,
By rowing in unuſual Sort;
And I myſelf did often ſmile at
The waggiſh Tricks of th' little Pilot.

But when ſometimes the ſilly Novice
Perform'd the *Functions* of his Office;
He feign'd ſuch Gravity in 's Face,
And acted with ſo boon a Grace,
That *Cranmer*, who did ever Eye him,
Was glad to take a Pattern by him,
And imitate the little Lad,
In every thing he did, or ſaid.

The Crown (bleſt be my Stars) I have;
Why ſhould I want Prerogative
In Church Affairs, and hav't in State?
To be a Queen by Halves I hate;
If it were Lawful for my Dad
To be *Supreme*, and for a Lad
To head the Church, why not for *Me*
T'enjoy the like *Supremacy*?
I'll either be as they have been,
Supreme, or elſe I'll be no Queen.
She ſaid: Tho' ſome did it (*l*) withſtand,
She ſnatch'd the Keys into her Hand:
The Pow'r Eccleſiaſtick ſeiz'd,
And lockt up Heaven when ſhe pleas'd.
And in this following manner 'twas,
This ſtrange Affair was brought to paſs.

She calls a (*m*) Council of a Pack,
Such as *Poor Robin's* Almanack
Has in it's *Kalendar* of Sinners,
Of Proteſtancy's firſt Beginners,

(*l*) Archbiſhop *Heath* made an excellent
againſt her *Supremacy*. Which you may ſ
Hiſtorical Collections, p. 225.

(*m*) She was reſolved, ſays *Heylin*, to proceed
formation as time ſhould ſerve, in order to w
conſtitutes her Privy Council, which ſhe co
ed of ſuch Ingredients as might neither giv
ragement to any of thoſe who wiſhed we
Church of *Rome*, or alienate their Affecti
her, whoſe Hearts were more inclined to
formation.

To ſuch of Queen Mary's *Councellors as ſhe yet ret*
added of her own, the Marquis of *Northamp*
Bedford, Sir *Tho. Parr*, Sir *Ed. Rogers*, Sir *Amb.*
Wm. Cecil, and Sir *Nich. Bacon*, *Heyl.* Hiſt. p.

Care was taken to expoſe the former
lors for the ill Conduct of Affairs in Q
time, and ſo to leſſen their Credit.
p. 340.

Who for their Intereſt could betray
The Church, and drive the Faith away,
And Proteſtants ſhe puts in Place,
In (n) moſt Commiſſions of the Peace,
Preparing thus the Court and Nation,
For her deſigned Reformation.
But *R-formation* could not be,
Till ſhe had got *Supremacy*;
A *Sanhedrim* ſhe therefore Summons,
I would have ſaid a Houſe of (o) Commons
But that the Commons of the Land
In this Election had no Hand;
For private Letters were ſent down
To every Shire, and Borough-Town,
Inſinuating whom to chuſe,
As proper Members for her uſe.

(n) The like mixture ſhe alſo cauſed to be made amongſt other her Subordinate Miniſters, in adding ſuch new Commiſſioners for the Peace in every Country, as either were known to be of the Reformed Religion, or to wiſh well to it. *Heyl.* p. 275.

(o) Her firſt Parliament began *on the 25th of Jan.* 1558. Such Lords and Gentlemen as had the Managing of Elections in their ſeveral Countries, retained ſuch Men for Members of the Houſe of Commons, as they conceived moſt likely to comply with their Intentions for a Reformation. *Heyl.* Hiſt. p. 275.

Some begged Voices, as *Norfolk* and *Arundel*, others got Voices by their Cunning, as *Cecil*, vid. *Cam.* Hiſt. of *Eliz.* p. 20. *Cambden* alſo tells us, that ſhe Commanded the Conſultation to be haſtened amongſt her moſt inward Councellors; how the *Proteſtant* Religion might be eſtabliſhed, and the *Popiſh* aboliſhed. The Dangers they foreſaw, would be from the *Noble-Men* removed from the Queen's Council; from the *Biſhops* and *Church-Men* that were to be diſplaced: From the *Judges* that ſat in the Courts of Juſtice; From the *Juſtices of Peace* in every County; and from ſuch of the

The Gentry and the Noble Men,
Who managed Elections then,
Retain'd for Members through the Nation
Such as wiſht well to *Reformation.*
Such as had not the leaſt degree
Of *Faith*, or *Hope*, or *Charity.*
Scarce was there in this damn'd *Divan*
Of one in Ten, an honeſt Man:
But Knaves and Fools, a pack as baſe
As ever ſprung from *Adam's* Race.

Thoſe Villains trim with her that Heads 'em
And into Acts put all ſhe bids 'em.
Repeal the Acts of good Queen *(p) Mary*,
Revive the Acts of *Ned* and *Harry*,
And, by and by, enact Queen *Beſs*
Over the Church *Chief Governeſs*;
Oaths of *Supremacy* impoſe,
And from the Houſe expell all thoſe
Who ſcruple at (tho' ne'er ſo little)
Her Monſt'rous *Antichriſtian* Title.

the common ſort of People, as in the Reign of *Mary*, were both in Deed and Eſtimation Great M because devoted to the *Romiſh* Religion.

Theſe they held where to be thruſt out of their ces, and reſtrained by rigour of Law. And that n were to be employed in any Place of Governm nor choſen into any Colleges of the Univerſities *Proteſtants*. And the *Popiſh* Preſidents, Heads Maſters, to be removed out of the Univerſities, other Schools. *Cam.* in Hiſt. of *Eliz.* p. 15, 16.

(*p*) An *Act* was made for renewing the Laws o VIII. againſt the *See* of *Rome*, and of *Ed.* VI. for *Proteſtants*, which were repeal'd by Q. *Mary*. Enacted, That whatſoever Juriſdictions, Privil and ſpiritual Preheminences had been heretof uſe by any Eccleſiaſtical Authority whatſoev viſit, *&c.* And correct all manner of *Errors*, *Here Schiſms*, &c. ſhould be for ever annexed to the Cr

The (*q*) Biſhops were expell'd the Houſe,
Only becauſe they did refuſe
To Swear that *She*, a ſilly Maid,
Was Church of *England*'s *Supreme Head*,
Only *Landaff*, and he, thro' hope
To keep his Chair, ſwore *She* was *Pope*;
And had a Power as large and ample,
As Great St. *PETER* for Example.

Thus having got a Parliament
(The Biſhops ſtood for Cyphers in't)
Of Temporal States, and only ſuch as
Were eager for contriving Churches;
She quickly ſets them all at Work,
In pulling down, and building Kirk.
They overthrow it's ancient Walls,
And by the Roots pluck up it's Pales,
Dig it's Foundations up, and then
Begin, forſooth, to build again.
They ply their Work with Hand and Head,
As *Nimrod* and his Maſons did;
Only more Malice in their Will,
And in their Work, leſs Art and Skill;
For where the ancient *Pillars ſtood*,
They plac'd Supporters made of *Mud*.

And that the Queen and her Succeſſors might, by their Letters Patents, Subſtitute certain Men to exerciſe that Authority. *Cam.* p. 18.

(*q*) In the Month of *July*, the old Biſhops of *England* then living, were called and examined by certain of the Queen's Council: Where the Biſhops of *York*, *Ely* and *London*, with others to the number of 13 or 14, for refuſing to take the *Oath* touching the Queen's *Supremacy*, and other Articles, were deprived from their Biſhopricks. And likewiſe divers Deans, Arch-Deacons, Parſons, and Vicars deprived from their Benefices. And ſome committed to Priſon in the *Tower*, *Fleet*, *Marſhalſea*, and *Queen's Bench*. Thus *Stow* in his *Chron.* p. 639. continued by *Howes* to the Year 1614.

That is. *True Biſhops* were put down,
And *Falſe Ones* made by Pow'r of Crown.
Hence, to this very Day, we find
Their *Kirk* to ſhake with every Wind;
And wheel about at every Gale,
Juſt like a Wind-Mill under Sail.

However, of what Stuff they had,
They made a *Kirk*; ſo foul and bad,
As if the Builders had been Mad.
'Twas fram'd of *Laicks* altogether,
And authoriz'd by one another:
They choſe the Queen for *Pope*, and *She*
Elected them to *Prelacy*:
And theſe a *Clergy* did ordain;
That is, they made *Lay-Clergy-Men*.

The wretched Land fell to exclaim
'Gainſt ſuch as took the Biſhop's Name
Without *Impoſed Hands* or *Unction*;
They Mourn'd to ſee the ſacred Function
Prophan'd by ſuch Unconſecrated
Preſumptious Villains, as they hated.
They griev'd to ſee ſuch *Prieſts* obey'd,
As were by thoſe *Lay-Prelates* made;
Or meddle with the Sacraments,
Or Tythes receive, and Churches Rents,
Or into *Pulpits* get and Preach,
And *Antichriſtian* Doctrines teach;
Men grew, I ſay, at this concern'd:
For hitherto but few had learn'd
The Doctrine, *Cranmer* taught before,
That *bare Election*, and no more,
Could into Biſhop turn a Butcher,
And to a Prieſt transform a Thatcher.
In ſhort, ſcarce any but deſpis'd 'em,
Both as to Character and Wiſdom.
Nor could *Lawn-Sleeves*, or *Black Gowns* draw
Towards their Perſons any Awe.

For Wolves in Sheep-skins People took 'em,
This made the *Elected* look about 'em,
And in a Private Convocation,
Conſult 'bout getting *Conſecration.*

Parker being Arch, it ſeems his Grace
Thought Speaking firſt due to his Place;
Stood therefore up on Petty-toes,
Makes to the reſt three Rev'rend Bows,
And from the middle of the Crowd
Utters his Voice, as Thunder loud.
My Lords, quoth he, pray give me leave
To ſpeak, or if you pleaſe to give
Your own Advices firſt, I'm gone
Back to my Bench, 'till you have done;
Where I'll attend to what you ſay,
And one by one Advices weigh.
But none was ready to begin,
So on he talk'd, his Tongue b'ing in.
The Lord has gi'n into our Hands,
The Popiſh Biſhops and their Lands;
They lye impriſon'd in our Houſes,
Secure as Necks in *Tyburn* Nooſes;
Let us agree to free them all
From preſent Bondage, and from Thrall;
But let it be upon condition,
That by the ſacred *Impoſition*
Of Hands, they'll freely *Conſecrate* us.
They'll never do it, for they hate us,
Quoth *Jewel:* Then are they, quoth *Horn*,
The greateſt Fools that e'er were born.
For my part, were their Caſe my own,
I'd conſecrate an old Baboon,
Provided that, by ſuch a Deed
I might be from a Priſon freed.
Indeed, quoth *Whitehead*, I believe you;
But let not this Reflection grieve you;
I know your Principle of Old;
Since you from *Frankfort* ſtole our Gold.

Huſh't, huſh't, ſays *Parker*, Fie, no more;
I like not rubbing an old Sore:
Such Wounds ought rather to be clos'd.
What ſay ye, Sirs, to what's propos'd?
Dear Friends, quoth *Cox*, ſo we get Miſſion
Upon ſo eaſy a Condition,
Our Biſhopricks will cloſe old Breaches:
Quoth *Parker*, all is true *Cox* Teaches:
If they once give us Conſecration,
Moſt of the People in the Nation
Will have us in as high Eſteem
And Reverence as they have them.
In Troth, quoth *Sands*, I like well of it.
For thus we ſhall ſecure our Profit,
And the old Biſhops Lands Poſſeſs,
And Eat and Drink in Quietneſs.
All pleas'd, to this they acquieſce.

And ſitting down, 'till every Man
His Flask of *Florence* drank, or Can
Of good old *Hock* as ever run
Out of the *Heidleburgian* Tun.
Then Home they go, with Reſolution
To put Deſign in Execution.

To win their Pris'ners twenty ways
They try, and feaſt them ſeveral Days,
Releaſe 'em from where firſt they ſhut 'em,
And into good Appartments put 'em,
Treat 'em with ſubtle Words, and Civil,
As *Eve* was tempted by the Devil,
'Till thinking they had fairly gain'd 'em,
With the main Point they entertain'd 'em.

My Lords, ſay they, we've lately been
To beg your Freedoms of the Queen,
And get you good Eſtates to live on;
A Noble *Manſion*, each ſhall have one:
All which ſhe grants. Yet on Condition,
That you'll give Apoſtolick Miſſion,

And by your *Sacred* Hands Confer
On us the Biſhop's *Character*.
It pleaſes her to be reſpected
In Perſons of us, her *Elected*.
It were a Folly beyond meaſure,
When Trifles do it, not to pleaſe her.

Thus they, yet all the fair Pretences,
And Fawnings of their Reverences,
Could not prevail with any One
To have the *Sacred Office* done.

For the old (*r*) Biſhops, finding what
Theſe new Elected would be at,
Deride their Impudence as Folly
By Frenzy caus'd, or Melancholly:
Set their Propoſals at Defiance,
And utterly refus'd Compliance
With Hereticks, and ſuch as muſt
Poſſeſs the *Chairs*, whence they were thruſt.

What's more abſurd, than think that any,
Who will defend his Patrimony
'Gainſt him that makes unlawful Claim,
Should give his Writings of the ſame,
With full Poſſeſſion of his Lands,
Into his Adverſary's Hands?
'Tis as nonſenſical a thing,
For him who does his Action bring,
To go and all the Deeds demand,
By which the Owner holds his Land.

(*r*) Sed hoc perridiculè accidit, ut cum iſti *Superintendentes* creandi eſſent, nec a Catholicis Epiſcopis impetrare potuerunt, ut ipſis manus admoverent, nec inter ſe, aut tres duoſve Epiſcopos, aut ullum omnino ſuæ perfidiæ Metropolitanum, ab aliis Epiſcopis prius ordinatum habebant, cujus vel manu vel conſenſu conſecrari poſſent, &c. *Sand.* de Schiſmate Anglicano. p. 166.

'Twas just the same thing in effect;
With *Bess*'s Bishops new *Elect*.

But finding this Contrivance fail,
Next they had hopes they might prevail
With Dr (*a*) *Creagh*, (who did endure
A long Confinement in the *Tower*)
To give their Lordships *Consecration*.
And to that End a Consulation
Was held, in which they did agree
To promise great Rewards, and free
The *Bishop* from Imprisonment.
Besides, resolved to present
A Purse of *Gold* to th' poor old Man:
(Gold oft prevails when nought else can)
For they resolve to spare no Cost
In purchasing the *Holy Ghost*.
With this Result they send a Charge
To Water-man to bring the *Barge*.
While every Man himself prepares
For taking Ship at *Lambeth* Stairs.
Wing'd with desire, and Western-Gale,
From *Lambeth* down the *Thames* they Sail;
Thro' Bridge and Traitors Gate they go,
As swift as Arrow out of Bow;
Where stepping out of *Barge* to Land,
The Tower's *Lieutenant* they Command

(*a*) His Name was *Richard Creagh* Archbishop of *Armagh*, he died in the *Tower*. See *Nullity of the late pr. Clergy*, p. 66.

Mr. Mason *takes notice of this out of* Sanders, *but not one Word in Contradiction of it.* Indeed (*says he, Philodox* (There was a certain *Irish* Archbishop, w they had in Bonds and Prison at *London*, with w they dealt very earnestly, promising him be *berty* and *Reward*, if so be he would be Chief Consecration: But he, good Man, w means be brought to lay Holy Hands. *Mason*'s Consecration of Bishops, p. 11

To go himſelf, or ſend his Son *John*,
To fetch old (*t*) *Armagh* from his *Dung'on*;
Which ſoon was done as they deſir'd;
The poor old *Biſhop* much admir'd
To find ſuch Favour, leaſt Expected
Either from *Beſs*, or her *Elected*.
Having ſhak'd Hands, ſcrap'd Legs and Bow'd,
With Compliments as they thought good,
Into a Tavern, nigh the Place,
They courteouſly invite his Grace.
Where after having drank a Glaſs
('Tis not recorded what it was,
Yet Modern Criticks do atteſt,
It was *Canary*-Sack the beſt)
Mat. Parker ſpeaks, the archeſt Knave
Of all the reſt, but the moſt Grave;
And one who nat'rally could Cant,
And play the Puritanick Saint.

My Lord, ſays he, you've been abus'd,
And in the Priſon hardly us'd;
Yet has the *Lord* lookt down upon ye,
And mov'd the Queen t'have Pity on ye;
And *We*, who truly love your Lordſhip,
Have great Compaſſion on your Hardſhip;
And therefore come to ſhew our Kindneſs,
And bring glad Tidings from her Highneſs.

Her

(*t*) Dr. *Champney*, on this Matter, ſays, At that time when there was queſtion of Conſecrating thoſe new Biſhops, there was Priſoner in the *Tower* of *London* an Archbiſhop of *Ireland*, who was offered his Liberty and divers other Rewasds, if he would have conſecrated the newly *Elected* Biſhops: Which doubtleſs argueth the want of others, that even by themſelves were eſteemed True Biſhops: For if ſuch had been at hand, they would not have recurred to him, with danger to receive a diſgraceful Denial, as they did. Thus *Champ.* in *Vocation of Biſhops*, p. 198.

Her Majeſty commands me tell
Your Grace, her Highneſs Greets you well
And promiſes to ſet you free.
Beſides, you ſhall rewarded be;
Yea, what you pleaſe ſhall be your *Hire*,
Do but what *She* and *We* deſire:
And 'tis, my Lord, an eaſy Boon;
(At this the *Orator* kneeld down)
Let but your Grace's Hands be laid
Upon my here inclined Head,
And give your Servant *Conſecration*,
That *Biſhops* true be in the Nation;
By whom a *Prieſthood* may endure
In her new Church for evermore.

Wou'd you have me ordain you Biſhop?
Quoth *Armagh*. Yes, quoth *Parker*'s Word
Anoint me; for we want not Ointment,
By *Grindal* brought at my Appointment.
He calls for't, but the fumbling Block-head
Breaks the Glaſs-bottle in his Pocket;
But Chance was pleas'd he ſhould not loſe
It all; for at the Knee of Hoſe
As much as Spungy Cloth let ſcatter
Was met by helpful Wooden Platter,
Which in good time *Grindal* himſelf
Snatcht from a lucky neighbouring Shelf.
I'm ſorry you have ſpill'd it thus,
Quoth Sage *Hob Horn*, 'tis Ominous.
No, no, quoth *Parker*, there's enough,
Pray bring it to my Lord *Armagh*.
And to my Lord they bring the Platter:
He ſtands Amaz'd at the Matter.
Says he, what wou'd you have me do?
Quoth *Parker*, *Conſecrate* me now;
And whatſoe'er the Queen, or we
Have promis'd, ſhall performed be;
Nay more, my Lord, be but content
To do't, and I'll give half my Rent.

Of *Canterbury* for your Fee;
My Brethren too will grateful be:
And, as an Earneſt, here behold
We do preſent your Grace this *Gold*.
This would not take, though 'twas a prime one;
And taught 'em by their Grandſire *Simon*.
For good *Armagh*, in pious Rage,
Curſt *Gold* and *Them*; and to his Cage
He fled where late he lay before,
Begging the *Turn-Key* of the Door
To lay him faſt in *Chains* and *Gives*,
Secure from ſuch unhallow'd Thieves.
And never more to let him looſe,
Untill the happy fatal Nooſe
Should free him from Impriſonment,
And ſend his Soul hence *Innocent*.

Thus diſappointed to their Shame,
Unconſecrated back they came:
Not th' way they went; for chaf'd and hot,
To call their Barge the Fools forgot:
Conſidering not the way they went,
E'er they had reach'd the *Monument*.
The Place I mean, where now's ſet up
That *Column*, with a flaming Top,
Made to denote to after-times,
The Fall of *Babel* for her Crimes,
Burn'd up like bundle of dry Sticks,
In Sixteen-hundred Sixty Six,
As was foreſeen by *Engliſh Seers*,
Before it happen'd Sixty Years;
During which time they never ceaſt,
To preach the Downfal of the *Beaſt*.
And tho' they gueſt the time to come,
Yet miſt the *Place*, and call'd it *Rome*:
Whereas they ſhould have pitch'd on *London*,
Which in that very Year was *Burn'd down*.
Some think 'twas certain Clouds of Spite,
That thus obſcur'd *Prophetick Light*,

And made thoſe *Pick-Locks* of St. *John*,
Call *Rome*, not *London*, *Babylon*.
Well, being got (as now is ſaid)
To where the *Monument* is made,
And coming to themſelves, they ſtood
In Conſult, whether 'twas as good
Back to return to call their *Boat*,
Or on to *Lambeth* trudge on foot?
But finding *Boys* to flock about 'em,
(For Streets are never free without 'em
And you may think the Show was rare,
To ſee Twelve *High-Prieſts* cluſter'd there)
They all reſolv'd not to go on,
But back to call their *Waterman*;
And ſo they did: i'th' Rear purſu'd
By *Rabble*, ſuch a Multitude
As did at Call of *Captain Tom*
In *Eighty Eight*, from Garrets come;
When *Wapping* met with *Pickadilly*,
To rob *Wild-Houſe*, and Don *Rumqu lly*.
This by a *Sentinel* of *Tower*
Perceiv'd, he call'd the *Governour*,
Who ſeeing that it was their *Graces*,
With all the City at their Arſes,
As if they led an Army down
To take the *Tower*, from the *Town*;
Thought nothing more but their intent,
Was to have ſeiz'd his *Tenement*,
And therefore Orders gave with haſt,
To make the Gates and Wickers faſt,
And all the *Ordnance* with great ſpeed
To Charge, and Fire; if there was need;
But, bleſt be Fortune, there was none,
And ſo there was no Miſchief done.
They coming to the Gate of *Tower*,
Smote both with Foot and Fiſt the Door,
With all the Force that e'er they had;
T'have ſeen 'em, you'd ha' thought 'em mad.
But finding *Snack before their Snout*,
They to the *Rabble* fac'd about:

Through midſt of which their way they forc'd,
With as much Eaſe as *Tartars* hors'd:
For you may gueſs, Confuſion now
Made them they ſcarce knew what to do.
'Till *Parker*, who was always *Chairman*,
Open'd, as if to preach a Sermon;
Crying, My Lords, Let us be gone,
And to the *Bridge* on Foot jog on:
And if we meet not there the *Barge*,
We'll call for Coaches; Hang the Charge.
With this the reſt were well content,
So back again their Lordſhips went,
But coming to the *Bridge*, and ſeeing
No *Waterman*, nor *Barge* in being;
They fall again into Debate,
Who ſhould cry *Coach* (being Men of State)
Quoth *Parker*, Sirs, you ſee the Croud
Is preſſing, therefore be not proud;
Nor with mean Office let's think much.
With that they all cry'd, *Coach*, a *Coach*,
Which Noiſe, ſcream'd out in diff'rent Notes,
From at the leaſt a Dozen Throats,
Set all the *Boys* that flocked after
Their Lordſhips, into hearty Laughter.
In fine, when 'twas diſtinctly heard,
A *Coach*, a *Coach*, *Coaches* appear'd.
Mounting with ſpeed, to *Lambeth* they
Thro' Lanes of Rabble drive away.
Curſing their Fate and luckleſs Tryal,
And *Armagh* for his flat Denyal.

Yet ſtill reſolv'd not to leave off,
The next they try'd was old *Landaff*.
This was the Biſhop nam'd before
That to the Queen's Church-Headſhip ſwore,
A Man as fearful as an *Hare*,
His Heart cloſe glewed to his *Chair*:
A *Schiſmatick*, and doting, Old,
And almoſt blind; When he was told

That

That *Parker*, and ſome half a Score
Black-Gowns, were rapping at his Door,
He ſtickl'd to and fro, like Mad,
And Comb'd the little hair he had.
Put on his Head his Beaver-Hat,
And threw the *Felt* by, 'lined with Fat.
He ſtroakt his Beard, and rubb'd his Face,
Set Stools and Chairs in proper Place,
His *Cuffs* and *Band* he donn'd; and then
Sent down his *Maid* to let 'em in.

They ent'ring with a formal Pace,
Made humble *Congees* to his Grace
And he, who had his ſhare of Manners,
Scrap'd Legs, and kindly bad their Honours
Welcome to his poor Habitation,
And thankt 'em for their Viſitation.
They ſit 'em down, and fall to chat
Of this thing now, and then of that,
'Till by and by, *Parker* draws on
Diſcourſe 'bout *Conſecration*;
Owning that *Orders* are, and *Miſſion*
By Apoſtolical Tradition.
Londaff was glad to hear the *Fox*
Declare himſelf ſo *Orthodox*,
Yes, yes, My Lord, ſays *Parker*, we
In this do with your Grace agree;
And ſhou'd be very much to blame
Shou'd we neglect t' obtain the ſame:
Therefore, my Lord, if you'll conſent
To adminiſter this Sacrament
Of *Holy Orders*, we'll receive it:
'Tis at your Grace's hands we crave it,
And not from any other Biſhop.
Becauſe we *Venerate* your Worſhip.
The Queen too, (who reſpects you ever,)
Will take it as a mighty Favour.
Baulk not therefore *Her* Expectation
And *Ours*: but give us *Conſecration.*

My Lords, I'd have you underſtand,
The Queen and You ſhall me Command,
Quoth *Landaff*, but the Night comes on,
So there's no time to get it done:
For I, you know, for want of Sight,
Can do no good by Candle-light.
Therefore, my Lords, ſays he, appoint me
A time, and where I muſt *Anoint* ye,
And you ſhall find me very free
To do it: But pray let it be
As little ſpoke of, as you can.
It ſhall be done in private, *Man*,
Quoth *Parker*, if your Grace thinks fit,
Where none but Friends ſhall know of it.
Yes, quoth *Landaff*; for underſtand-all,
'Twill to Religion be a Scandal
That I, who am a *Catholick*,
Should conſecrate an *Heretick*.
A Church you know's a publick Place:
My Lord, ſays *Mat.* gin't pleaſe your Grace
To take the pains to croſs the Street,
We'll at the (*u*) *Nagg's-Head Tavern* meet,
To Morrow Morning about Nine;
And ſpeak a Dinner, for we'll Dine;
I faith't ſhall be a good one too:
Nothing, My Lord, 's too good for you,

(*u*) Mr. *Maſon* in the Appendix to his Book of

Says *Parker*, (ſmiling as he ſpoke)
This pleas'd *Landaff*, and up they broke.

Now *Fame*, a buſy tatling Guddy,
That ay from Houſe to Houſe will ſcud-ye
From Morn to Night, from Night to Morn,
A Thieviſh Imp as e'er was Born,
That'filches all ſhe ſees or Hears;
Nought can eſcape her Eyes and Ears,
But ſoon as either done or ſaid,
Is privately away convey'd.
This whiſp'ring Goſſip took upon her,
To carry News to Biſhop *Bonner*;
And, at rebounds from *Landaff*'s Maid,
She catches every word they ſaid;
With which in haſt away ſhe goes,
And tells the Biſhop all ſhe knows.

Bonner, who judg'd it nought of Fiction,
Bethinks him of an *Interdiction*;
And ſends next Day his Chaplain *Neale*
To ring in *Landaff*'s Ears a Peal,
And threaten *Excommunication*,
If he proceeds to *Conſecration*.
Kitchin at this grew cold with fear,
And Curſt the Minute he came there,
And wou'd have left them, but the Sinner
Was loath to loſe expected Dinner; Howeve

tus Landavenſis, pedem retulit, multiplicique tergi verſatione uſus, Sacrilegam vitavit Ordinationem Hic furere Condidati, Landavenſem contemnere nova quærere conſilia progrediuntur; Quid plura *Scoreus* Monachus (poſt Herefordenſis Pſeudo-Epiſ copus) cæteris; excæteris quidam Scoreo manu manus imponunt, fiuntq; ſine Patre Filii, & Pate a Filiis procreatur, res ſæculis omnibus inaudita Quod D. *Thomas Neale*, Hæbraicus Oxoniæ Lector qui interfu t, antiquis Confeſſoribus, illi mihi nar rarunt, & fidem aſtruit quod in Comitiis poſtea ſan citum fuit, ut pro legitimis Epiſcopis haberentur.

However, he grew reſolute
Never to be perſwaded to't.
Tho' they ſhou'd give him ten times more
Than they had proffer'd *Creagh* before:
And tho' they begg'd and begg'd again,
Yet Prayers and Tears were all in vain;
And Tears; I ſay, for *Parker*'s Grief
At's Eyes was glad to ſeek Relief;
Grindal was griev'd, *Horn* curſt old *Kitchin*,
And ſwore he'd rather go a Ditching,
Than ever *Conſecration* Crave
Of ſuch a dull, old, doting Knave.
John Jewel ſwore he'd rather have his
Orders from *Mahomet*. Quoth *Davis*,
A *Turk* I'm ſure can make a Prieſt,
As well as any *Antichriſt*.
'Tis not the Laying on of Hands,
I care a Straw for, quoth Sir *Sands*;
But that the *Queen*, to pleaſe the Nation,
Is for our having *Conſecration*;
And holds, which makes her mad about it,
That none can Biſhop be without it:
To pleaſe her therefore, 'tis but fit
We all means try in getting it.
The while that they were thus a fretting,
Landoff was in a Corner ſitting.
And *Bentham* plying him with Sherry,
In hopes he'd yield when he was Merry;

Nor could great Promiſes prevail
Againſt the Threats of Doctor *Neal*,
Whom *Bonner* ordered to ſtay,
'Till they had done and gone away:
Beſides, he pleaded want of Sight
As well as Wits to do it right.
In ſhort, your Doctrines, Sirs, and mine
Are not the ſame; therefore in fine
I'll caſt no *Pearls*, ſays he, to *Swine*.
This ſaid, and mov'd with Zeal and Heat
Of Liquor, he abandon'd Seat;
And from the Chamber-door he made,
With all the Hands and Feet he had;
Which by good fortune, being ope',
The Latch he needed not to grope;
And of the Stairs made but one Step
Down to the Bottom, from the Top.
Into the Street he runs to rights,
As if purſu'd i'th' Rear by *Sprites*,
And home he haſts, where none might find him
Without once looking back behind him.
This balking of their Expectation,
Set ev'ry Man into a Paſſion,
And Fury muſter'd all it's Forces,
To pelt *Landaff* with heavy Curſes;
'Till *Parker*, who it ſeems was bleſt
With Share of Patience 'bove the reſt,
Began to beckon with his Hand,
And ſilence in the Court command;
Adviſing them to leave off Curſing,
And give good heed to his Diſcourſing.

This *Landaff*, *Doting Fool*, (ſays he)
Believes we cannot Biſhops be,
Unleſs by other Biſhops Greas'd,
But Brethren, be but you appeas'd,
And I ſhall prove, in time of need,
A *Prieſt*'s enough to do the Deed.
A *Prieſt* may *Conſecrate*, I know it,
When *Biſhops* do refuſe to do it.

ther, himſelf, and all the beſt
:formed Churches this atteſt:
ıd *Cranmer* ſays, the *Magiſtrate*
ay both *Ordain* and *Conſecrate*:
ıd young King *Edward* practis'd it,
making Biſhops by his *Writ*.
'n *Calvin* gave his Flock Direction
ɔ make their *Paſtors* by *Election*,
ithout regarding th' ancient Faſhion,
any *Form* of *Conſecration*.
ıd we at *Frankfort*, but of late,
ſe only, did not *Conſecrate*;
ıd ſuch *Elected* were again
ırn'd often out for private Men:
ɔr did they Judge themſelves to be
ore, than the other *Laity*.

That's true, quoth *Horn*, but now the *Caſe*
alter'd from what then it was:
:h *Biſhopricks* are ſettl'd on us,
ıd therefore we muſt take upon us
ıe *Character* of Biſhops, that
e may ſecure what we have got;
ıd not at all times be in danger
be *Bound up to Rack and Manger*,
to be driven from our Station,
pleaſure of the Congregation,
ho take up Piques at ev'ry turn.
.at's well conſider'd, Maſter *Horn*,
.oth *Parker*; for 'tis Conſecration
ıſt rivet us in this our Station;
:auſe by it our Power we claim
ɔm *Right divine*, and not from them.
t ſee'ng from Popiſh Biſhops we
nnot procure this Prelacy;
t us no further on't Debate,
t one another *Conſecrate*;
this at Leaſt we'll get the *Name*:
ıo' not the *Character* we claim.

And by the *Title*, let us act
The Bishops Part in each respect,
And rule our Flock, as if we had
Been Bishops by St. *Peter* made:
And if the Congregation chance
To grumble at this self-advance,
As now and then they will, no doubt,
We'll get the Queen to help us out:
Be merry therefore, Gentlemen,
Let's drink a Glass or two, and then
Among ourselves we'll do the Work,
In spite of *Landaff*, *Pope*, or *Turk*,
Or *Bonner's* sharp *Anathema*,
Come, Master *Scorey*, come, I say,
A *Priest* can do't, and you are one:
Priests can make *Bishops*, come Sir *John*,
Myself shall be the first will try ye,
For I'll be *Consecrated* by ye:
And then my Grace, when you have done,
Will *Consecrate* the rest, Sir *John*.
But e're we fall to Work, I think,
Quoth *Scorey*, 'tis but fit we drink,
And Dine too, for the Cloth is laid,
And the first Course is ready made.
To this Advice they all inclin'd,
And having plentifully Din'd,
And drank another Glass or two,
They fell to what they had to do.

Cannonick Robes *Scorey* had none,
Nor *Parker*, but an ancient Gown;
Mean things, when better stuff they want,
Will serve an humble *Protestant*,
Who Places not Religion in
The *Outward*, but the *Inward* Man.
In Manner odd, as that of Fashion,
Story proceeds to *Consecration*.
He First then, to avoid contest,
Advis'd a little with the rest:

Inſtead of Hands if 'twere not better
T' impoſe on Head the Sacred Letter:
For *Laying on of Hands*, ſays he,
Is altogether Popery:
Which b'ing debated *Pro* and *Con*,
The laying of the *Bible* on
They all concluded was the right way;
So calling for't, 'twas brought him ſtraight way;
Which taking in his Hand, he laid
On *Parker*'s Head with Leaves diſplay'd,
While both his Lips in Motion were,
As if he ſpake; but none could hear
A Syllable of what he ſaid,
Whether he either Curſt or Pray'd;
'Till having laid the *Bible* by
I'th' Window, where it us'd to lie,
His Voice grew audible, but ſlow
As Frozen Words do when they Thaw;
Quoth he, in Holy Writ we read
Of Ointment pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
Which drench'd his Beard, and to his Foot
Wet all his Garments round about;
What Scripture does ſo plainly mention,
I think may authorize the Unction.
Conſider therefore, whether I
Shall us't, or no? No, no, they cry;
No marry ſhall you not, ſays *Matt*.
I'll not be greaſed o'er with Fat.
Well, well, have Patience, quoth *Scory*,
Behold the *Bible*, here before ye;
Muſt on your Shoulders now be laid,
As 'twas before upon your Head.
A Ceremony very needful,
To put in mind and make you heedful,
That you, as *Paſtor* of the Flock,
Carry their Dinner on your Back;
For 'tis with *Bibles* they are Fed,
Which you muſt ſee diſtributed.
This ſaid, the Conſecrator *John*
Held with both Hands the *Bible* on,

Pro

Pronouncing, in moſt Rev'rend Faſhion,
This Uncouth Form of Conſecration.

(o) *Take thou Authority to preach the Word of God Sincerely*

Which ſaid, and raiſing up his Worſhip,
They all kneel down and *Hail* him *Biſhop*.
Well; now, ſays *Scory*, that you'r made
A Biſhop, Exerciſe your Trade.

Take

(o) Dr, *Champney* ſets down his Conſecration thus: At the *Naggs-Head* in *Cornhill*, by accorded Appointment met all thoſe that were nominated to Biſhopricks; Thither came alſo the old Biſhop of *London* to make them Biſhops. Which being known to Dr *Bonner*, Biſhop of *London*, then Priſoner, he ſent unto the Biſhop of *Landaff*, forbidding him under Pain of *Excommunication* to exerciſe any ſuch Power within his Dioceſs, as to ordain thoſe Men. Wherewith the old Biſhop being terrified, and beſides moved alſo in his own Conſcience, refuſed to proceed in that Action: Alledging chiefly for Reaſon of his forbearance, his want of Sight: Which Excuſe they interpreting to be but an Evaſion, were much moved againſt the Poor old Man. And whereas hitherto they had uſed him with all Courteſy and Reſpect, they then changed their Copy. Reviling him, and calling him *Doting Fool*, and the like; Some of them ſaying, *This old Fool thinketh we cannot be Biſhops, unleſs we be Greaſed*, to the diſgrace as well of him, as of the Catholick Manner of Epiſcopal Conſecration. Being notwithſtanding thus deceived of their Expectation, and having no other means to come to their Deſire, they reſolve to uſe Maſter *Scory*'s help, who having borrowed the Name of Biſhop in King *Edward*'s time, was thought to have ſufficient Power to perform that Office, eſpecially in ſuch ſtrait Neceſſity. He, having caſt of together with his Religious Habit all Scruple of Conſcience, willingly

Take up the *Bible*, fall to Pray'r,
And *Biſhops* half a Dozen Pair
See that you make, before we part.
You are more skilful in the Art,
Quoth *Parker*, therefore pray-ye *John*,
To *Conſecrate* the reſt go on,
And we'll to Supper when you've done.

Well,

willingly about the Matter, which he performed in this Sort; having the *Bible* in his Hand, they all Kneeling before him, he laid it upon every one of their Heads or Shoulders, ſaying, *Take thou Authority to Preach the Word of God ſincerely*. And ſo they roſe up Biſhops.

This whole Narration without adding or detracting (*ſays he*) any Word pertaining to the Subſtance of the Matter, I have heard oftner than once, of Mr. *Thomas Bluet*, a Grave, Learned and Judicious Prieſt, he having received it of Mr. *Neal*, a Man of good Sort and Reputation; ſome time Reader of the *Hebrew* Lecture in *Oxford*, but when this Matter paſſed, was belonging to Biſhop *Bonner*, and ſent by him to deliver the Meſſage before mentioned to the Biſhop of *Landaff*, and withall to attend there to ſee the End of the Buſineſs. Again, Mr. *Bluet* had other good Means to be informed of this Matter, being a long Time Priſoner with Dr. *Watſon*, Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and other Men of Note of the ancient Clergy, in whoſe Time, and in whoſe Sight, one may ſay, this Matter was done. This was related to me by Mr. *Bluet* in *Wisbech Caſtle*: Thus Dr. *Champney*, in his *Treatiſe of the Vocation of Biſhops*. p. 194, 195.

Mr. *Maſon* himſelf in his *Appendix* above nam'd, gives alſo a Relation of this Buſineſs out of the *Preface* to a Book call'd, *A Diſcuſſion*, Num. 135. Where that Author, writing againſt Mr. *Jewel*, ſays of Mr. *Jewel*'s being a Biſhop, we have not ſo much Certainty, yea, we have no Certainty at all. For who, I pray you, made him? Who gave him his Juriſdiction? Who impoſed Hands on him? What Orders had they?

Well; if I muſt, then come, ſays *Scory*,
Kneel altogether down before me,
That I may make what Haſte I can,
It will be late e'er we have done

What Biſhops were they. It is true that both *Sands*, *Scory*, *Horn*, *Grindal*, and others, in the Beginning of Q. *Elizabeth*'s Reign, met at the *Horſe-head* in *Cheapſide*, (a fit Sign for ſuch a Sacrament) and being diſapointed of the Catholick Biſhop of *Landaff* who ſhould have been there to *Conſecrate* them, & they dealt with *Scory* of *Hereford* to do it; who, when they were all on their Knees, cauſed *John Jewel* to riſe up Biſhop of *Salisbury*, and him that was *Robert Horn* before, to riſe up Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, and ſo forth with all the reſt.

The Author of *The Nullity of the Prelatick Clergy of England*, ſays, It's now a Century of Years ſince the *Nagg's-head* Story happen'd; it hath been conſtantly related, and credited by wiſe Men, as a certain Truth, ever ſince the Year 1559. *(the Year it was ſaid in)* it was never contradicted by any, until it was imagined by our Adverſaries, that their new Regiſters *(Maſon's)* might conteſt with our ancient Tradition, and make the *Nagg's head* Story ſeem improbable, in the Year 1613, of which no Man doubted for the Space of 52 Years before.——

The Catholick Biſhops and Doctors of Q. *Mary*'s time were ſober and wiſe Men, they believ'd the Story and recounted it to *Parſons*, *Fitzherbert*, D. *Kelliſon*, *Holliwood*, D. *Champney*, *Fitzſimon*, &c. *Parſons* believ'd it. *Fitzherbert*, and the reſt above-named, gave ſo much Credit to it, that they publiſhed it in Print—— Mr. *Conſtable* ſays, in his Relation, that it was a Thing without doubt, becauſe not only Mr, *Neale*, but other *Catholicks*, *Integerrimæ Fidei*, *of moſt entire Credit*, were Eye-witneſſes of *Scory*'s ridiculous Manner of Conſecating *Parker*, and the reſt in the *Nagg's-head Tavern*. See p. 75, 76.

Dr. *Champney*, tells us, that *John Stow*, a Proteſtant, hath

They kneel, and *Scory* lays upon
Their Heads and Shoulders one by one,
His *Bible*, as before was done:
Thus ends the *Conſecration*. In

hath often teſtified this Buſineſs of the *Nagg's-head* by Word of Mouth, tho' he durſt not publiſh it in Print in his *Chronicle*. And becauſe he could not have the Freedom of *writing* the Truth, he totally omits ſetting down any *Conſecration* at all, either of *Matthew Parker*, or of any other of Q. *Elizabeth*'s firſt pretended Biſhops. We cannot imagine that he forgot to take notice of them, becauſe he ſet down the *Conſecration* of Cardinal *Pole*, *Parker*'s immediate Predeceſſor. Much leſs then could he forget *Parker*'s, which as *Maſon* himſelf confeſſes, was ſo *ſingular*, that of 69 Archbiſhops before him in the See of *Canterbury*, none was ever conſecrated in that Manner. See Dr. *Champney*, p. 196, 197. *Maſon*, p. 131.

Bancroft Biſhop of *London*, being demanded by Mr. *William Alabaſter*, How *Parker* and his Collegues were *Conſecrated Biſhops?* Anſwer'd, *I hope, that in Caſe of Neceſſity, a Prieſt* (alluding to *Scory*) *may ordain Biſhops*. This Anſwer of his was objected in Print, by *Hollywood*, againſt him, and all the *Engliſh* Clergy, in the Year 1603. Not a Word replied, *Bancroft* himſelf then living. *Nature of Catholick Faith and Hereſy*. Roven 1657. Ch. ii. p. 8.

The ſaid Author tells us alſo, that upon Occaſion of a certain Book, brought into the Parliament Houſe by ſome *Presbyterian* Lords, proving that the *Proteſtant Biſhops had no Succeſſion nor Conſecration*, and therefore were *No Biſhops*, and conſequently, had *No Right* to ſit in Parliament; Dr. *Morton* Bp. of *Durham*, made a Speech againſt the ſaid Book in the Behalf of himſelf and all the Biſhops then preſent. In which Speech he endeavoured to prove their *Succeſſion* from the laſt *Catholick Biſhops*, who, ſays he, *by Impoſition of Hands ordained the firſt* Proteſtant Biſhops *at the* Nagg's-head *in* Cheapſide, *as was notorious to all the*

In fine, their *Nagg's-head* Conſecration,
Became the Laughter of the Nation,
And to this Day they are aſham'd,
To hear their *Cheapſide* Frolick named : For

World. This was reported by an ancient Peer, then preſent in the Houſe. *See* Ch 2. p. 9.

Theſe two remarkable Paſſages, Dr. *Bramhal*, Bp. of *Derry*, in his Book Intituled, *The Conſecration and Succeſſion of* Proteſtant Biſhops *juſtified*; pretends to refute : He does it to the *Firſt*, by only ſaying, *I do not believe one Word of what is ſaid of Bp.* Bancroft. As gainſt the *Second*, he brings a *Teſtificate* under Dr. *Morton's* Hand, that he never made ſuch a Speech. He brings under ſome Biſhops and Noble Mens Hands. That they *do not remember ſuch a Book againſt Biſhops, as is there mentioned, was preſented in that Parliament, and therefore that Dr.* Morton *could make no ſuch Speech againſt it* To this pretended Refutation of *Bramhall's*, the ſaid Author of *The Nature of Catholick Faith and Hereſy*, in another Treatiſe of his, Intituled, *The Nullity of the Prelatick Clergy and Church of England*. Printed at *Antwerp*, in 1569, makes a clear and moſt convincing Reply. Which being too long to be here inſerted, I refer the Reader to the Book itſelf. In which alſo he will find whatſoever elſe Dr. *Bramhall* has writ, in Defence of *Proteſtant Epiſcopacy*, Repell'd : And alſo his *Ten Reaſons* (as he calls 'em) *againſt the Nagg's-head Story*, Refuted and Retorted againſt their pretended *Lambeth-Conſecration.*

In the ſaid Treatiſe *of the Nullity*, &c. p. 88. is alſo recorded the Lord *Audley's* Teſtimony writ with his own Hand, Teſtifying to Dr. *Bramhall* Bp. of *Derry*, that he, the ſaid Lord *Audley*, was Perſonally preſent in the Houſe of Lords, when Bp. *Morton* made that Speech, in which he had recourſe to the *Nagg's-head Conſecration* for the *Validity and Succeſſion of Proteſtant Biſhops*, as is ſaid. Which Teſtimony of my Lord's, for the Reader's Satisfaction, I will put down here.

" Having ſeen a Book Intituled. *The Conſecration and Succeſſion*

For as Men look upon thoſe Quacks,
That Prophecy in *Almanacks*, So

Succeſſion of Proteſtant Biſhops, &c. and particularly peruſed that Chapter call'd, *The Vindication of the Biſhop of* Durham, I find myſelf (reflecting on ſome Expreſſions therein, and the Bp. of *Derry*, Author) obliged to ſay ſomething as concerned, and ſo have deſir'd Place here for a few Lines. Who the Author of *The Treatiſe of the Catholick Faith*, &c. fixeth on to prove his Allegations touching the Bp. of *Durham*'s Speech, I know not; for he told me of it before ever I ſpoke to him, but ſure I am, if it be look'd after, he may have ſufficient Teſtimony to ſatisfy half a Dozen Juries; but that which ſtirs me to ſpeak in this Matter, is, a Note I have, at the Requeſt of the Bp. of *Derry*, given him under my Hand, wherein, I ſay, in Subſtance the ſame with the Author, touching the Bp. of *Durham*'s Speech. As for the Book againſt *Epiſcopacy*, which was the Ground of the Diſcourſe, my Note only avers, it was brought into the Houſe, but ſaid not by whom, nor who was the Author: In Truth, I wonder'd much to find that the Bp. of *Durham* doth deny this Speech; for I cannot remember that ever I heard of, or read the Story of the *Nagg's-head*, 'till that Day in Parliament of my Lord of *Durham*, then I heard it from him. And this, I ſay, as I ſhall anſwer it before the Judgment-ſeat of God Almighty. And I do not remember that ever I heard the Bp. of *Lincoln*, or any other Biſhop before or ſince mention the *Nagg's-head*, or touch that Story; if I had, and not nam'd him, my Lord of *Durham* might have juſt Reaſon to complain; but my Lord of *Derry* will not believe that I (for I cannot but take it to myſelf) do, or ever did know, the Bp. of *Durham* ſo well as to Swear, this was the Man. If his Lordſhip had been an *Engliſh* Biſhop, and frequented Parliaments, he would have omitted this. Not to multiply Words; I can aſſure his Lordſhip, I could as well, and ſurely have ſworn, this is the Man, the

So they were pointed at by All
For Prophets falſe, as thoſe of *Baal*.
The *Wolf* cannot ſo trimly put-on
The *Sheep's-skin*, as to paſs for *Mutton*.

Bp. of *Durham*, as his Lordſhip could of Sir *George Ratclif* when he lived. Beſides, his Perſon, and Place of the Biſhop's Bench is too eminent to be miſtaken. Another Expreſſion of my Lord of *Derry*, is, *I do not take myſelf to be ſo exact an Annaliſer of a Diſcourſe, as to be able to take my Oath, what was the true Scope of it.* He is likewiſe I muſt beg his Lordſhip's Pardon. I know no ſuch Defect in myſelf; for there is not any thing more eaſy than to comprehend the true Scope of a ſhort plain Hiſtorical Diſcourſe, as this was. To conclude, as to the Bp. of *Durham*'s Denial, I hope, that confeſſing himſelf now of the Age of 95 Years, it will be held no Crime to ſay, or improbable to believe, that one of that great Age, may at leaſt forget what he ſpake ſo many Years ſince. For the two *Certificates* of the other Lords; that of the Temporal ſaith little to my Lord of *Derry*'s Purpoſe, neither with an indifferent Judgment can that of the Spiritual work much. For my part, I do not ſay, that any, or all their Lordſhips, whoſe Names are put to the *Certificates* in the Book, were in the Houſe at that Time, or if any of them were, that they took Notice of what my Lord of *Durham* ſpake: For many Diſcourſes are made in Parliaments, and little Notice taken of them, neither had I of this, but that it was to me a new Thing. The Clerk of the Parliament is alſo brought in to certify, tho' as to my Note his Pains might have been ſpar'd, for I do not mention a Book Preſented, and conſequently, none to be Recorded: And as for Speeches, I do aſſure his Lordſhip, in the Authority of an old Parliament Man, that it is not the Office of the Clerk to Record them, (his Work would be too great) 'till it be a Reſult or Concluſion, and then he writes them down as Orders, Ordinances, *&c.* of Parliament.

I

I'll give the Reader here a Liſt
Of th' Ancient Biſhops diſpoſſeſs'd:
And who they were of theſe *Nagg's-Headers*,
That in their *Sees* ſet up for *Fathers*.

	Biſhopricks.	* Catholick Bps diſplac'd,	Proteſtants intruded.
In the Province of *Canterbury*,	*Canterbury.*	Vacant by the Death of Cardinal *Pole.*	*Parker.*
	London.	Bp. *Bonner.*	*Grindal.*
	Wincheſter.	Bp. *White.*	*Horn.*
	Ely.	Bp. *Thurlby.*	*Cox.*
	Lincoln.	Bp. *Watſon.*	*Bullingham.*
	Coventry and *Litchfield*	Bp. *Bayne.*	*Bentham.*
	Bath and *Wells.*	Bp. *Bourne.*	*Barclay.*
	Exon.	Bp. *Turbervil.*	*Ally.*
	Worceſter.	Bp. *Pates.*	*Sands.*
Prov. of *York.*	*Peterborough.*	Bp. *Pole.*	*Scambler.*
	Aſaph.	Bp. *Goldwell.*	*Davis.*
	York.	Abp. *Heath.*	*Young.*
	Durham.	Bp. *Tonſtall.*	*Pilkinton.*
	Carliſle.	Bp. *Oglethorp.*	*Beſt.*
	Cheſter.	Bp. *Scot.*	*Downham.*

I will end this ſhort and faithful Defence; which I have been neceſſitated to make for myſelf with many Thanks to my Lord of *Derry*, for his Charity, and Opinion of my Ingenuity; and ſeeing his Lordſhip's Inclination in this Matter is to abſolve me from a malicious Lye, I will abſolve myſelf as to the Miſtakes either in the Perſon, or Matter, aſſuring his Lordſhip and all the World, there is none." Thus the Lord *Audley*. p 89.

* The Catholick Biſhops were all depoſed in *July*, 1559. 1 *Eliz.* Vid. *Stow.* p. 639.

It was not long, before Report
Brought News from the *Nagg's-head* to the Court;
Which put her Highneſs in a Twitter,
But ſeeing 'tis, ſays ſhe, no better,
Go bring me Pen and Ink, and Paper,
And Seal and Wax, and light a Taper;
I'll not ſtir out o' th' Chair I ſit in,
'Till I have order'd all that's fitting:
For, ſince from me all Power ſprings,
I'faith I'll make the beſt of Things:
I'll ſee who 'tis that dare deny 'em
For Biſhops full as good as I am:
Only in Juriſdiction leſs
Than us, their *Supreme Biſhopeſs*,
I will go write a (q) *Diſpenſation*
For all Defects in *Conſecration*,
What's wanting in the *Conſecrator*,
Or *Conſecrated* is no Matter:
For all Defects in *Faculty*,
State and *Condition*, I'll *Supply*;
And by my *Letters-Patent*; will
Make *Good* whate'er they've Acted *ill*. She

(q) The Queen was under an *Extreme Neceſſity* of diſpenſing with all Invalidities of the *Condition*, *State* and *Faculty* of thoſe *Parker*'s pretended *Conſecrators*; becauſe ſhe knew they were only *Prieſts*, not *Biſhops*; and others than ſuch, ſhe and they now deſpaired of procuring.

The Words of her Letters-Patent are, *Supplentes nihilominus Suprema noſtra Authoritate Regia, &c. Supplying by our Supreme Royal Authority*, &c. *If any Thing be, or ſhall be wanting in theſe Things, which you are to do by our Command, either in yourſelves, or in any of you; or in your* Condition, State, Faculty, *which by the* Statutes *of this our Kingdom, or by the* Laws *of the Church are required, or* neceſſary; *The Time and Neceſſity of* Affairs *exacting this.* Vid. *Nullity of*, &c. Chap. 2.

Mr. *Maſon* in his Book *Of the Conſecration of Biſhops in the Church of* England, *Edit.* 1613. brings in this Queſtion

She ſaid; and ſate in Poſture right,
As one ſhould be that goes to write.
E'er ſhe had well ſet Pen to Paper,
Comes in a *Thought* and ſpares her Labour.
Bleſs me, ſays ſhe, my Head is giddy,
What I am doing's done already:
For now it comes into my Mind,
When they complain'd they could not find
One *Popiſh Biſhop* in the Nation
Willing to give them *Conſecration*;
I bad 'em go, and try *Landaff*,
Or do't themſelves, if he ſtood off;
And, by the *Power* conferr'd on *Me*,
I gave 'em *Letters* to *Supply*
The *Power* the *Conſecrators* wanted,
(Tho' 'twas *Epiſcopal* they granted,)
Their *Faculty*, *State* and *Condition*,
Are perfected by my *Commiſſion*.
Beſide all this, I'll not neglect
To make the Parl'ament Enact
For Good and Valid all that's done
In this their *Conſecration*.
Thus by her *Supreme* Power, *Beſs*
Made each fit for his *Dioceſs*:
Gives them her Orders, with Injunction
To Act in *Church* the Biſhop's *Function*,

Queſtion, If his (*Parker*'s) or their *Conſecrations* were Sound, why did the Queen in her Letters-Patent, directed for the *Conſecrating* of them, uſe divers general Words and Sentences, whereby ſhe diſpenſed with all *Cauſes*, or *Doubts* of any *Imperfection* or *Diſability*, that could or might be objected againſt them? *To which he makes this ridiculous Anſwer*, She might entertain ſome Reaſon in her Royal Breaſt, which you and I, and ſuch ſhallow Heads are not able to conceive: But if I might preſume to give my Conjecture, I ſuppoſe ſhe did it *ad majorem cautelam*. Thus he, p. 132.

And help in great Affairs of State,
As *Popish Bishops* did of late.
This pleas'd their Graces very well,
And to their *Offices* they fell,
Some a *New Liturgy* devise,
And some make Books of *Homilies*,
And some *New Articles* invent
Of Faith, and of Church Government;
And *Canons* at the last they make:
Of all which in due time I'll speak.
It was not long, e'er Bishop (r) *Bonner*
Call'd into Question this their Honour,
And told them plainly, that their Worships
Were never *Consecrated* Bishops;
That their Episcopal Vocation
Was but a *Cheat* upon the Nation;
Orders conferr'd by th' Magistrate
Are null in Laws of *Church* and *State*:
Therefore, says he, to *Robert Horn*,
The Oath you tender me I scorn: For

(r) Dr. *Heylin* on the 8th of Q. *Eliz.* 1565, 1566, says, by a Statute made in the last Parliament, a Power was given unto the Bishops to tender and receive the Oath of *Supremacy*. *Bonner* was then Prisoner in the *Clink* or *Marshalsea*, which being in *Southwark*, brought him within the Jurisdiction of *Horn*, Bishop of *Winchester*; by whose Chancellor the *Oath* was tendered to him. On the Refusal of which *Oath* he is Indicted at the *King's-Bench* upon the Statute, *&c.* Bishop *Bonner* Pleaded, That *Horn* at the time when the *Oath* was tender'd, was not Bishop of *Winchester*, and therefore not impower'd by the said *Statute* to make tender of the *Oath*, by himself or by his Chancellor, *&c.* The Cause comes at last to be debated amongst the Judges at *Serjeants-Inn*, by whom the Cause was finally put upon the Issue, and the Tryal of that Issue ordered to be committed to a *Jury* of the County of *Surrey*: But then withal (says he) it was advised, that the Decision

For you muſt know that *Horn* deſir'd
To have good *Bonner* Premunir'd;
And therefore offer'd him the *Oath*,
And bad him Swear by Faith and Troth,
By God himſelf, and Goſpels Four,
That *Beſs* in Church had *Supreme* Power.
Which he refuſing, *Horn* thought fit
To clap him up by *Queen's-Bench Writ*:
To which wiſe *Bonner* makes his Plea,
That *Horn*, tho' in a Biſhop's See,
Yet is no Biſhop: And therefore
Could not by Right claim any Pow'r
To tender *Oaths* to him; and ſo
What he had done was void in Law.

This

Deciſion of the Point ſhould rather be referr'd to the following Parliament, for fear that ſuch a weighty Matter might miſcarry by a Country Jury, *&c.*

According to this ſound Advice, the Buſineſs comes under Conſideration in the following Parliament, which began on the 30th of *September*, 1565. (Anno 8 *Eliz.*) this Parliament revived the *Statute* of *Edw.* VI. that authoriz'd the New Form of making Biſhops and Prieſts, repeal'd by Q. *Mary*. And (ſays *Heylin*) did accordingly Enact, "That all Per-
" ſons that had been, or ſhould be Made, Order'd
" or Conſecrated Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Prieſts, Mi-
" niſters and Deacons, after the Form preſcrib'd in
" the ſaid Book; be in very Deed, and alſo by
" Authority hereof *Declared* and *Enacted* to be, and
" ſhall be, Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Prieſts, Miniſters
" and Deacons, rightly Made, Conſecrated and
" Ordered; any *Statute*, *Law*, *Canon*, or any Thing,
" to the contrary notwithſtanding." In this laſt Act, the Church (ſays he) is ſtrongly ſettled on her natural Pillars. See *Heylin*, p. 345, 346. And Dr. *Champney's Vocation of Biſhops*, p. 168. As alſo the *Abridgment of Judge* Dyer's *Reports*, 7 *Eliz.* 234.

This wounded *Horn* to th' very Heart,
Nor could he long conceal the Smart,
But fill'd his Fellow-Biſhops Ears,
With crying out,——— *His Caſe was theirs*;
And they Oblig'd, as much as he,
To ſtand up for their *Prelacy*,
And enter into Verbal Fight
To prove their *Ordination* Right.
For if, ſays he, they prove me no
Biſhop, they'll do the ſame by you.

They, finding *Horn* ſo cloſely preſs'd,
Meet to conſider what is beſt:
After ſome Chat and fruitleſs Pratling,
They fly for Aid to old Judge *Catlin*,
Begging he would defend their Honour
Againſt the Plea of Biſhop *Bonner*,
And ſhew *Horn*'s Proceſs had no Flaw,
But judge them Biſhops good in Law.
And for his Fee each Man was willing
To greaſe his Fiſt with Twenty Shilling,
And promis'd him a better Penny;
For we'll not ſtick, ſay they, for Money,
Provided that the Cauſe, when try'd,
Paſs on our Brother *Robert*'s Side,
And *Bonner* Caſt in Premunire.
Quoth *Catlin*, Well, my Lords, I hear ye,
But Juſtice is not to be ſold,
Nor am I to be brib'd with Gold:
However, in ſo grand a Cauſe,
I'll ſtretch to th'utmoſt all the Laws:
And if I cannot make it do,
Ere't come to Tryal, you ſhall know:
Then you may let the Matter reſt,
Or elſe proceed, as you ſee beſt.
Then thanking him, away they went,
And left him to conſider on't.

Tho' he had Skill in *Statute-Book*,
As much as *Littleton* or *Cook*,

Juſtinian's

Juſtinian's Code and *Magna-Chart*
Had, and the *Canon Law*, by heart;
Yet would not raſhly give Advice,
In Caſes difficult and nice:
Or of Opinions, tell what his was
In weighty Matters, ſuch as this was;
'Till firſt his Fellow-Judges were
Conſulted in the great Affair.
And therefore, tho' Lame of each Foot
With that genteel Diſeaſe the *Gout*;
In Slippers out of Doors he trudges,
To th'Chambers of *his Fellow-Judges*;
Gets their Opinions one by one,
Then pitch'd a Day to meet upon
At his Apartment, where the Biſhops
Were ſent for, to attend their Worſhips.

The Caſe (as is before related)
In full Aſſembly being Debated;
The Judges all conclude, the Matter
To be of very perl'ous Nature;
And tell the Biſhops, that if Try'd,
It needs muſt go on *Bonner*'s Side;
Becauſe they could not make't appear,
Such Prelates lawful Biſhops were:
Therefore adviſ'd 'em, for the beſt,
Never to bring it to the Teſt:
And Charged *Horn* to preſs no further
In what would ſcandalize their Order,
Nor ever trouble *Bonner* more,
By off'ring Oaths on ſuch a Score.

This Matter Whiſper'd up and down;
Was quickly ſpread thro' all the Town;
And every Body ſaw the Cheat,
Epiſcopacy Counterfeit.

Horn and his Fellow-Biſhops knowing
That this would tend to their Undoing,

Reſolve

Reſolve upon another Trick,
How to ſecure the Biſhoprick;
And gain themſelves Reſpect and Awe
Like Biſhops, (good at leaſt in Law)
And it was this; away they went
To beg an Act of Parl'ament:
As judging it the only Way,
To make their new-form'd Kirk Obey;
And own them, without Contradiction,
To be endow'd with Juriſdiction:
For who is he that dare withſtand
A Statute ſign'd by Royal Hand?
The Parl'ment, at their Petition,
Enacts them Biſhops, gives them Miſſion:
The Act confirm'd, and ſign'd by *Beſs*,
Each takes him to his *Dioceſs*.
This is in fine, the Tuberous Root,
Whence Pſeudo-Prelacy ſprang out:
A ſpurious Slip, a Baſtard Stem,
Begot 'tween *Queen* and *Sanhedrim*.
And to this Day they keep the Name
Of *Parliament Biſhops*. ——

Thoſe Biſhops,—— *As by Law Eſtabliſh'd*
(For *Villanies* and *Lyes* the Ableſt;
And for true *Cant* and ſeeming *Zeal*,
The beſt in all the Common-Weal)
Ordain a Clergy like themſelves,
And o'er the Flock they place the Wolves,
A Clergy wed to Vice and Wives,
And Doctrines impious as their Lives:
Made up o'th' baſeſt Sort of Men
The Nation had in being then.
Bag-pipers, Fidlers, Tanners, Tinkers
Card-makers, (s) Coblers, Common-Drinkers.

Carters,

(s) See Dr. *Heylin*, who out of Mr. *John Raſtel* gives this ſame Account of Coblers, Weavers, Tinkers, Bag-pipers, *&c.* being put into Pulpits, and keeping the Place of *Prieſts* and *Miniſters*. p. 346, 347.

Carters, and *Catchpoles*, *Chimney-ſweepers*,
Fiſhmongers, *Butchers*, *Cattle-Keepers*,
Bricklayers, *Blackſmiths*, *Weavers*, *Taylors*,
Gold-finders, *Scavengers*, and *Jaylors*.

To Rail againſt the Church of *Rome*,
To Preach its Downfal, and its Doom,
And curſe the Pope, as they were Mad,
Was the main Article they had,
And who perform'd it beſt, were then
Cry'd up for mighty Gifted-Men:
And thoſe were held for Sound Divines,
Who pelted *Images* and *Shrines*,
And bang'd the *Saints*, 'till black and blue,
And *Pelion* upon *Oſſa* threw,
On Top of which to plant their Engines,
For battering Heaven with a Vengeance;
Becauſe the *Saints* and *Angels* there,
Preſume to Pray for Mortals here;
And are by God for *Guardians* ſent
To us of the *Church Militant*.
But they were had in moſt Eſteem,
Who did the *MASS* the moſt Blaſpheme.
In ſhort, their Learning did conſiſt
In Railing, who could Rail the beſt.
They plac'd the Leudeſt and moſt Witty
Buffoons in Kirks, the beſt 'ith' City,
The Duller Sort, that ſcarce could read,
In Country Kirks ſet up and pray'd;
Stammer'd the *Common-Prayer-Book* o'er,
And *Homilies*, well conn'd before;
For in the Kirk they durſt not come
'Till *Homily* was conn'd at Home.
So unlearn'd Thieves ſometimes have got
Propitious *Neck-Verſe* ſo by Rote,
As to repeat it, and not faulter,
To ſave condemned Necks from Halter:
Such were thoſe new Eccleſiaſticks,
A Crew of Scoundrel ill-bred Ruſticks,

A Scum of Raſcals, baſe and dull,
As ever fill'd a Pulpit full.

Unleſs, by Chance, that One in Ten
Liſted himſelf 'mong Learned Men:
For ſome there were, whoſe Blockheads bore,
Above the reſt, a Share of Lore,
And theſe had wonderful Conceits
O'th' hidden Treaſure in their Pates:
In Myſtick Sciences deep Skill
They would pretend to, and knew well
How Wands diſcover Treaſure hid,
How Blood may be from Man to Kid
Transfus'd, and Kid's Blood into Man,
By Means of Circulation:
How watchful Cocks do come to know,
What time of Night they are to Crow,
How Horſes, Cats, and Dogs, and Bitches,
By Springs are mov'd like Clocks and Watches;
Why hideous Shapes appear to Sight,
And rotten Sticks ſhine in dark Night:
Why Turky-Cocks, when Boys do Whiſtle,
Strut and ſet up their Plumy-briſtle.
All theſe, and ſuch-like Things as theſe are,
They would unriddle at their Pleaſure,
And ſolve by *Occult Quality*,
Antipathy, and *Sympathy*,
The difficulteſt Query that
A ſubtile Nat'raliſt could put:
Such was the Learning, ſuch the Arts
Of thoſe firſt Clergymen of Parts:
But much improv'd by handing down
To *Great-Great--Grand-Son* of the Gown.

Do but obſerve, and ſtill you may
Hear jolly Parſons at this Day,
(Eſpecially when they have got
Their Wits well warm'd with Pipe and Pot)

Diſcover

Diſcover larger (*t*) Stocks of Lore,
Than e'er their Granſires Blockheads bore;
Eſpecially to Country Folk,
That Gape and Wonder at their Talk.
They'll Talk like Learn'd *Aſtronomers*,
Of Living Creatures made of *Stars*;
As *Lyon*, *Scorpion*, *Bear* and *Bull*,
And other Things leſs Dangerful,
As little *Twins*, and tender *Virgin*,
And *Crabfiſh* (but ſay nought of *Sturgeon*)
And of a *Horſe* winged on each Side,
(Whoſe *Head* hangs for a *Sign* in *Cheapſide*,)
A *Dragon*'s Head and Tail they find,
But queſtion whether Part's behind:
Nor can their Wiſe Men ſolve the Riddle,
Becauſe the *Dragon* has no Middle.

Of deeper Matters far than theſe,
They can Diſcourſe with mickle Eaſe,

And

(*t*) In a ſmall Treatiſe Intituled, *The Grounds and Occaſions of the Contempt of the Clergy*. The Reader may ſee their Ignorance, their Vain-boaſting and fooliſh Pretence to Learning, Abſurdities, Profaneneſs, and Blaſphemies in their Sermons ſet out to the Life from known Examples.

One, ſays he, will bring into his Sermon all the Circles of the Globe, and all the frightful Terms of *Aſtronomy*, and make our Saviour paſs thro' all the 12 Signs of the *Zodiack*. p. 53, 54.

Another to (prove the *Harmony* of the *Spheres*) fancies the *Moon*, *Mercury* and *Venus* to be a kind of Violins or Trebles to *Jupiter* and *Saturn*, and that the *Sun* and *Mars* ſupply the Room of Tenors; the *Primum Mobile* running Diviſion all the Time. p. 62.

Another teaches his Pariſhioners how to Diſſolve Gold, and what Chymical Preparations will do it. p. 52.

Another makes the Body of Man like an *Apple*, and the Soul like an *Oyſter*. p. 52.

And, without Help of *Syllogiſms*,
Prove *Metals* to have *Aſteriſms*:
That *Mercury*'s the *Primum-Ens*
Of *Sol* and *Luna*, that from thence
Old *Triſmegiſtus*, long before 'em,
Extracted *Stone-Philoſophorum*:
And that themſelves have got his Skill
To *Tranſmute Metals* when they will.

As *Walchius* could Words impriſon
In hollow *Canes*, ſo they, by Reaſon,
Judgment, and great Dexterity
Can Bottle Words as well as he;
And can from Place to Place convey them,
'Till, when they pleaſe, the *Reed* ſhall ſay them:
Will ſuddenly the ſame diſcharge,
And Hail-ſhot Syllables at large
Will fly intelligibly out
Into the Ears of all about.
So that the *Auditors* may gain
Their Meaning, from the Breech of *Cane*.

They know the Languages of Birds,
Can talk with Beaſts in proper Words,
Know by the Croaking of a Frog,
More than *Agrippa* and his *Dog*;
And in *Occult Philoſophy*,
Are five times better Skill'd than he;

Beſides their Speculative Parts,
Vaſt Practick Skill they have in Arts,
When Things are ſtol'n, what Way they went
Can tell, and when they'll home be ſent.
By *Chiromancy* Fortunes tell,
And cure Diſeaſes by a *Spell*.
Know what is baneful, what is wholſome,
And can make *Apoplectick Balſom*.
And by freſh Unguents; made of *Simples*,
Can ſtout Réd-Noſes free from *Pimples*.

Can

Can Bleed by *Leeches*, and draw *Bliſters*,
And handy are in giving *Clyſters*.
Can to young Wenches *Powders* give
To make their Sweet-hearts fall in Love.
And can by *Talismans* and *Sigils*,
Make *Cowards* Proof 'gainſt *Canes* and *Cudgels*,
Night-Revels hold with *Hags* and *Fairies*,
Know where they Dance, and keep their Dairies;
Can play ſtrange Feats with *Sieve* and *Shears*
And talk with *Ghoſts*, when none appears:
Work Wonders by the Strength of *Fancy*,
And Devils raiſe by *Necromancy*.
As to their (*u*) *Morals*, if you wou'd
Know whether they were Ill or Good;
Gueſs from the Qualities and Birth
Of thoſe Mechanick Sons of Earth,
Their Education and baſe Breeding,
'Till they got Gowns and better Feeding,
Will eaſily point out the Manners
Of thoſe *Eccleſiaſtick* Tanners,
Swine-herds and Tinkers, as is ſaid
Above; for they were Men of Trade.

Beſides, obſerve the Upright Ways
Of the good Parſons of our Days,
The Edifying Lives they live,
The bleſs'd Examples that they give;
For, by the Morals of the Young,
Is ſhewn the Stock from whence they ſprung,
The

(*u*) You may ſee in *The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*. Printed at *London*, in 1692. And *The Anſwer to the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence* Printed at *London*, 1693. What Sort of Learning, Preaching, Praying, *&c*, is practiſed; and how abominably wicked their Parſons are in all manner of Vice, as *Lying*, *Adultery*, *Cruelty*, *Sorcery*, *Perjury*, *Sodomy*, &c. From thoſe there nam'd, you may gueſs at the Morals of the reſt throughout *England*, not only at preſent, but ever ſince the pretended Reformation.

The (x) *Grandſires* Vertues cannot fail,
While *Off-ſpring* holds 'em by Entail.

As an Entail upon the Gown,
With mighty Care they've handed down
Their *Heirloome* of exceeding Price,
Tobacco, *Tankards*, *Cards* and *Dice*,
With all the Implements of Vice:
By which, and *Anceſtors* Direction,
They're grown to wonderful Perfection
In Taſting *Ale*, and *Wine*, and *Brandy*,
In Gaming, and the Art *Amandi*,
In Songs *Obſcene*, and *Tipt* Diſcourſe,
And ſomething elſe a great deal worſe.
In *Wheedle*, *Banter*, and rude *Scoffings*,
In *Hectoring* like Ragamuffins;
In *Quarrels*, *Law-ſuits*, and *Contention*,
In Subtle Art of *Circumvention*,
In *Lying*, *Swearing*; add to theſe
Rebellion, 'tis their Maſter-piece.
In ſhort, there's nothing that has Ill in't,
But to a Wonder they have Skill in't.

Now comes the Place where I ſhould give
Some ſhort Account what they Believe.
And how they ſtand as to their Faith;
But I find none that any hath:
For each Man holds what he thinks beſt,
And damns for *Herſy* the reſt;
And what he holds, gives quickly o'er,
And takes the Point he damn'd before.

And

(x) In the Year 1641, 1642, *&c.* The *Presbyterians* bundled up thouſands of Inſtances of the like Sort againſt the Biſhops and Clergy of the *Church of England*, all which they charged ſo cloſely home to them, as to force them to Abdicate their Uſurped Biſhopricks, and turn Vagabonds in Foreign Countries. See *Petitions to the Parliament*, and other Writings of that Time.

And this he changes o'er again,
As Fancy is in *Full* or *Wane*.

Yet under what old Name the Elves
Are pleas'd to Congregate themſelves,
To ſhew Diſtinction of *Sect*,
And *Herd* denote, they moſt Affect,
I'll tell you here, as to the Tall-ones,
And bundle up in One, the Small-ones.
Atheiſts, and *Deiſts*, *Unitarians*,
Supralapſarians, *Sublapſarians*,
Socinians, and *Presbyterians*,
Quakers, and *Wet-Quakers*, or Merry-ones.
That can allow themſelves the Creature,
Be't what it will, when it pleaſes Nature.
There is the (*y*) *High-Church* and the *Low-Church*,
And the moſt Spacious is their *No-Church*:
For they have found a new Invention
Of *Latitude* call'd *Comprehenſion*,
That all the *Hereſies* hem in.
Which have ſince *Simon Magus* been:
'Tis this, that I their *No-Church* call,
Becauſe it holds the *Devil* and *All*.
This *Comprehenſion* is founded
On *Beſs*'s Articles, Expounded

By

(*y*) In the Convocation that met on *Feb.* 6. 1700. about Church Matters: The Two Houſes of Convocation diſagreeing about Privileges and other Matters. And the Lower-Houſe or Inferior Clergy inſiſting more Magiſterially upon their Claim, than the Biſhops or Upper-Houſe thought conſiſtent with good Manners. The Biſhops in Deriſion nicknam'd them *The High-Church*. The Clergy or Lower-Houſe, to be even with them, Intituled them *The Low-Church*. So that by theſe two Names are to be underſtood all the Biſhops and Clergy, and their Followers that aſſume the Name of the Church of *England*. See their Books and ſcurrilous Pamphlets, Publiſhed againſt one another at that Time.

By *Sarum*'s Biſhop, who from thence,
Draws *Latitude* in *Literal-Senſe.*

Though Faith they have in no Degree
More than I here have let you ſee;
Yet they are buſied about
Finding Faith's *Fundamentals* out;
And Teach that thoſe who hold not all
The Points of Faith *Eſſential*,
Are no *Good Chriſtians*, nor *Believers*;
Or for Salvation right Contrivers.

But here the puzzling Query riſes,
That all their Doctorſhips ſurpriſes;
What Artitles are (z) *Fundamental*,
And what are not?——None of 'em can tell,
But anſwer thus: It is a Riddle,
With which wiſe People will not meddle.
A ſolid Anſwer to their Flock,
And needs muſt Thinking-People ſhock.
To hear their Doctors Preach and Write,
" *You who ſeek Heav'n can ne'er come nigh't,*
" *Unleſs ſuch Points of Faith you hold*
" *As never ſhall by us be told.*"
This needs muſt ſtrike a deadly Fear,
And drive them into black Deſpair.
Suppoſe the Silly People ſay,
(As very reaſonably they may)
Alas poor We! What ſhall we do?
Be damn'd for what we do not know?

Why

(z) *Gilbert Burnet*, Biſhop of *Sarum*, in his Expoſition on the XXXIX Articles, teaches, That an Article being conceived in ſuch general Words that it can admit of different Literal and Grammatical Senſes, even when the Senſes given are plainly contrary one to another; yet both may ſubſcribe the Article with a good Conſcience, and without Equivocation. *Introduct. to the Expoſition.* p. 8.

Why won't you tell us what will Save us,
But in this (*a*) utter Darkneſs leave us?
Your Cruelty's beyond Expreſſion,
Or Reach of ſtrong Imagination.
Since Chriſt our Saviour did reveal 'em,
Why ſhould his Miniſters conceal 'em?

They Anſwer thus: We're not inclin'd,
T'have Fundamental Points *Defin'd*;
Leſt on the one hand it ſhould *ſeem*
Denying Salvation to them
Who do not hold 'em (*b*) all when known,
This we are *loth to do*: Yet own
That he who miſſes one Point ſhall
Be damn'd, tho' ignorant of All.

Beſides,

(*a*) *Burnet*, in his ſaid Expoſition, writes thus: That which makes particular Men Believers, is their Receiving the Fundamentals of Chriſtianity. p. 180. We ought to ſettle our Faith as to the grand Points of Chriſtian Religion, &c. Here a Diſtinction is to be made between thoſe Capital and Fundamental Articles, without which a Man cannot be eſteemed a true Chriſtian, nor a Church a true Church, and other Truths which being delivered in Scripture, all Men are indeed obliged to believe them: Yet they are not of that Nature, that the Ignorance of them or an Error in them, can Exclude from Salvation.

Here (*ſays he*) a Controverſy does naturally ariſe, that wiſe People are unwilling to meddle with, What Articles are Fundamental, and what are not?

(*b*) The Defining of Fundamental Articles ſeems on the one hand to deny Salvation to ſuch as do not receive them all, which Men are not willing to do.

On the other hand, it may ſeem a leaving Men at liberty, as to all other Particulars that are not reckoned up among the Fundamentals. Thus the Bp. of *Sarum*, on the XIXth Article. p. 179.

Beſides, ſhould we tell what will ſave ye,
And all thoſe Fundamentals give ye:
It might *ſeem* leaving you at Freedom
To live as if you did not need 'em,
Such leſſer Points as plainly carry,
The Title of Unneceſſary.
Theſe are the Reaſons that are given
For hiding thus the Way to Heaven:
So Fooliſh, Silly and Abſurd,
Ten thouſand are not worth a Turd.
And tho' they ſpeak, as if (proud Elves)
They underſtood theſe Points themſelves;
Yet the true Reaſon why they do not
Define 'em, is, becauſe they cannot.
Let all their Allie Doctors join
In *Convocation*, to Define
Faith's Fundamentals, and they'll ſtill
Be at a ſtand; and ſtand they will;
Becauſe indeed, they can as ſoon
Shape out a Coat to fit the Moon,
All they can do's to bid you pore
On (c) *Bibles* 'till your Eyes are ſore,
And in that Wilderneſs of Letter
Hunt for your Faith (tho' ne'er the better)
It is from thence they bid you take
Your Faith, and your Religion make
Juſt as you pleaſe, each Man his own,
Without conſulting with the Gown:
Nor are you to believe a (d) Synod
With twice Five hundred Doctors in it.

The

(c) Dr. *Burnet*, Bp. of *Sarum*, in his Expoſition on the XXth Article, teaches, That every Man has a Right to ſearch the Scriptures, and to take his Faith from them; yet it is certain that he may be miſtaken in it.

(d) When any Synod of the Clergy has ſo far Examined a Point, as to ſettle their Opinions about it, they may certainly Decree that ſuch is their Doctrine, *&c.* And

The Reaſon that for this they give ye
Is, " *ſuch a Synod may Deceive ye:*
" *Becauſe our Church nor can, nor will*
" *Pretend to be Infallible.*

When you have fit Faith to your Mind,
As each ſelf Judgment is inclin'd;
'Yet he who likes it not when done,
May (*e*) Chang't again; and ſo go on.
'Till into thouſand *Forms* he turns it,
Like *Cranmer*, *Stillingfleet*, or *Burnet*:
And when you can transform no more,
Then all turn *Atheiſts*, and give o'er.

This firſt allowing Bible-freedom
To all that could, or could not read 'em;
Has authoriz'd each mad Diviſion,
That ſince Old *Luther*'s Fall had riſen;
For hence it is, that any Man
May be at firſt a *Lutheran*;
And by and by may turn an *Arian*,
Socinian, or *Unitarian*,
A *Zuinglian* or *Calviniſt*,
An *Adamite*, or *Familiſt*,
An *Anabaptiſt*, or a *Dipper*,
(To waſh from Sin his Female Neighbour)
A *Quaker*, *Hobbiſt*, or *Crammerian*,
A *Janſeniſt*, or *Presbyterian*.

And in this a Body does no more, as it is a Body, than what every ſingle Individual has a Right to do for himſelf.

(*e*) Every Man that finds his own Thoughts differ from it (*i. e.* from a Definition made by the Body of the Paſtors) ought to examine the Matter over again. But if, after all poſſible Methods of enquiry, a Man cannot maſter his Thoughts, or make them agree with publick Deciſſions, his Conſcience is not under Bonds; ſince this Authority is not abſolute, nor grounded upon a Promiſe of Infallibility, P. 195, 196.

If *Comprehenſion* he judge beſt,
Then turn a *Gilbert Burnetiſt*;
Or he may follow *John O' Leyden*,
Or any other that we read on;
Or if he pleaſe may joyn with all,
And when he will, with none at all,
And ſo become an *Independent*;
Or if, to make the ſhorter end on't,
He take it for the beſt to *Hang*,
Cut Throat, or *Drown* his Outward Man,
To free from Fleſh impriſon'd Soul,
(As well as Maggot from *his Poll*;)
Then may he boldly take his Swing,
And go to Heaven in a String.

Tho' every Man's Belief was Free,
They, for good Order, did agree
To patch a Symbol up together,
Of Doctrines Good and Bad, and neither,
Parker obſerving that the Land
For publick Faith was at a Stand;
And every Body made their own,
Since *Catholick Faith* was put down;
Calls to him all his *Nagg's-head* Brethren,
Who at a Day appointed gath'ring,
Unto th' attentive *Convocation*
Thus ſpeaks he, in moſt Solemn faſhion.

Moſt Rev'rend Brothers, you muſt know,
The Queen has placed *Me* and *You*
For Pillars and for Corner-ſtones,
Deſigning on our Shoulder-bones
To found this great and weighty Work,
Of building up her *Engliſh Kirk*.
But, Brethren, how can this be done
While it's Materials, one by one,
Lie uncemented looſe together,
Ready to fall we know not whether,
Nor whether e'er again we find 'em?
Our beſt way therefore is to bind 'em

Cloſe

Cloſe in a Bundle, as Folk do
A ſort of Faggot-ſticks, or ſo:
Which muſt be done, as I imagine,
By (f) *Articles* of our Religion;
In which the *Faith* we are to preach,
And *Doctrines* which we mean to Teach,
Shall be ſent thro' the Queen's Dominions,
Againſt Diverſity in Opinions;
That every one may Underſtand,
What ſort of Faith we'll teach the Land.

This done, we muſt the People Awe
By Statute, and by *Penal Law*,
To hold the Doctrines we preſent 'em,
Whether they do, or not content 'em,
So none ſhall dare to deviate
From the *Religion of the State*.
Thus, (as we are in Story told)
Th' *Arabian Prophet* did of Old:
And 'twas a Politick device,
To fill with *Fools* his *Paradiſe*.

I fear, quoth *Horn*, this will not hinder
Our Kirk from Renting ſtill aſunder:
Becauſe 'tis certain, endleſs Ruptures
Muſt daily grow from Reading Scriptures;
While every one expounds the Letter
In his own Senſe. Well, that's no matter,
Quoth *Parker*, if they don't oppoſe
Our *Articles*, nor break our *Laws*,
But ſubſcribe every *Article*,
Each in his own Senſe, if he will;
For different Senſes we'll allow
Of *Articles*, and *Scripture* too;
Becauſe we can have no Pretence
To bind Men up to our own Sence;
Since they and we know very well,
That we are not *Infallible*.

(f) The Thirty nine Articles.

It will be very hard, I know well,
To pleaſe each different Sect, quoth *Jewel*,
Scarce ſhall we find Words ſo Capacious,
And Sentences ſo large and Spacious,
As to admit of every meaning
A thouſand Sects will have 'em ta'n-in.

Doubt not, ſays *Parker*, of our Skill
In Terms Equivocal, we will
Uſe Words ambiguous and dark,
And all ſuch Sentences we'll mark,
And may be wreſted ſeveral Ways,
Like *Delphick* Saws in former Days;
And make our *Creed* ſo patly Plyable;
That to all Senſes 't ſhall be liable;
Like Noſe of Wax, that may be twin'd
To any Side one has a mind.
To this, the Chief in every Tribe
Of Sectaries, will ſoon Subſcribe.

But tho' they do Subſcribe the Letter,
Quoth *Bentham*, what are we the better?
This will not leſſen that Vaſt Number
Of (g) Sects, that do our Nation cumber.
'Tis true, quoth *Matt.* Sects daily ſpring up,
And Doctrines grow like any thing up;
Yet what of that, if this Invention
Do, by the way of *Comprehenſion*,
Bring every Sect we live among
To own that they to us belong?
In Faith each Member may be Single, and
Yet all be of the *Church of England*:

Juſt

(g) The lower Houſe of Convocation, even in K. *Henry* VIII. time, complained to the upper Houſe of no fewer than 67 Opinions ſpread in the Kingdom. They alſo complain'd of ſome Biſhops who were wanting in their Duty to ſuppreſs ſuch Abuſes; which was underſtood as a Reflection on *Cranmer*, *Shaxton*, and *Latimer*. Vid. *Burnet's* Abridg.

Juſt as all Sects of Reform'd Saints,
Aſſume the Name of *Proteſtants*.

He ſaid, and all the reſt agreed
To fall a Changing *Edward*'s *Creed*,
His *Articles* they did Refine,
From Forty-two to Thirty-nine;
Corrected this Piece, that Piece made,
Put forward this, that retrograde;
Chang'd here and there, to this and that,
Put in and out, they knew not what,
Nor where they ended or begun.
At laſt comes out their *Alchoran*,
With Heads in Number Nine and Thirty;
I ſtrange they made 'em not up Forty.

King EDWARD's 42 Articles.

Articles Agreed upon by the Biſhops and other Learned Men in the Convocation held at London *in the Year* 1552. *for the avoiding of Diverſities of Opinions, and eſtabliſhing Conſent touching true Religion.*

Publiſh'd by the King's Authority.

ARTICLE I.

Of Faith in the Holy Trinity.

There is but one living and true God, Everlaſting, without Body, Parts, or Paſſions; of infinite Power, Wiſdom, and Goodneſs; the Maker and Preſerver of all Things both Viſible and Inviſible. And in the Unity of this God-head there *are* three Perſons, [ ] one Subſtance, Power and Eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt.

II.

The Word of God made very Man.

The Son, which is the Word of the Father [ ] took Man's Nature in the Womb of the Bleſſed Virgin, of her Subſtance: So that two whole and perfect Natures, that is to ſay, the God-head and Man-hood, were joyned together in one Perſon, never to be divided, whereof is One Chriſt, very God and very Man, who truly Suffer'd, was Crucified, Dead and Buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a Sacrifice not only for Original Guilt, but alſo for Actual Sins of Men.

III. *Of*

Queen ELIZABETH's 39 Articles.

Articles Agreed upon by the Archbiſhops, and Biſhops of both Provinces, and the whole Clergy, in the Convocation holden at London *in the Year* 1562. *for the avoiding of Diverſities of Opinions, and Eſtabliſhing Conſent touching true Religion.*

Publiſhed by the Queen's Authority.

ARTICLE I.

Of Faith in the Holy Trinity.

There is but one living and true God, Everlaſting, without Body, Parts, or Paſſions; of Infinite Power, Wiſdom, and Goodneſs; the Maker and Preſerver of all things both Viſible and Inviſible. And in the Unity of this God-head there *be* three Perſons, *of* one Subſtance, Power and Eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt.

II.

Of the Word or Son of God, which was made very Man.

The Son, which is the Word of the Father, *Begotten from Everlaſting of the Father, the very and Eternal God, of one Subſtance with the Father,* took Man's Nature in the Womb of the Bleſſed Virgin, of her Subſtance; ſo that two whole and perfect Natures, that is to ſay the God-head and Man-hood, were joyned together in one Perſon; never to be divided: Whereof is one Chriſt, very God and very Man: Who truly ſuffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a Sacrifice not only for Original Guilt, but alſo for Actual Sins of Men.

King EDWARD's Articles.

III.

Of the going down of Chriſt into Hell.

As Chriſt died for us and was buried; ſo alſo it is to be believed that he went down into Hell: *For his Body lay in the Grave till his Reſurrection, but his Soul being ſeparate from his Body, remained with the Spirits which were detained in* Priſon, *that is to ſay, in* Hell, *and there* Preached *unto them,* as witneſſeth that Place of *Peter.*

King Edward's *fourth Article is the ſame with this of Queen* Elizabeth's.

Queen Elizabeth's *fifth Article is not in King* Edward's *Book of Articles.*

V.

The Doctrine of Holy Scripture is ſufficient to Salvation.

Holy Scripture containeth all things Neceſſary to Salvation, ſo that whatſoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, *although ſometimes it may be admitted by God's faithful People, as Pious and conducing unto Order and Decency,* yet is not required of any Man, that it ſhould be delivered as an Article of the Faith, or be thought requiſite or neceſſary to Salvation. [ ]

What follows in Queen Elizabeth's *Article is not in King* Edward's.

VI. Th[e]

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

III.

Of the going down of Christ into Hell.

As Christ died for us, and was buried, so also it is to be believed that he went down into Hell. [ ]

IV.

Of the Resurrection of Christ.

Christ did truly rise again from Death, and took again his Body, with Flesh, Bones and all things appertaining to the Perfection of Man's Nature, wherewith he Ascended into Heaven, and there sitteth until he return to Judge all Men at the last Day.

V.

Of the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son, is of one Substance, Majesty, and Glory with the Father and the Son, very and eternal God.

VI.

Of the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation.

Holy Scripture containeth all things Necessary to Salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, [ ] is not to be required of any Man, that it should be believed as an Article of Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to Salvation. *In the Name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament, of whose Authority was never any doubt in the Church:*

King EDWARD's Articles.

VI.

The Old Teſtament is not to be rejected.

The Old Teſtament [ ] is not to be rejected, as if it were contrary to the New, but to be retained. Foraſmuch as in the Old Teſtament, as in the New, Everlaſting Life is offered to Mankind by Chriſt, who is the only Mediator betwixt God and Man, being both God and Man. Wherefore they are not to be heard, who feign, that the old Fathers did look only for tranſitory Promiſes. [ ]

VII. *The*

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

Of the Names and Number of the Canonical Books.

Geneſis, *Exodus*, *Leviticus*, *Numbers*, *Deuteronomy*, *Joſhua*, *Judges*, *Ruth*, The 1 Book of *Samuel*, the 2 Book of *Samuel*, the 1 Book of *Kings*, The 2 Book of *Kings*, the 1 Book of *Chronicles*, the 2 Book of *Chronicles*, the 1 Book of *Eſdras*, the 2 Book of *Eſdras*, the Book of *Heſter*, the Book of *Job*, the *Pſalms*, the *Proverbs*, *Eccleſiaſtes* or Preacher, *Canticles* or Song of *Solomon*, Four *Prophets* the greater, Twelve *Prophets* the leſs.

And the other Books (as Hierom *ſaith) the Church doth read for Example of Life, and Inſtruction of Manners; but yet it doth not apply them to eſtabliſh any Doctrine: ſuch as theſe following.*

The 3 Book of *Eſdras*, the 4 Book of *Eſdras*, the Book of *Tobias*, the Book of *Judith*, the reſt of the Book of *Heſter*, the Book of *Wiſdom*, *Jeſus* the Son of *Syrach*, *Baruch* the Prophet, the Song of the *Three Children*, the Story of *Suſanna*, of *Bell* and the *Dragon*, the Prayer of *Manaſſes*, the 1 Book of *Maccabees*, the 2 Book of *Maccabees*.

All the Books of the New Teſtament as they are commonly received, we do receive, and account them Canonical.

VII.

Of the Old Teſtament.

The Old Teſtament *is not contrary to the New, for both in the Old and New Teſtament everlaſting Life is offered to Mankind by Chriſt, who is the only Mediator between God and Man, being both God and Man.* Wherefore they are not to be heard, which feign that the Old Fathers did look only for tranſitory Promiſes. *Although the Law given from*

King EDWARD's Articles.

VII.

The Three Creeds.

The three Creeds, *Nice* Creed, *Athanaſius* Creed, and that which is commonly called the Apoſtles Creed, ought thoroughly to be received; [ ] for they may be proved by moſt certain Warrants of the Holy Scripture.

VIII.

Of Original Sin.

Original Sin ſtandeth not in the following of *Adam*, (as the *Pelagians* do vainly talk, *and as this Day is affirmed by the Anabaptiſts*) but it is the Fault and Corruption [ ] of every Man, *&c.*

The reſt of this Article is the ſame with that of Queen Elizabeth's.

IX. Of

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

from God by Moſes, *as touching Ceremonies and Rites, do not bind Chriſtian Men, nor the Civil Precepts thereof ought of Neceſſity to be received in any Common-Wealth, yet notwithſtanding no Chriſtian Man whatſoever is free from the Obedience of the Commandments which are called Moral.*

VIII.

Of the three Creeds.

The three Creeds, *Nice* Creed, *Athanaſius*'s Creed, and that which is commonly called the Apoſtles Creed, ought thoroughly to be received *and believed*; for they may be proved by moſt certain Warrants of Holy Scripture.

IX.

Of Original or Birth-Sin.

Original Sin ſtandeth not in the following of *Adam* (as the *Pelagians* do vainly talk) [ ] but it is the Fault or Corruption *of the Nature* of every Man, that naturally is ingendred of the Off-ſpring of *Adam*, whereby Man is very far gone from Original Righteouſneſs, and is of his own Nature inclined to evil, ſo that the Fleſh luſteth always contrary to the Spirit, and therefore in every Perſon born in the World, it deſerveth God's Wrath and Damnation: And this Infection of Nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerated, whereby the Luſt of the Fleſh, called in Greek Φρόνημα σαρκὸς, which ſome do expound the Wiſdom, ſome Senſuality, ſome the Affection, ſome the Deſire of the Fleſh, is not ſubject to the Law of God. And though there is no Condemnation for them that believe and are baptized, yet the Apoſtle doth confeſs, That Concupiſcence and Luſt hath of itſelf the Nature of Sin.

X. Of

King EDWARD's Articles.

IX.

Of Free Will.

[ ] We have no Power to do good Works pleaſant and acceptable to God, without the Grace of God by Chriſt preventing us, that we may have a good Will and Working with us, when we have that good Will.

X.

Of Grace.

The Grace of Chriſt, or the Holy Ghoſt which is given by him, doth take from Man the Heart of Stone and giveth him a Heart of Fleſh. And tho' it rendreth us willing to do thoſe good Works which before we were unwilling to do, and unwilling to do thoſe evil Works which before we did, yet is no Violence offered by it to the Will of Man, ſo that no Man when he hath ſinned can excuſe himſelf, as if he ſinned againſt his Will, or upon Conſtraint and therefore that he ought not to be accuſed or condemned upon that Account.

XI.

Of the Juſtification of Man.

Juſtification by Faith only in Jeſus Chriſt, in that Senſe wherein it is ſet forth in the Homily of *Juſtification*, is the moſt certain and moſt wholeſome Doctrine for a Chriſtian Man.

This

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

X.

Of Free Will.

The Condition of Man after the Fall of Adam *is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own Natural Strength and good Works, to Faith and calling upon God. Wherefore* we have no Power to do good Works pleasant and acceptable to God, without the Grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good Will, and Working with us when we have that good Will.

Note that King Edward's 9*th* Of Free Will *answers to the* 10*th of Queen* Elizabeth's. *And* Edward's 10*th* Of Grace *is not in Queen* Elizabeth's *Book.*

XI.

Of the Justification of Man.

We are accounted righteous before God, only for the Merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by Faith, and not for our own Works or Deservings. Wherefore that we are justified by * Faith only, is a most wholsome Doctrine and very full of Comfort, as more largely is expressed in the Homily of Justification,

(* Faith only) Dr. Heylin *was so incensed at the Word* ONLY, *that he chose rather to pass for a Corrupter of the Article than to have it appear in his Edition of the* 39 *Art.* and so left it quite out. See Hist. Pag. 354.

XII. Of

King EDWARD's Articles.

This 12*th* Article of Queen *Elizabeth*'s not in King *Edward*'s Book.

XII.

Works before Juſtification.

Works done before the Grace of Chriſt, and the Inſpiration of his Spirit, *&c.*

This 12*th* Article is the ſame with the 13*th* of Queen *Elizabeth*'s.

XIII.

Works of Supererogation.

Voluntary Works, beſides over and above God's Commandments, *&c.*

This is the ſame with the 14*th of Queen* Elizabeth's.

XIV. *None*

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

XII.

Of Good Works.

Albeit that good Works, which are the Fruits of Faith and follow after Juſtification, cannot put away our Sins, and endure the Severity of God's Judgment: Yet are they pleaſing and acceptable to God in Chriſt, and do ſpring out neceſſarily of a true and lively Faith, inſomuch that by them a lively Faith may be as evidently known, as a Tree diſcerned by the Fruit.

XIII.

Of Works before Juſtification.

Works done before the Grace of Chriſt, and the Inſpiration of his Spirit, are not pleaſant to God; foraſmuch as they ſpring not of Faith in Jeſus Chriſt, neither do they make Men meet to receive Grace, or (as the School-Authors ſay) deſerve Grace of *Congruity*: Yea rather, for that they are not done as God hath Willed and Commanded them to be done, we doubt not but they have the Nature of Sin.

XIV.

Of Works of Supererogation.

Voluntary Works, beſides over and above God's Commandments, which they call Works of Supererogation, cannot be taught without Arrogancy and Impiety. For by them Men do declare, that they do not only render unto God as much as they are bound to do: But that they do more for his ſake, than of bounden Duty is required. Whereas Chriſt ſaith plainly, when ye have done all that are commanded to you, ſay, we are improfitable Servants.

King EDWARD's Articles.

XIV.

None but Chriſt without Sin.

Chriſt in the Truth of our Nature was made like unto us, *&c. As in* Queen Elizabeth's 15th *Article.*

XV.

Of the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt.

Not every deadly Sin, willingly committed after Baptiſm, is Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt and Unpardonable. Wherefore the Grant of Repentance is not to be denied to ſuch as fall into Sin after Baptiſm. After we have received the Holy Ghoſt, we may depart from Grace given, and fall into Sin, and by the Grace of God we may ariſe again and amend our Lives. And therefore they are to be condemned which ſay, they can no more Sin as ng as they live here, or deny *the Place of Penance* to ich as truly Repent.

XVI.

" Blaſphemy againſt the Holy Ghoſt.

T phemy againſt the Holy Ghoſt is then
comm , when any Man out of Malice and Hard-
neſs o ve, doth fully reproach and perſecute in
an hol anner, the Truth of God's Word, ma-
nifeſtly known unto him, which ſort of Men
being m bnoxious to the Curſe, ſubject them-
ſelves t : moſt grievous of all Wickedneſſes,
from

Chriſt in the Truth of our Nature was made
o us in all things (Sin only excepted) from w
was clearly void both in his Fleſh and in his
He came to be a Lamb without Spot, whc
rifice of himſelf once made, ſhould take aw
Sins of the World: And Sin, as St. John ſai
; not in him. But all we the reſt (though ba
d and born again in Chriſt) yet offend in mar
ngs, and if we ſay we have no Sin, we deceiv
ſelves, and the Truth is not in us.

XVI.

Of Sin after Baptiſm.

t every deadly Sin willingly committed after
ſm is Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt, and Unpar-
le. Wherefore the Grant of Repentance is
be denyed to ſuch as fall into Sin after Bap-
After we have received the Holy Ghoſt, wa
part from Grace given, and by the Grace of
may ariſe again and amend our Lives. And
e they are to be condemned, which ſay,
no more Sin as long as they live here, or
Place of Forgiveneſs to ſuch as [illegible]

from whence this kind of Sin is called Unpardonable, and ſo affirmed to be by our Lord and Saviour.

XVII.

Of Predeſtination and Election.

Predeſtination to Life is the everlaſting Purpoſe of God, whereby (before the Foundations of the World were laid) he hath conſtantly decreed by his Counſel, ſecret unto us, to deliver from Curſe and Damnation thoſe whom he hath choſen [ ] out of Mankind, to bring them by Chriſt to Everlaſting Salvation as Veſſels made to Honour. Wherefore they which be endued with ſo excellent a Benefit of God, be called according to God's Purpoſe, by his Spirit working in due Seaſon; they through Grace obey the calling, they be juſtified freely, they are made *Sons of Adoption*, they are made like the Image of the only begotten Jeſus Chriſt, they walk Religiouſly in good Works, and at length by God's Mercy they attain to everlaſting Felicity.

As the Godly Conſideration of Predeſtination and Election in Chriſt is full of ſweet, pleaſant, and unſpeakable Comfort to Godly Perſons, and ſuch as feel in themſelves the working of the Spirit of Chriſt, mortifying the Works of the Fleſh, and their earthly Members, and drawing up their Mind to high and heavenly things, as well becauſe it doth greatly eſtabliſh and confirm their Faith of Eternal Salvation, to be enjoyed through Chriſt,

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

of the Article reſolved to make him and all Loyal Subjects that aſſiſted him in the War Blaſphemers and Unpardonable Sinners againſt the Holy Ghoſt. *And to this End deſined* the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt *in this odd and malicious manner as you ſee in the Article. But Queen* Elizabeth *and her Article-makers knowing themſelves to be now turned Reproachers and Perſecutors of Catholicks; conſidered that the Article would ſtrike with the ſame force* (only turn the Tables) *againſt themſelves, that it was at firſt deſigned to do againſt the Emperour and his Catholick Subjects, and therefore left it quite out of the Queen's Book of Articles.*

XVII.

Of Predeſtination and Election.

Predeſtination to Life is the Everlaſting Purpoſe of God, whereby (before the Foundations of the World were laid) he hath conſtantly decreed by his Counſel, ſecret to us, to deliver from Curſe and Damnation, thoſe whom he hath choſen *in Chriſt* out of Mankind, and to bring them by Chriſt to everlaſting Salvation as Veſſels made to Honour. Wherefore they, which be endued with ſo excellent a benefit of God, be called according to God's purpoſe, by his Spirit working in due ſeaſon. They through Grace obey the calling, they be juſtified freely, they be made *Sons of God by Adoption*, they be made like the Image of his only begotten *Son* Jeſus Chriſt: They walk righteouſly in good Works, and at length by God's Mercy they attain to everlaſting Felicity.

As the Godly Conſideration of Predeſtination and *our* Election in Chriſt is full of ſweet, pleaſant, and unſpeakable Comfort to Godly Perſons, and ſuch as feel in themſelves the working of the Spirit of Chriſt, mortifying the Works of the Fleſh, and their earthly Members, and drawing up their Mind to high and heavenly things, as well becauſe

it

King EDWARD's Articles.

as becauſe it doth fervently kindle their Love towards God: So for curious and carnal perſons, lacking the Spirit of Chriſt, to have continually before their Eyes the Sentence of God's Predeſtination, is a moſt dangerous Downfal, whereby the Devil doth thruſt them either into Deſperation or into Wretchleſneſs of moſt unclean living, no leſs perilous than Deſperation. Furthermore, *though the Decree of Predeſtination be unknown to us*, yet muſt we receive God's Promiſes in ſuch wiſe as they be generally ſet forth to us in Holy Scripture; and in our doings, that Will of God is to be followed, which we have expreſly declared unto us in the Word of God.

XVIII.

Everlaſting Salvation to be obtained only in the Name of Chriſt.

They are alſo to be accurſed, *&c. as in Queen* Elizabeth's *Article.*

XIX.

All Men are bound to keep the Precepts of the Moral Law.

Although the Law given from God by *Moſes* as touching Ceremonies and Rites, do not bind Chriſtian Men, or the civil precepts thereof ought of neceſſity to be received in any Common-wealth; yet notwithſtanding, no Chriſtian Man whatſoever is free from the Obedience of the Commandments which are called Moral. * Wherefore they are not to be heard which teach that the Holy Scriptures were given to none but to the *Weak*, and brag continually of the Spirit, by which they do pretend,

it doth greatly eſtabliſh and confirm their Faith of eternal Salvation, to be enjoyed through Chriſt, as becauſe it doth fervently kindle their Love towards God: So for curious and carnal Perſons, lacking the Spirit of Chriſt, to have continually before their Eyes the Sentence of God's Predeſtination, is a moſt dangerous Downfal, whereby the Devil doth thruſt them either into Deſperation or into Wretchleſneſs of moſt unclean living, no leſs perilous than Deſperation. Furthermore [ ] we muſt receive God's Promiſes in ſuch wiſe, as they be generally ſet forth to us in Holy Scripture; and in our Doings, that Will of God is to be followed, which we have expreſly declared unto us in the Word of God.

XVIII.

Of obtaining eternal Salvation only by the Name of Chriſt.

They alſo are to be accurſed, that preſume to ſay, that every Man ſhall be ſaved by the Law or Sect which he profeſſeth, ſo that he be diligent to frame his Life according to that Law, and the Light of Nature. For Holy Scripture doth ſet out unto us only the Name of Jeſus Chriſt, whereby Men muſt be ſaved.

This King Edward's 19th *Article is not in this Place of Queen* Elizabeth's *Book; but the latter Part of her* 7th *Article is made up of the former Part of this.*

* *The latter Part of this Article is no where in Queen* Elizabeth's *Book.*

XIX. *Of*

King EDWARD's Articles.

tend, that all whatſoever they Preach is ſuggeſted to them, though manifeſtly contrary to the Holy Scripture.

XX.

Of the Church.

The Viſible Church of Chriſt is a Congregation of faithful Men, *&c. As in Queen* Elizabeth's.

XXI.

Of the Authority of the Church.

[ ] It is not lawful for the Church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's Word written, neither may it ſo expound one Place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another: Wherefore, although the Church be a Witneſs and a Keeper of Holy Writ, yet as it ought not to decree any thing againſt the ſame, ſo beſides the ſame ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for neceſſity of Salvation.

XXII.

Of the Authority of General Councils.

General Councils may not be gathered together without the Commandment and Will of Princes, *&c. As in Queen* Elizabeth's.

XXIII. *Of*

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

XIX.

Of the Church.

The viſible Church of Chriſt is a Congregation of faithful Men, in the which the Pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly adminiſtred, according to Chriſt's Ordinance, in all thoſe things that of neceſſity are requiſite to the ſame. As the Church of *Hieruſalem*, *Alexandria* and *Antioch* have erred, ſo alſo the Church of *Rome* hath erred, not only in their Living and Manner of Ceremonies, but alſo in matters of Faith.

XX.

Of the Authority of the Church.

The Church hath Power to decree Rites or Ceremonies, and Authority in Controverſies of Faith. And yet it is not lawful for the Church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's Word written; neither may it ſo expound one Place of Scripture, that it be repugnant to another. Wherefore although the Church be a Witneſs and a Keeper of holy Writ, yet as it ought not to decree any thing againſt the ſame, ſo beſides the ſame ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for neceſſity of Salvation.

XXI.

Of the Authority of General Councils.

General Councils may not be gathered together without the Commandment and Will of Princes, and when they be gathered together (foraſmuch as they be an Aſſembly of Men, whereof all be not Governed with the Spirit and Word of God) they may err and ſometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God. Wherefore things ordained

King EDWARD's Articles.

XXIII.

Of Purgatory.

The *Doctrine of the School-Men* concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worſhipping and Adoration as well of Images as of Relicks, and alſo Invocation of Saints is a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no Warranty of Scripture, but rather *perniciouſly* repugnant to the Word of God.

XXIV.

No Man to miniſter in the Church except he be Called.

It is not lawful for any Man to take upon him the Office, *&c. It is the ſame with Queen* Elizabeth's 23 *Article.*

Note, *The Reader may gather from this Article that both in King* Edward's *time, and long after, they held* only *chooſing and calling (without Epiſcopal Ordination) ſufficient to qualify Miniſters for the Lord's Vineyard.* Burnet *Bp. of* Sarum *ſpeaking of* only *a Company of Laymen,* ſays, *That if ſuch a Body (of* Laymen) *ſhould by a common Conſent deſire ſome of their own Number to miniſter to them in holy things, this is not condemned nor annulled by the Article: For we are ſure,* ſays he, *that not only thoſe who penned the Articles, but the Body of this Church for above half an Age after, did acknowledge the Foreign Churches ſo conſtituted, to be true Churches as to all the Eſſentials of a Church.* See his Expoſition on this 23 Article, pag. 259.

XXV. *All*

by them as neceſſary to Salvation, have neither Strength nor Authority, unleſs it be declared that they are taken out of Holy Scripture.

XXII.

Of Purgatory.

The *Romiſh Doctrine* concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worſhipping and Adoration, as well of Images as of Relicks, and alſo Invocation of Saints, is a fond thing, vainly invented and grounded upon no Waranty of Scripture, but rather [ ] repugnant to the Word of God.

XXIII.

Of miniſtring in the Congregation.

It is not lawful for any Man to take upon him the Office of Publick Preaching or Miniſtring the Sacraments in the Congregation, before he be lawfully called and ſent to execute the ſame. And thoſe we ought to judge lawfully called and ſent, which be choſen and called to this Work by Men, who have publick Authority given unto them in the Congregation, to call and ſend Miniſters into the Lord's Vine-yard.

King EDWARD's Articles.

XXV.

All things to be done in the Congregation in ſuch a Tongue as it is underſtood by the People.

It is *moſt fit and moſt agreeable to the Word of God*, that nothing be *read* or *rehearſed* in the *Congregation* in a Tongue not known unto the the People, *which* Paul *hath forbidden to be done, unleſs ſome be preſent to interpret.*

XXVI.

Of the Sacrament.

Our Lord Jeſus Chriſt gathered his People into a Society, *by* Sacraments *very few in number, and moſt eaſy to be kept, and of moſt excellent Signification*, that is to ſay; Baptiſm, and the Supper of the Lord. [ ] The Sacraments are not ordained of Chriſt to be gazed upon, or to be carried about, but that we ſhould duly uſe them; and in ſuch only as worthily receive the ſame, they have a wholſome Effect or Operation, *Not as ſome ſay*, ex opere operato, *which terms, as they are ſtrange and utterly unknown to the Holy Scriptures, ſo do they yield a ſenſe which ſavoureth of little Piety, but of much Superſtition*; but they that receive them unworthily, receive to themſelves Damnation. The Sacraments ordained by the Word of God, be not only Badges or Tokens of Chriſtian Mens Profeſſion, but rather they be certain ſure Witneſſes, effectual Signs of Grace and God's good Will towards us, by the which he doth work inviſibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but alſo ſtrengthen and confirm our Faith in him.

XXVII. *The*

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

XXIV.

Of ſpeaking in the Congregation in ſuch a Tongue as the People underſtandeth.

It is *a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God, and the Cuſtom of the Primitive Church*; to have Publick *Prayers* in the *Church, or to miniſter the Sacraments* in a Tongue not underſtood by the People.

XXV.

Of the Sacraments.

[ ] Sacraments ordained by Chriſt, be not only Badges or Tokens of Chriſtian Mens Profeſſion, but rather they be certain ſure Witneſſes, and effectual Signs of Grace and God's good Will towards us, by the which he doth work inviſibly in us; and doth not only quicken, but alſo ſtrengthen and confirm our Faith in him. There are two Sacraments ordained of Chriſt our Lord in the Goſpel; that is to ſay, Baptiſm and the Supper of the Lord. *Thoſe five, commonly called Sacraments, that is to ſay, Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony, and extreme Unction, are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Goſpel; being ſuch as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apoſtles, partly are States of Life allowed by the Scriptures, but yet have not like nature of Sacraments with Baptiſm, and the Lord's Supper, for that they have not any viſible Sign or Ceremony ordained of God.* The Sacraments were not ordained of Chriſt to be gazed upon, or to be carried about, but that we ſhould duly uſe them. And in ſuch only as worthily receive the ſame, they have a wholſome effect or operation, [ ] but they that receive them unworthily, purchaſe to themſelves Damnation, as St. *Paul* ſaith.

King EDWARD's Articles.

XXVII.

The Wickedneſs of the Miniſters takes not away the Efficacy of Divine Inſtitution.

Although in the viſible Church, the Evil be ever mingled with the Good, *&c.* *As in Queen* Elizabeth's *26th Article.*

XXVIII.

Of Baptiſm.

This Article is the ſame with that of the 27th *of Queen* Elizabeth's, *till it comes to the laſt Period or Sentence, which is as follows.*

* The Cuſtom of the Church for Baptiſing young Children, is both to be commended, and by all means to be retained in the Church.

XXIX. *Of*

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

XXVI.

Of the Unworthineſs of the Miniſters which hinders not the Effect of the Sacraments.

Although in the viſible Church, the Evil be ever mingled with the Good; and ſometimes the Evil have chief Authority in the Miniſtration of the Word and Sacraments; yet foraſmuch as they do not the ſame *in* their own Name, but *in* Chriſt's, and do miniſter by his Commiſſion and Authority, we may uſe their Miniſtry both in hearing the Word of God, and in receiving the Sacraments. Neither is the Effect of Chriſt's Ordinance taken away by their Wickedneſs: Nor the Grace of God's Gifts diminiſhed from ſuch, as by Faith, and rightly do receive the Sacraments miniſtred unto them, which be effectual becauſe of Chriſt's Inſtitution and Promiſe, although they be miniſtred by evil Men. Nevertheleſs it appertaineth to the Diſcipline of the Church, that enquiry be made of *Evil Miniſters*; and that they be accuſed by thoſe that have Knowledge of their Offences, and finally being found guilty, by juſt Judgment be depoſed.

XXVII.

Of Baptiſm.

Baptiſm is not only a Sign of Profeſſion and Mark of Difference, whereby Chriſtian Men are diſcerned from others that be not Chriſtened; but it is alſo a Sign of Regeneration, or new Birth, whereby, as by an Inſtrument, they that receive Baptiſm rightly, are grafted into the Church; the Promiſes of the Forgiveneſs of Sin, of our Adoption to be the Sons of God by the Holy Ghoſt, are viſibly ſigned and ſealed: Faith is confirmed, and Grace increaſed by vertue of Prayer to God. * *The Baptiſm of young Children is in any wiſe to be retained in the Church as moſt agreeable with the Inſtitution of Chriſt.*

King EDWARD's Articles.

XXIX.

Of the Lord's Supper.

The Supper of the Lord is not only a Sign of the Love that Chriſtians ought to have amongſt themſelves one to another; but rather it is a Sacrament of our Redemption by Chriſt's Death: Inſomuch that to ſuch, as rightly, worthily, and with Faith receive the ſame, the Bread which we break is a partaking of the Body of Chriſt, and likewiſe the Cup of Bleſſing is a partaking of the Blood of Chriſt. Tranſubſtantiation (or the Change of the Subſtance of Bread and Wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain Words of Scripture [ ] and hath given occaſion to many Superſtitions. [ ] *Since the very Being of human Nature doth require, that the Body of one and the ſame Man cannot be at one and the ſame time in many Places, but of neceſſity muſt be in ſome certain and determinate Place; therefore the Body of Chriſt cannot be Preſent in many different Places at the ſame time. And ſince (as the Holy Scriptures, teſtify) Chriſt hath been taken up into Heaven, and there is to abide till the end of the World; it becometh not any of the Faithful to believe or profeſs that there is a Real or Corporal Preſence (as they phraſe it) of the Body and Blood of Chriſt in the Holy Euchariſt.* The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Chriſt's Ordinance reſerved, carried about, lifted up, or Worſhipped.

This 29th Article is not in King Edward's *Book.*

Nor

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

XXVIII.

Of the Lord's Supper.

The Supper of the Lord is not only a Sign of the Love that Chriſtians ought to have among themſelves one to another; but rather it is a Sacrament of our Redemption by Chriſt's Death: Inſomuch that to ſuch as rightly, worthily, and with Faith receive the ſame, the Bread which we break is a partaking of the Body of Chriſt, and likewiſe the Cup of Bleſſing is a partaking of the Blood of Chriſt. Tranſubſtantiation (or the Change of the Subſtance of Bread and Wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but it is repugnant to the plain Words of Scripture, *overthroweth the Nature of a Sacrament*, and hath given occaſion to many Superſtitions. [ ] *The Body of Chriſt is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper, only after an Heavenly and Spiritual Manner: And the mean whereby the Body of Chriſt is received and eaten in the Supper, is Faith.* The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Chriſt's Ordinance reſerved, carried about, lifted up, or Worſhipped.

XXIX.

Of the wicked which eat not the Body of Chriſt in the uſe of the Lord's Supper.

The wicked and ſuch as be void of a lively Faith, although they do carnally and viſibly preſs with their Teeth (as St. *Auguſtin* ſaith) the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Chriſt, yet in no wiſe are they Partakers of Chriſt; but rather to their condemnation, do eat and drink the Sign or Sacrament of ſo great a thing.

King EDWARD's Articles.

Nor is this 30*th one of King* Edward's *Articles.*

King Edward's 30*th Article is the ſame with that* 31*ſt of Queen* Elizabeth's, *only it has not the Word* Blaſphemous *in it.*

XXXI.

A ſingle Life is impos'd on none by the Word of God.

Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons are not commanded by God's Law, either to vow the Eſtate of ſingle Life, or to abſtain from Marriage. [ ]

XXXII.

Excommunicated Perſons are to be avoided.

This Article is the ſame with the 33*d* of Queen *Elizabeth's.*

XXXIII. of

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

XXX.

Of both Kinds.

The Cup of the Lord is not to be denyed to Lay-people; for both Parts of the Sacrament, by Chriſt's Ordinance and Commandment, ought to be miniſtred to all Chriſtian Men alike.

XXXI.

Of the one Oblation of Chriſt finiſhed upon the Croſs.

The Offering of Chriſt once made, is that perfect Redemption, Propitiation, and Satisfaction for all the Sins of the whole World, both Original and Actual: And there is none other Satisfaction for Sin but that alone: Wherefore the Sacrifices of Maſſes, in the which it was commonly ſaid, that the Prieſt did offer Chriſt for the Quick and the Dead, to have Remiſſion of Pain or Guilt, were *Blaſphemous* Fables, and dangerous Deceits.

XXXII.

Of the Marriage of Prieſts.

Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons are not commanded by God's Law either to vow the eſtate of ſingle Life, or to abſtain from Marriage: *Therefore it is lawful for them, as well as all other Chriſtian Men, to marry at their own Diſcretion, as they ſhall judge the ſame to ſerve better to Godlineſs.*

XXXIII.

Of Excommunicate Perſons, how they are to be avoided.

That Perſon which by open Denunciation of the Church is rightly cut off from the Unity of the Church

King EDWARD's Articles.

XXXIII.

Of the Traditions of the Church.

It is not neceſſary that Traditions and Ceremonies, *&c. This is the ſame with Queen* Elizabeth's 34th *Article, till it come to the Words that are aded after* weak Brethren [viz — * *Every particular or National Church, &c.*] which Sentence is not in King *Edward's* Book.

XXXIV.

Of the Homilies.

[ ] *The* Homilies *lately delivered and commended to the Church of* England *by the King's Injunction*, do contain a godly and wholſome Doctrine [ ] *and fit to be embraced by all Men; and* [ ] for that cauſe they are diligently, *plainly* and diſtinctly to be read to the People. [ ]

None

Church, and Excommunicate, ought to be taken of the whole Multitude of the faithful, as an *Heathen* and a *Publican*, until he be openly reconciled by Penance, and received into the Church by a Judge, that hath Authority thereunto.

XXXIV.

Of the Traditions of the Church

It is not neceſſary that Traditions and Ceremonies be in all places one or utterly alike, for at all times they have been divers, and may be changed according to the Diverſity of Countries, Times, and Mens Manners, ſo that nothing be ordained againſt God's Word. Whoſoever through his private Judgment, willingly and purpoſely doth openly break the Traditions and Ceremonies of the Church, which be not repugnant to the Word of God, and be ordained and approved by common Authority, ought to be rebuked openly (that others may fear to do the like) as one that offendeth againſt the common order of the Church, and hurteth the Authority of the Magiſtrate, and woundeth the Conſciences of weak Brethren. — * *Every particular or National Church hath Authority to ordain, change and aboliſh Ceremonies or Rites of the Church, ordained only by Mans Authority; ſo that all things be done to Edifying.*

XXXV.

Of Homilies.

[ ] *The ſecond Book of Homilies, the ſeveral Titles whereof we have joyned under this Article,* doth contain a godly and wholſome Doctrine [ ] *and neceſſary for theſe times,* as doth the former Book of Homilies, which were ſet forth in the time of *Edward* the VI. And therefore *we judge them to be read in Churches by the Miniſters,* diligently and diſtinctly, *that they may be underſtood of* the People.

The

King EDWARD's Articles.

None of the Names of the Homilies are in King *Edward's* Articles.

XXXV.

Of the Book of Common-Prayer, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.

The Book lately delivered to the Church of *England* by the King and Parliament, containing the Manner and Form of publick Prayer, and the Miniſtration of the Sacraments in the ſaid Church of *England*, as alſo the Book publiſhed by the ſame Authority for ordering Miniſters in the Church, are both of them very pious, as to the Truth of Doctrine:

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles

The Names of the Homilies.

1. *Of the right uſe of the Church.*
2. *Againſt Peril of Idolatry.*
3. *Of Repairing and keeping clean of Churches.*
4. *Of Good Works, firſt of Faſting.*
5. *Againſt Gluttony and Drunkenneſs.*
6. *Againſt Exceſs of Apparel.*
7. *Of Prayer.*
8. *Of the place and time of Prayer.*
9. *That Common Prayers and Sacraments ought to be miniſtred in a known Tongue.*
10. *Of the reverent Eſtimation of God's Word,*
11. *Of Alms-doing.*
12. *Of the Nativity of Chriſt.*
13. *Of the Paſſion of Chriſt.*
14. *Of the Reſurrection of Chriſt.*
15. *Of the worthy receiving of the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Chriſt.*
16. *Of the Gifts of the Holy Ghoſt.*
17. *For the Rogation Days.*
18. *Of the State of Matrimony.*
19. *Of Repentance.*
20. *Againſt Idleneſs.*
21. *Againſt Rebellion.*

XXXVI.

Of Conſecration of Biſhops and Miniſters.

The Book of Conſecration of Archbiſhops and Biſhops, and ordering of Prieſts and Deacons, lately ſet forth in the time of King *Edward* the VI. and confirmed at the ſame time by Authority of Parliament, doth contain all things neceſſary to ſuch Conſecration and Ordering, neither hath it any thing that of itſelf is ſuperſtitious and ungodly. And therefore whoſoever are Conſecrated or Ordered according to the Rites of that Book, ſince the

King EDWARD's Articles.

Doctrine; in nothing contrary but agreeable to the wholsome Doctrine of the Gospel, which they do very much promote and illustrate. And for that cause they are by all faithful Members of the Church of *England*, but chiefly of the Ministers of the Word, with all Thankfulness and Readiness of Mind to be received, approved, and commended to the People of God.

XXXVI.

Of the Civil Magistrates.

The King of *England is after Christ* the Supreme *Head* on Earth of the Church of *England* and *Ireland*. The Bishop of *Rome* hath no Jurisdiction in this Realm of *England*. *The Civil Magistrate is ordained, and approved by God, and therefore is to be obeyed, not only for fear of Wrath, but for Conscience sake* [ ] Civil or Temporal Laws may punish Christian Men with Death for heinous and grievous offences. It is lawful for Christian Men, at the Commandment of the Magistrate, to wear Weapons, and to serve in the Wars.

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

the *Second* Year of the forenamed King *Edward* unto this time, or hereafter ſhall be Conſecrated or Ordered according to the ſame Rites, We Decree all ſuch to be rightly, orderly, and lawfully conſecrated and Ordered.

XXXVII.

Of the Civil Magiſtrates.

The Queen's Majeſty [ ] hath the chief Power in this Realm of *England* and other her Dominions, under whom the chief Government of all Eſtates of this Realm, whether they be Eccleſiaſtical or Civil, in all cauſes doth appertain; and is not, nor ought to be ſubject to any Foreign Juriſdiction [ ] *Whereas we attribute to the Queen's Majeſty the chief Government, by which Title we underſtand the Minds of ſome ſlanderous Folks to be offended: We give not to our Princes the Miniſtring either of God's Word, or of the Sacraments; the which thing the Injunctions alſo lately ſet forth by* Elizabeth *our Queen, do moſt plainly teſtify: but that only prerogative, which we ſee to have been given always to all Godly Princes in Holy Scriptures by God himſelf,* that is, *That they ſhould Rule all Eſtates and Degrees committed to their Charge by God, whether they be Eccleſiaſtical or Temporal, and reſtrain with the Civil Sword the ſtubborn and Evil-doers.* The Biſhop of *Rom.* hath no Juriſdiction in this Realm of *England.*— The Laws of the Realm may puniſh Chriſtian Men with Death for heinous and grievous Offences.—— It is lawful for Chriſtian Men, at the Commandment of the Magiſtrate, to wear Weapons and ſerve in the Wars.

XXXVIII. *Of*

King EDWARD's Articles.

XXXVII.

The Goods of Chriſtians are not common.

This Article is the ſame with Queen *Elizabeth's* 38*th*.

XXXVIII.

It is lawful for a Chriſtian to take an Oath.

This differs not from Queen *Elizabeth's* 39*th* Article.

The Reſt of King EDWARD's Articles.

XXXIX.

The Reſurrection of the Dead is not paſt already.

The Reſurrection of the Dead is not paſt already, as if it belonged only to the Soul, which by the Grace of Chriſt is raiſed from the Death of Sin, but is to be expected by all Men in the laſt Day: For at that time (as the Scripture doth moſt apparently teſtify) the Dead ſhall be reſtored to their own Bodies, Fleſh and Bones: to the end that Man, according as either Righteouſly or Wickedly he hath paſſed this Life, may according to his Works receive Rewards or Puniſhments.

Note, *Queen* Elizabeth's *Faith-Makers holding, that Good Works are not Meritorious* (as in their 11*th* Article) *were forced to omit this* 39*th of King* Edward's, *becauſe it teaches, that Men receive Rewards*, &c. *according to their Works.*

XL. *The*

Queen ELIZABETH's Articles.

XXXVIII.

Of Chriſtian Men's Goods which are not common.

The Riches and Goods of Chriſtians are not common, as touching the Right, Title, and Poſſeſſion of the ſame, as certain Anabaptiſts do falſly boaſt. Notwithſtanding, every Man ought of ſuch things as he poſſeſſeth liberally to give Alms to the Poor, according to his Ability.

XXXIX.

Of a Chriſtian Man's Oath.

We confeſs that vain and raſh Swearing is forbidden Chriſtian Men by our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and *James* his Apoſtle, ſo we judge that Chriſtian Religion doth not prohibit, but that a Man may Swear when the Magiſtrate requireth, in a Cauſe of Faith and Charity, ſo it be done according to the Prophets teaching, in Juſtice, Judgment and Truth.

King EDWARD's Articles.

XL.

The Souls of Men deceaſed do neither periſh with their Bodies.

They who maintain that the Soul of Men deceaſed do either ſleep without all manner of Senſe to the Day of Judgment, or affirm that they die together with the Body, and ſhall be raiſed therewith at the laſt Day, do wholly differ from the right Faith, and Orthodox Belief, which is delivered to us in the Holy Scriptures.

XLI.

Of the Millenarians.

They who endeavour to revive the Fable of the *Millenarians* are therein contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and caſt themſelves down headlong into *Jewiſh* Dotages.

XLII.

All Men not to be ſaved at laſt.

They alſo deſerve to be Condemned, who endeavour to reſtore that pernicious Opinion, that all Men (tho' never ſo ungodly) ſhall at laſt be ſaved; when for a certain time, appointed by the Divine Juſtice, they have endured Puniſhment for their Sins committed.

The End of King EDWARD VI's *Articles.*

As to Queen *Elizabeth*'s Articles, you muſt know that the original *Manuſcript* of them, that was ſigned by both Houſes of Convocation (*Anno.* 1562) doth differ in many Places from the *Printed Editions*: As in the 3*d* Article, in the *Print* there is only this, *as*

Christ died for us and was buried, so also it is to be believed that he went down into Hell: But in the Original and Subscribed *Manuscripts*, the rest of the Article is set down at large, as in King *Edward*'s Article *above*, pag. 224. They believ'd the Doctrine of *Limbus Patrum* in the *Manuscript*, but dis-believed it in the *Print*, tho' not a Year between 'em.

The 29*th* Article in the *Manuscript* is but the 28*th* in the *Print*. Their Title is the same, i. e. *Of the Lord's Supper*. But that of the *Manuscript* (like King *Edward*'s 29*th*) does so confine and shut up our Saviour Christ in Heaven, as not to allow it, by any means, possible for him to be present in the *Blessed Sacrament*; No, nor on *Earth*, 'till the Day of Judgment. But this Foolish, Impious and Blasphemous Conceit, is left out in the *Printed* Article.

In the Year 1571. in a Synod holden at *London*. The Bishops of both Provinces considering that neither King *Edward*'s Articles, nor their own subscribed *Manuscript* of 1562. nor the *Printed Editions* which they Published to the the People, were Right, they resolved to *Review* and make a *Second Publication* of them. Which they did, altering it from the Original *Manuscript* and *Printed Editions* in above threescore Places. A Catalogue of which, the Bishop of *Sarum* (Dr. *Burnet*) gives us in his *Exposition of the* 39 *Articles*. He calls 'em but *Small Alterations*, and indeed some of them are so very small, that one would think they made 'em merely for the itch of Change. Yet others of 'em are not so small but can easily bear Reflections. For instance, they added to the 20*th* Art. these Words; *The Church hath Power to decree Rites and Ceremonies, and Authority in Controversies of Faith.* Yet they were neither in the Original *Manuscript*, nor *Printed* Editions. *I cannot find* (says Burnet) *in what year they were put in the Printed Copies.*

Here's a Remarkable Change, *Congregation* (in 10 or 11 years time) *Metamorphis'd* into *Church*, with Authority in Matters of Faith.

At

At their Fall from the Catholick Church, finding it as great a Madneſs to pretend to, as Impoſſibility to get the Name of *Church*, eſpecially having no Biſhop to give Colour to ſuch a Title, they were forced to ſit down under the Contemptible Name of *Congregation*, and for this Reaſon razed the very Word *Church* out of their Bibles (*as is ſhewn below*) and put the Word *Congregation* in its place. But by and by, their Numbers encreaſing; the Queen excluding the Catholick Biſhops; thruſting theſe her pretended Biſhops into their Chairs; giving them their Biſhopricks, conſequently a Pretence to their Dignities and Authority; Enacting them Biſhops by Act of Parliament (*Stat. 8 Eliz.*) and finally Eſtabliſhing all by *Laws*: Then they became aſhamed of their Original Title: They quarrel with *Congregation*, out of their Bibles goes *Congregation*; in again comes *Church*: *Congregation* muſt needs be *Church* of *England*, and have Power to Cenſure, Judge and Condemn *Hereſies* and *Hereticks*, and all ſuch Sectaries as fall from it, as if it were indeed the very *Catholick Church* itſelf. And to ſupport and authorize this pretended Power, they have made it an Article of their Faith, that *the Church hath Authority in Controverſies of Faith*, meaning their now called Church of *England*; if their pretended Church can claim this *Authority*, then 'tis certain they cannot deny it to the Church they left, conſequently they muſt own the Condemnation of their Errors and Hereſies by that Church, Juſt and Lawful.

The Articles are Authoriz'd by Act of Paliament in 13 *Eliz. C.* 12. And by theſe following Canons.

Can. 5. Whoſoever ſhall hereafter affirm that any of the *Thirty-Nine Articles* agreed upon by the Arch-Biſhops and Biſhops of both Provinces, and the whole Clergy in Convocation holden at *London* in the Year of our Lord 1562, (for Eſtabliſhing Conſent touching true Religion) are in any part *Superſtitious* or *Erroneous*, or ſuch as he may not with a good Conſcience ſubſcribe unto: Let him be Excommunicated

Ipſo

Ipso facto; and not reſtored but only by the Archbiſhop after his *Repentance* and publick *Revocation* of ſuch his *Wicked Errors*. Can. 36. obliges the Clergy to ſubſcribe to them all.

It is here to be remarked that the Book of Articles mentioned by the *Canons*, can be truly meant of no other but only the *Original Manuſcript*, made in the Year 1562. or a true Copy of it. Now that *Manuſcript* has lay ever ſince dormant in *Corpus-Chriſti Colledge* in *Cambridge*, utterly unknown to the People, and a true Copy of it was never yet in *Print*. The Bp. of *Sarum* ſets down 8 or 9, remarkable Differences between that *Manuſcript* and thoſe *Printed Editions* now extant, one of which is the foreſaid Addition to the 29*th* Article. Of which he ſays, *This Alteration of Importance was made in the Year*, 157..

And yet the *Printed Editions* are entituled, *Articles Agreed upon*, &c. *in the Year* 1562, (as the *MS* is) But it is a falſe and unduly impoſed Title; on purpoſe to make the young ſubſcribing Clergy and the People believe, that the printed Copies do in all things agree exactly with the Original *MS*.

Thus a Falſe Unauthorized Copy of Proteſtant Articles of Faith is obtruded upon the People and ignorant Clergy, under the Notion and Title of a true one, which, in plain Terms, is the impoſing a *Lye* upon them, and binding them by Canons to believe it under Pain of *Excommunication*.

Thoſe *Thirty-Nine*, they do Impoſe
(Tho' moſt are *Negatives* and *Noes*)
For Faith: yet know they not, that made 'em
(More than a *Turk* that never read 'em)
Whether they're *True* or *Falſe*; or whether
To be affirm'd, deny'd, or neither;
For how the Devil ſhould they tell,
Since their new Church is *Fallible*?
And yet whos'ver does avow,
That any of 'em is not true;

He's

He's blasted with an heavy *Curse*.
That Damns him, if it do no worse.

In Sixteen hundred three, or four,
When *Hampton-Court-Dispute* was o'er;
Cannons they made to Authorize
Prayer, *Articles* and *Homilies*,
And force Folk, under Pain of Curse,
To take for better and for worse
Tho' Doctrines taught in every one,
The perfect (*g*) Contradiction;
This *Curse* at first some vainly dreaded,
But now, not two in Twenty heed it;
Because they find it falls upon
Both sides of Contradiction;
So that hold either Good or Ill
It Damns, take whether Side you will.
Compare the second *Homily*
With the Sixteenth, then shall you see
Flat Contradiction lie between 'em;
(You'll wonder at it when you've seen 'em:)
And yet they must believe 'em both,
And all they teach for *Faith* and *Troth*;

Else

(*g*) The 8*th Homily*, which is Entituled, *Against Peril of Idolatry*, teaches; that, *Laity and Clergy, Learned and Unlearned. All Ages, Sects, and Degrees of Men, Women and Children of* Whole Christendom, *have been at once Drowned in Abominable and Damnable Idolatry, and that by the space of* 800 *Years and more, to the Destruction and Subversion of all good Religion Universally.*

The 16*th*, Entituled, *Of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost*, teaches the quite contrary Doctrine, *viz.* That the Holy Ghost the Spirit of Truth has been, and will be always present with the Church, *Governing* and *Directing* it to the World's End. So that it never has wanted, nor ever will want, while the World endures, *PURE and SOUND Doctrine, the Sacraments ministred according to Christ's Holy Institution, and the right Use of Ecclesiastical Discipline.*

Elſe are they by the *Canons* ſmitten,
And Headlong ſent away to *Satan*.

Now let us back return again
To the fore-end of *Beſſy*'s Reign;
And a New *Liturgy* prepare
From *Ned*'s laſt Book of *Common-Prayer*;
We ſhould be blamed, had we left it,
By Parſons that are meanly Gifted:
For where Extemporary Cant
Is wanting, this Supply's the Want.

In *Almaine*, 'twas no ſooner known
That *Elizabeth* had got the Crown;
But thoſe at *Frankfort* caſt of Mourning,
And now bethink 'em of Returning
To *England* now in Shoals they throng,
And bring their *Liturgy* along;
That ſelf ſame *Common Prayer*, that they
Had with them when they went away;
The ſame that caus'd the ſtrife 'tween *Cox*,
Whitehead, and *Horn*, and Old *Jack Knox*.

Now *Beſs* ſurmiſing, this might cauſe
New feuds amongſt Diſſenting Foes,
Calls *Parker*, and who elſe ſhe thought fit:
No Wit, ſays ſhe, is like to bought-Wit;
I would not have you Quarrel, Sirs,
About your *Prayers*, like Catts and Currs,
As you at *Frankfort* did of late:
The Church is mine, as well as State;
So it behoves me to take Care
About Reforming of your Prayer:
Therefore, Good *Parker*, on your Life,
See to correct that Book of Strife,
That neither Sentence, Word, nor Senſe,
Nor Doctrine in't may give Offence
To your weak Brethren; for my mind
Is to have all in Worſhip join'd.

Beſides, take care your Book be made
Fit for a *Romaniſt* to read,
The Doctrine of the *Real Preſence*
Handle ſo Moderately, that the Senſe
May not by *Rubricks* ſeem or *Prayers*
To be much different from Theirs.
Yet, on the other ſide, you muſt
To the *Reform'd* give no Diſguſt.
Uſe therefore Words ſo variable,
As to each Side are applicable;
Thus We the *Puritans* may win,
And bring the heedleſs *Papiſts* in:
By wiſely handling Matters thus,
Our Church will ſoon grow Numerous,
Go therefore, and in Spite of Fate.
Make your Religion ſuit the State.

Parker, and Seven Coadjutors,
(Like Shoe-maker and's Under-Surors,)
Make haſt to their Reforming Shop,
And for Prayer-Coblers they ſet up.
The Names of thoſe that (*b*) *Parker* took
To help him to Correct his Book,
Were *Grindal*, *Cox*, and *Pilkinton*,
And Maſter *Whitehead* he was one;
The reſt were *Smith*, and *Bill*, and *May*,
Who meeting on th' appointed Day,
E're they took Seat, the wrangling Aſſes
Fell into ſtrife about their Places;

Con-

(*b*) *Cambden* tell us, that the Care of Correcting the Liturgy, which under King *Edward* the Sixth was ſet forth in the vulgar Tongue, was committed to *Parker*, *Bill*, *May*, *Cox*, *Grindal*, *Whitehead* and *Pilkinton*, Learned and Moderate Divines, and to Sir *Thomas Smith* Kt. a moſt Learned Gentleman. The Matter being imparted to no Man, but the Earl of *Bedford*, *John Gray* of *Pergy*, and *Cecil*. Hiſt of Queen *Eliz.* Lib. 1. pag. 16. Edit. 3. 1675. and *Heylin* in his Eccl. Reſtaur. p. 277.

Contending each, what he was able,
For the High End of their *Round Table*.
'Till at the laſt ſpeaks Learned *Bill*,
Who in Geometry had Skill,
Could tell a Circle from a Square,
And Meaſure Angles to an Hair.
My Lords, quoth he, Ends are not found
In Tables made exactly Round.
But if it pleaſe you, I'll divide
By Lines of *chalk*, from ſide to ſide,
The *Circumference* into Eight;
All parts ſhall in the *Center* meet,
So that none can diſcern, if try'd,
The Higheſt from the Loweſt ſide;
Thus we ſhall all have equal Parts,
Marry, quo' they, with all our Hearts.
Board thus divided, *Parker*'s Grace
Sat down; and each one took his Place,
Giving Preheminence of *Order*
To *Parker*'s Highneſs, but no further:
For none allow'd him Juriſdiction
Beyond his own Chalk of Reſtriction.

Seated, they gravely fall to Work,
And each one, like a Learned Clerk,
With Pen and Ink and ſullen Look,
Fell to Correct the Common Book.
What any of 'em deem'd not Right,
It was expos'd to others Sight,
And very ſeriouſly Debated,
If it ſhould be Obliterated,
Or from it's former Senſe eſtrang'd,
Or only in Expreſſion chang'd,
Or elſe ſtand without any more
Done to't, than barely Reading o're.

The Form of (*t*) *General Confeſſion*
Was the firſt thing they call'd in Queſtion;
A Piece compos'd, as wiſe Men think,
By Providential Inſtinct,
That brought forth Truths they never meant,
Or thought to be involved in't,
So *Caiphas*, the cruel *Jew*,
Told Truth, but knew't not to be true:
For when Reformers *went aſtray*
And *Erred* from the Antient *Way*,
Their Fathers Faith refus'd to hold,
Like *Wand'ring Sheep* broke from the Fold,
Their Paſtors Counſel undervalu'd,
And their own fond *Devices* follow'd,
Then 'twas they made this true *Confeſſion*,
Right levell'd at their Reformation,
Not ſeeing the great Truth hid in't,
They cloſe't with this Acknowledgment.
There is no Health in us. If ſo,
Then Wo to Proteſtancy, Wo!
This brought (I ſay) into Debate,
Not one ſaw what it levell'd at.
Nor any of them ever thought
Of having't chang'd, or blotted out.
The Creeds they alſo over leapt,
And 'twas a mercy they eſcap't,
And that the Church, by Alteration,
Was not tranſform'd to *Congregation*,
And *Catholick* to *Proteſtant*:
But this *Mat. Parker* would not grant; For

(*t*) Their Form of General Confeſſion in the Common-Prayer.

Almighty and moſt Merciful Father, we have *Erred and Strayed* from thy *Ways* like loſt *Sheep*: We have followed too much the *Devices* and Deſires of our own Hearts: We have offended againſt thy Holy Laws: We have left undone thoſe things which we ought to have done, and we have done thoſe things which we ought not to have done: *And there is no Health in us.* &c.

For had Correction ſo gone on,
Th' *Apoſtles Creed* muſt thus (*k*) have run;
And in this (*l*) manner that of *Nice*;
The *Athenaſian Creed* likewiſe
Muſt have been thus (*m*) chang'd by this Tric
To *Proteſtant* from *Catholick*.
But *Parker*, who conſider'd well,
And could th' Event of things foretel,
Adviſ'd them not at all to handle
The Creeds, for fear of giving Scandal.
Chriſt's Holy Church, ſays he, has ever
Been termed *Catholick*, and never
Can loſe that Title, nor indeed
Admit of changing in the Creed.
Yet when you make a new Tranſlation
Of Bible, (*n*) put down *Congregation*
Where ever Church comes into play,
And *Catholick* caſt quite away;
For in the Bible, 'tis no more,
Than changing one in twenty Score,
But in the Creed to change it, then
'Twill almoſt be a Word in Ten,
Which muſt the People much Alarm,
And doubtleſs do a deal of Harm.
Beſides, the Creed Folks every Day
Do once, or twice, or ten times ſay,
So that the Words, being learn'd by Rote,

Hence uncouth Words will to the Nation
Appear like terms of Conjuration,
And ſcandalize our Reformation.
Theſe his Objections being made,
They acquieſc'd in what he ſaid;
And let the Creeds, 'thout more a-do,
Remain juſt as in *Statu quo*.
Take my Advice, quoth *Smith* the Knight,
It ſeldom fails in things of Weight,
Which is, to uſe great Moderation
In this our Prayer-Book's Reformation.
The Queen is in her Heart a Papiſt,
We may ſuppoſe, as much as a Prieſt;
She went to Maſs in *Mary*'s Reign;
Practis'd Confeſſion of her Sin.
The Catholick Religion own'd
In every point, when ſhe was Crown'd
Still to maintain the ſame ſhe ſwore,
As o her Princes did before;
Conſidering which, 'tis good that we
To humour her do all agree;
Let's therefore make the Common-Prayer
As like the *Maſs Book* as we dare;
In Subſtance not, I mean in Show,
That vulgar People may not know,
If to themſelves 'twere put to Reference,
Wherein to find an Aglet difference.
He ſaid, and up ſtarts Gaffer *May*,
Give Ear, ſays he, to what I ſay,
The Queen, thro' Policy of State,
Has broke the Oath ſhe took of late,
And *maugre* Popiſh Education,
Reſolves upon a Reformation;
Let's therefore warily contrive it,
Juſt as her Majeſty would have it;
That is, as near as e'er we can
To pleaſe all Sides, and every Man.
We'll therefore now put out, or in,
What may, or may not, pleaſe the Queen

Well

Well then, quoth *Parker*, let's agree
To blot out of the Litany,
According to the Queen's Commiſſion,
This harſh unmannerly Petition;
To wit, (*o*) *To be delivered from*
Th' Enormous Tyrannies of Rome.
'Till this be out, there is no Hope
Of gaining ſuch as love the *Pope*.
'Gainſt what he ſaid was no Diſpute,
So that Petition was raz'd out.

There is another thing beſide,
Which not a Papiſt can abide,
An Heatheniſh (*p*) *Rubrick*, Out upon't,
The Queen will hang us, if we don't
Out of the Book eradicate it,
I know ſhe mortally do's hate it;
And well enough I underſtand,
From Verſes writ by her own hand,
That ſhe believes the *Real Preſence*,
Read you them o'er, and Judge of the Senſe.

(*o*) In King *Edward*'s Litany ſtood this Petition,
'From the Tyranny, and all deteſtable Enormi-
'ties of the Biſhop of *Rome*, *Good Lord Deliver us.*

(*p*) This following *Rubrick* ſtood in King *Edward*'s 2*d* Liturgy, but was caſt out by Queen *Elizabeth*. And at King *Charles* II. Reſtauration, it was by his Convocation re-aſſumed, and placed in the Common-Prayer, in favour of the *Presbyterians*.

Whereas it is ordained in the Adminiſtration of the Lord's Supper, that the Communicants kneeling ſhould receive the Holy Communion, which thing is well meant for a ſignification of the humble and grateful Acknowledgment of the Benefits of Chriſt given unto the worthy Receiver, and to avoid the Profanation and Diſorders which about the Holy Communion might alſo enſue, yet leſt the ſame kneeling might be thought or taken otherwiſe; We do declare

' Chriſt was the Word that ſpake it,
' He took the Bread and brake it,
' And what the Word did make it,
' That I believe and take it.

This ſhews ſhe'll hate our Book of Prayer,
If that black *Rubrick* be left there.
Upon my Soul it does more ill
Than Heart can think, or Tongue can tell,
The very *Lutherans* do not care
To read our Book, while it ſtands there,
This *Rubrick Cranmer* did invent
'Gainſt worſhipping the Sacrament,
But pray-ye let us throw't away,
That People, if it pleaſe 'em, may
Adore our Lord as preſent there,
Or elſe blot out this Antient (q) *Prayer*;
For not a Man alive can ſee
Which way to make them both agree.

The *Prayer* we muſt retain ſays *Bill*,
But we'll blot this out, if you will, (r) *In*

declare, that it is not meant thereby, that any Adoration is done, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread or Wine there bodily received, or unto any Real or Eſſential Preſence there being of Chriſt's Natural Fleſh and Blood: For as concerning the Sacramental Bread and Wine, they remain ſtill in their natural Subſtance, and therefore may not be adored, for that were Idolatry: And as concerning the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Chriſt, they are in Heaven, and not here: For it is againſt the Truth of Chriſt's true natural Body, to be in more Places than one at a time.

(q) They call this Prayer, *The Prayer of humble Acceſs*. We do not preſume to come to thy holy Table, O merciful Lord, truſting in our own Righteouſneſs &c. Grant us therefore, gracious Lord, ſo to eat the Fleſh of thy dear Son *Jeſus Chriſt*, and to drink his Blood,

(r) *In*

(r) *In theſe holy Myſteries,*
Becauſe I find the ſame implies
Chriſt's Body and his Blood are there.
So does, ſays *May*, the reſt o'th' *Prayer*,
And ſo our (ſ) *Catechiſm* too.
Quoth *Mat*, I know not what to do,
With *Catechiſm* we muſt not part,
Becauſe Folk have it all by Heart:
Nor is it fit to vex the Nation
By ſuch notorious Alteration.
But raze that Line out, if you will,
Which now was noted by Sir *Bill*.

Yes, yes, ſays *Whitehead*, out with this,
And let the *Rubrick* ſtand where'tis;
For *Calvin*, *Beza*, and good *Tyndal*,
The Real-Preſence never handle,
Unleſs to contradict the ſame,
Let's imitate thoſe Men of Fame,
And let it ne'er be ſaid, that we
With ſuch Apoſtles diſagree.

For my part I am not like *Tyndal*,
Inflexible, ſays Maſter *Grindal*;
Take therefore whether Side you pleaſe,
I can comply with mickle eaſe.

So cannot I, quoth *Pilkinton*;
Becauſe the Queen will have it done:

(r) *in theſe Holy Myſteries*, that our ſinful Bodies may be made clean by his Body, and our Souls waſhed thro' his moſt precious Blood, and that we may evermore dwell in him, and he in us. *Amen.*

(ſ) *In the Catechiſm.*

Queſt. *What is the inward Part or Thing ſignified?*

Anſwer. The Body and Blood of Chriſt, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the Faithful in the Lord's Supper.

And, right or wrong, you know we muſt
Obey her. Marry 'tis but juſt,
Says *Mat*, ſo let's no more Diſpute,
But blot that wicked Rubrick out.
This Motion pleas'd not Gaſter *Whitehead*;
Says *Smith*, (the Man that had been Knighted)
No Matter, if the reſt con'ent;
They did: And out the Rubrick went,
So did the Line *Bill* noted down,
And *Holy Myſteries* they have none.

The next thing that they fell upon,
Was how to give Communion,
Whether their Form ſhould it define
For Fleſh and Blood, or Bread and Wine.

Quoth *Parker*, in King *Edward*'s Reign
We had two diff'rent Forms; but then
We had two diff'rent Books of *Prayer*,
The firſt of which, we do declare,
The *Holy Ghoſt* himſelf did Aid
Our good Reformers when 'twas made:
In this Book, while the Book was good,
The firſt Form of Communion ſtood;
But as our Goſpel gather'd ground
So did our Common-Prayers abound,
And up a Second Book of Prayer
Roſe, e're the Firſt had reigned Three Year;
This very boldly took the Poſt
Of *That* made by the Holy-Ghoſt,
And taught a New Form (*a*) of Receiving
This, (*This New-Nothing*) with *Thankſgiving*.
Both Forms are here; My Lords, pray ſee
How th' one with t'other does agree.

The

(*a*) See *the Order of the Communion*, ſet out by King *Edward* VI. Printed by *R. Grafton*, 1547.

The Form of delivering the Communion according to King Edward's *firſt Order of Communion.*

Rubrick. When the Prieſt doth deliver the Sacrament of the Body of Chriſt, he ſhall ſay to every one theſe Words following,

The Body of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was given for thee, preſerve thy Body unto Everlaſting Life:

Rubrick. The Prieſt delivering the Sacrament of the Blood ſhall ſay,

The Blood of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was ſhed for thee, preſerve thy Soul unto Everlaſting Life.

The Form in King Edward's *Second Common-Prayer Book.*

Take and Eat this in Remembrance that Chriſt died for thee; and feed on him in thy Heart by Faith, with Thankſgiving.

At giving the Cup.

Drink this in Remembrance that Chriſt's Blood was ſhed for thee, and be thankful.

Pray read 'em over, Maſter *Bill*,
That we may all obſerve 'em well.
Bill reads, they think, and having done,
Thus opens Maſter *Pilkinton*.
In the firſt Form, I find the Word
Applys the Body of our Lord
To Save our Bodies *Only*, never
Naming the Soul of the Receiver;
As if our Souls no Benefit
Receive, when we his Body eat.
The Blood again, on t'other ſide,
Is only to the Soul apply'd;

As if our Bodies have no Good,
From the Receiving of the Blood.

Quoth Goodman *Grindal*, hold your Peace,
'Till I relate the Cauſe of this,
'Tis to make ſimple Folk believe,
That when they but one kind receive,
They take but half of Chriſt, which can
Preſerve but only half the Man,
So Body is appropriated
To Body, Blood to Soul related,
For our Reformed Church deſigns,
That all ſhall take it in both kinds;
And giving of it thus, they thought
A likely way to bring them to't.

But pray, quoth Maſter *Pilkinton*
What ſhall we do? Now there's not One
Kind left in *Edward's* (*b*) Second *Prayer*.
We're ten times worſe than e'er we were.
Whereas in Papiſt's times, they did
Receive Chriſt's Body and his Blood
Under one Species; We get neither,
Tho' both the Kinds we take together.

For

(*b*) *The Form of giving the Sacrament in the firſt Liturgy of* K. Edward (*ſays* Heylin) being thought by *Calvin* and his Diſciples to give ſome Countenance to the groſs and carnal Preſence of Chriſt in the Sacrament, was altered into this Form in the ſecond Liturgy, that is to ſay, *Take and eat this in Remembrance that Chriſt died for thee, and feed on him in thy Heart by Faith, with Thankſgiving. Take and drink this* &c. But the Reviſers of the Book joined both Forms together, leſt under Colour of rejecting a Carnal, they might be thought alſo to deny ſuch a Real Preſence as was defended in the Writings of the Antient Fathers, upon which Ground they expunged alſo a whole Rubrick at the End of the Communion Service, &c. (*This is the Rubrick mention'd above*). See *Heylin*, p. 383.

For, in this ſecond Form, the Prieſt
Pretends not to give ought of Chriſt.
Take and *Eat This*, ſays he, but what
This *This* is, he interprets Not:
Take and *Eat This*, This what, O *Parker*,
No Subſtantive Sure this is darker
Than Riddle, that in time of Old
Grand-Dames to their Grand-children told.
Quoth *Mat*, from what in Rubrick's ſaid,
I think it muſt be meant —— *This Bread*,

If ſo, ſays *Smith*, it is no more
When conſecrated than before:
What do the ſacred Words avail?
Is *Bleſſing* ineffectual?
And how can you theſe Words make Good,
This is my Body, *This my Blood*?
For Chriſt himſelf, ('tis very plain)
Being God, could nothing ſpeak in Vain.
The Ancient Fathers Underſtood
Chriſt gave his *Body* and his *Blood*
Under the *Form* of Bread and Wine,
And thought the *Euchariſt* Divine.
And, by *Tradition*, we from them
Ought to believe the very ſame.

At this up ſtarts me Maſter *Whitehead*,
And ſcratching for a while his Light-head,
Soft Sirs, ſays he, my Fancy gathers,
That theſe were Errors in the Fathers.
Not I alone imagine thus,
But *Calvin* and *Carlſtadius*,
Beza, and *Zuinglius*, by Name,
Cranmer, and *Bucer* ſay the ſame,
And in plain Syllables declare,
That only Bread and Wine are there;
And therefore, pray-ye, let us now
Be very cautious what we do;
And not diſſent, in any Caſe,
From Men ſo largely ſtockt with Grace;

Nor

Nor leave, upon a light pretence,
The Judgment of ſuch Men of Senſe.

Whitehead his Spirit ſcarce had ſpent,
When *Bill* his Stock began to vent.
Two diff'rent Judgments in the Land
There are, ſays he, I underſtand,
Thoſe who believe 'tis chang'd from Bread,
The firſt Form anſwers to their Creed:
And thoſe who do deny the ſame,
The ſecond Form is fit for them.
What think-ye therefore if we give it
In both, as diff'rent Men believe it?
And this may eaſily be done,
When Folk come to Communion:
It is but parting *YEAS* from *NOES*,
And at God's-Board the Herd diſpoſe;
So that the *Yeas* on one Side ſit,
The *Noes* on t'other Side of it:
Then let the Parſon take his Stand,
(It matters not at whether End)
And as by proper Form apply'd,
Diſpenſe his Gifts to either Side
By either Form alone, in troth,
I find we cannot pleaſe them both.

Quoth *Parker*, but ſince it is thus,
Let's make a Form ambiguous,
Which, as they pleaſe, may be apply'd
To this, or to the other Side.

Parker his Speech had ſcarcely done,
When up again gets *Pilkinton*;
And, by the motion of his Thumb,
Prevails with *Parker* to be Dumb.
Good Sirs, ſays he, be all Attentive,
My Brains are wonderful Inventive,
And muſt as certainly produce,
As *Æſop's* Mountain did his Mouſe.

I

I have a Project in my Head,
Will ſtand the Church in ſpecial Stead,
And be a Means, ſure as a Gun,
To make a bleſſed Union.
To the firſt Form, which *Edward* made,
We'll cunningly the ſecond add,
And ſo, by making both but one,
Adminiſter Communion.
By this means, each Man, as he liſt,
May to his Palate fit the Feaſt.
He ſaid; and did a Scroll preſent,
With both the Forms together pent,
Which was approv'd on by all there,
And placed in the *Common-Prayer*:
Where all ſorts of 'em, *With Thankſgiving*,
Make it the *Standard* of Receiving.

The Form of Adminiſtring the Communion according to Queen Elizabeth's *Common-Prayer.*

At Giving the Bread.

The Body of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was given for thee, preſerve thy Body and Soul unto everlaſting Life. Take and eat this in Remembrance that Chriſt died for thee, and feed on him in thine Heart by Faith, with Thankſgiving.

At Giving the Cup.

The Blood of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which was ſhed for thee, preſerve thy Body and Soul unto everlaſting Life: Drink this in Remembrance that Chriſt's Blood was ſhed for thee, and be thankful.

Thus, in the ſpace of twice ſix Year,
You ſee three diff'rent Forms appear.
The Reader need not think it ſtrange,
To find 'em thus *Chop* Faith, and *Change*,

When

When he reflects, they knew not whether
'Twas *Fleſh*, or *Bread* they took, or neither.

They caſt away, in the Concluſion,
King *Edward's* Form of (c) *Abſolution*,
Becauſe they thought it gave too much
Abſolving Power unto the Church;
And put another in it's place,
That neither Power owns, nor Grace.

Since here we have caſt out of Door
Th' Acknowledgment of Church's Power,
Why alſo do not we part with
That other Form, ſays honeſt *Smith*,
By which the Sick *Abſolved* are?
For the ſame *Power* is owned there.
The Parſon too makes them believe
That he has Power to Forgive,

Abſolve

(c) *King* Edward's *Form of* Abſolution *before Receiving.*

After the Parſon has made the General Confeſſion in the name of all thoſe that are minded to receive the Communion; Then, ſays the *Rubrick*, ſhall the Prieſt ſtand up, and turning him to the People, ſay thus,

'Our bleſſed Lord, who hath left *Power* to his Church to *Abſolve* Penitent Sinners from their Sins, 'and to reſtore to the Grace of the heavenly Father, 'ſuch as truly believe in Chriſt; have Mercy upon 'you, pardon and deliver you from all your Sins, 'confirm and ſtrengthen you in all Goodneſs, and 'bring you to everlaſting Life.'

(d) *Queen* Elizabeth's *Form of* Abſolution *before Receiving the Communion.*

Almighty God and Heavenly Father, who of his Great Mercy hath promiſed Forgiveneſs of Sins to all them that with hearty Repentance and true Faith turn unto him; have Mercy upon you, *&c.*

Abſolve and *Pardon* all Tranſgreſſion
Revealed to him in *Confeſſion.*

No, no, ſays *Parker*, we'll connive at
That (*e*) *Rubrick* for Confeſſion private;
Folk give the Parſon, when they're Ill,
A good round Legacy by Will,
For his receiving their Confeſſions,
And pardoning all their Tranſgreſſions:
That which Redounds thus to our Gain,
Be't right or wrong we muſt retain.
To what he ſaid all acquieſc'd,
And there it ſtands. —— Gra-mercy Griſt.

Of other Changes that they made,
I find not much in Story ſaid:
However if you liſt to know,
Take pains, as I am forc'd to do;
And *Edward's* Liturgies compare
With *Elizabeth's* new *Common-Prayer.*

This

(*e*) Notwithſtanding their blotting out this acknowledgment of the Church's Power to *Abſolve* in this place; yet, in the *Viſitation of the Sick* they let it ſtand in the Form of *Abſolution.*

Rubrick. 'The Miniſter ſhould not omit earneſtly to 'move ſuch ſick Perſons as are of Ability to be Liberal 'to the Poor, (*He expects their looking upon him as one of 'the Number*) Here ſhall the ſick Perſon be moved to 'make a ſpecial *Confeſſion* of his Sins, if he feel his 'Conſcience troubled with any weighty Matter. 'After which *Confeſſion* the Prieſt ſhall *Abſolve* him '(if he humbly and heartily deſire it) after this Sort,

Our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who hath left Power to his Church to *Abſolve* all Sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great Mercy forgive thee thine Offences: And by *his Authority committed to me, I* Abſolve *thee from all thy Sins.* In the Name of the Father, &c.

This precious Work, when 'twas in hand,
With ſo great Secreſie was man'd,
That few could tell, 'till it came out,
What eight wiſe Men had been about.
Mean while her Highneſs was not Idle,
But buſie as a Wench in *Bridewell*,
After her Brother *Ed*'s Example,
To make room for it in the Temple.
Th' *Epiſtle* and the *Goſpel* ſhe,
Together with the *Litany*,
In *Engliſh* Tongue caus'd to be read;
And then the *Maſs* aboliſhed.
Not all at once, for ſhe proceeded
By eaſie Steps, that none might heed it;
For Innovation durſt not venture
Too-rudely into Kirk to enter,
But ſlily crept-in by Degrees,
And drove the *Maſs* out, piece by piece.

Next came a (*f*) Proclamation out,
That none ſhould preach, pray or diſpute,
Or move a Lip thro' all the Nation,
In what related to Salvation.
Nor make one ſingle Step to Heaven,
'Till ſhe had further Orders given.
Religion now was at a ſtand,
As if ſhe meant to Damn the Land.

At

(*f*) The Queen ſet out a Proclamation, by which it was commanded, That no Man (of what Perſwaſion ſoever he was in the Points of Religion, ſhould be ſuffer'd from thenceforth to preach in publick but only ſuch as ſhould be Licenſed by her Authority. Which Proclamation was obſerved with ſuch Care and Strictneſs, that no Sermon was preach'd at St. *Paul*'s Croſs, or any publick Place in *London*, till the *Eaſter* following. (This came out in *December*, 1559.) Vid. *Heylin*, fol. 276.

At laſt up ſtarts the (g) Common-Prayer,
Appears in Churches every where,
And thruſts it ſelf into the Place
Of the *Great Sacrifice*, the *Maſs*.
In Temple thus th' *Abomination*
Of Ghoſtly Death, and *Deſolation*
Seated it ſelf, by violent Power
Of *Beſs*, the Beaſt or Scarlet-Whore.
As he, who by a ſudden Fright
Of Goblin, in the dusk of Night,
Has both his Eyes ſet in his Head
As ſtill, as if the Man was dead;
His Hair an end, as if his Skull
Were ſtuck with Knitting-Needles full,
So every Body ſtood amaz'd,
And as Diſtracted, ſtar'd and gaz'd,
When ſuch a *Spectre* did appear
Under the borrow'd Shape of Prayer.
But when it ſpake in Mother Tongue,
And *Hopkins*'s Pſalms in Meetre Sung;

Bleſs

(g) On the 24th of June, (*An.* Reg. *Eliz.* 1. 1559.) the Publick Liturgy was to be Officiated in all the Churches of the Kingdom.

There paſt an Act (*An.* Reg. *Eliz.* 1. 1558.) ſays *Heylin*, for Recommending and Impoſing the Book of Common-Prayer and Adminiſtration of the Sacraments according to ſuch Alterations and Corrections as were made therein by thoſe who were appointed to Reviſe it. In the performance of which Service, there was great care taken for expunging all ſuch Paſſages in it as might give any Scandal or Offence to the Popiſh-party. In the Litany firſt made and publiſhed by King *Henry* VIII. and afterwards continued in the two Liturgies of King *Edward* VI. there was a Prayer, *To be delivered from the Tyranny and all the deteſtable Enormities of the Biſhop of Rome*; which was thought fit to be expunged. (*Then he relates the joining of the Forms of Communion, and Expunging the Rubrick*

Bleſs us! How all fell down before it,
And for their *Moloch* did Adore it:
The Anti-Prieſts that took in hand
To ſerve this Idol, could Command
Of Hypocritick Tears an Ocean;
Which, with a whining feign'd Devotion,
They would ſo freely vent in Pulpit,
That others wept, and could not help it,
'Till Checks were drown'd from Noſe to Ears,
In floods of Sympathetick Tears.
In Cant and Wheedle moſt expert
They were, they wanted nought of Art
Whereby to gain the *Women*: Then
The *Women* went and brought the *Men*:
The *Children*, tho' they knew not whither,
Follow'd to Hell their *Dad* and *Mother*;
'Till *Common-Prayer* had gather'd ſoon
Nine Tenths, or more, in every Town.

The

brick, as noted above. After which he tells us) that to come up the cloſer to thoſe of the Church of *Rome*, it was ordered by the Queen's Injunctions, that the Sacramental Bread ſhould be made round in faſhion of Wafers uſed in the time of Queen *Mary*: She alſo ordered that the Lord's Table ſhould be placed where the Altar ſtood, that the accuſtom'd Reverence ſhould be made at the name of JESUS, Muſick retained in the Church, and all the old Feſtivals obſerv'd with their ſeveral Eves. By which Complyances, and the expunging of the Paſſages before remembred, the Book was made ſo paſſable, *&c.* *Heylin* p. 203. and in p. 208. He relates the Queen's Injunctions more fully, and when he ſpeaks of that for retaining Muſick in Churches, he gives theſe Reaſons or Motives why it was retained, *viz.* For the Encouragement of the Art, and the continuance of the uſe of ſinging in the Church of *England* and, for the comforting of ſuch as delight in Muſick.

The

The (b) Queen in other things thought fit
To ſhew a little of her Wit,
In Compliment to Catholicks:
(She'd Skill in Hypocritick Tricks)
Communion-Bread made up with Leaven,
Under King *Ned* in *Cubes* was given,
But now her Highneſs does declare,
It ſhall be (i) round as *Wafers* are.
No more muſt they in Gobbets ſhred
Their old ſtale Loaves of Common-Bread.
When they name JESUS all muſt bow,
As Catholicks are wont to do.
The *Croſs* in Baptiſm yet remain'd,
Muſick (k) in Churches ſhe retain'd,
Not to incite the tender Motion,
Which Muſick raiſes to Devotion;
Nor for Solemnity, as *David*,
When he to God ſang Praiſe, would have it;
But rather for Encouraging
Young Laſſes and young Lads to Sing;
And to pleaſe ſuch as Love the *Lute*,
The *Bag-Pipe*, *Fiddle*, or the *Flute*. Brave

The Queen Authorizes, and Eſtabliſhes this her new Common-Prayer, firſt by ſeveral *Injunctions*, (*which*, *ſay they*, *the Queen's Majeſty* Miniſtreth *to her* Clergy) as Injunct. 18, 33, 39, 52. Then by an Act of Parliament, call'd *An Act for Uniformity of Prayer and Adminiſtration of Sacraments*. The Injunctions and this Act were publiſhed in the 1ſt Year of her Reign, 1559. In the 8th Year ſhe confirms the ſaid Act for Uniformity, by another Act of Parliament. See alſo her Advertiſements or Articles for Doctrine and Preaching printed in 1564.

(b) See the Queen's *Injunctions apud Sparrow*. pag. 63.

(i) Injunction. pag. 79.

(k) Whenſoever the Name of JESUS ſhall be in any Leſſon, Sermon, or otherwiſe in the Church pronounced, that due Reverence be made by all Perſons young and old, with lowlineſs of Courteſie, and uncover

Brave Motives! (*l*) and denote her Zeal
To play Folk merrily to Hell.
God's Board (*m*) ſhe alſo gave Command
Should in the place of Altar ſtand,
Unleſs when People were Receiving
Their *This*, (*Et cætera*) *with Thankſgiving.*
The Board in her own (*n*) Chappel ſhe
Adorn'd, as Altars us'd to be,
With Silver *Crucifix* upon it,
Two Candles alſo ſhe had on it
Unlighted, never ſeen to Burn,
But as a Flame in Antient *Urn*,
Stood ſtill without the leaſt Decay,
'Till *Knolles* took Candle ſticks away,
Goes to the Kitchen-Fire and in it
Conſumes her Candles in a Minute,
Which elſe, by Magick Art of Queen,
Had two perpetual *Candles* been,
For Puritanick-Zeal and Light,
Mov'd *Patch* and this Adventurous Knight, In

covering of Heads of the Mankind, as thereunto doth neceſſarily belong and heretofore hath been accuſtomed Injunct 52.

(*l*) See Injunct. 49. and *Heylin*.

(*m*) It is ordered, that the Holy-Table in every Church be decently made, and ſet in the place where the Altar ſtood, and there commonly covered as thereto belongeth, and ſo to ſtand. Saving when the Communion of the Sacrament is to be diſtributed. After the Communion is done, from time to time the ſame Holy Table to be placed where it ſtood before. Injunct in Spar. pag. 75.

(*n*) In the Queen's Chappel, ſays *Heylin*, the Altar was furniſhed with rich Plate, two fair gilt Candleſticks with Tapers in them, and a maſſie Crucifix of Silver in the midſt thereof. Which laſt remained there ſome Years, 'till it was broke in pieces by *Patch* the Fool, at the Solicitation of Sir *Fran. Knolles*, one who openly appear'd in favour of the Schism at *Frankfort*.

In ſpite of Queen, or dread of *Halter*,
To ſpoil her God's-Board, or Mock-Altar;
And tumble all things to the Ground,
That they in Royal-Chappel found.
Thus *Patch* the *Fool*, and *Knolles* the *Knave*,
Did neither *Croſs* nor *Candle* leave,
Nor any thing beſides, that might
Grace repreſent, or Goſpel-light.

One would have thought, they had by now
Done all, that they deſign'd to do
In the *Reforming* of the Land:
Reforming's never at a ſtand;
For now the Zealots of the Nation
Deſire a farther Reformation;
And fall a playing o'er again
Their Pranks, juſt as in *Edward's* Reign.
The Queen grew ev'ry Day more Brain-ſick,
And gave at laſt command to Ranſack
Churches and Chappels through the Land,
And not to let an (*o*) Image ſtand,
Tho' 'twas our *Saviour Chriſt's* or *Mary's*;
And yet her *Own*, and *Ned's*, and *Harry's*,
They without Scruple made and kept
In Churches, Halls, and where they ſlept;
So *Fox* raz'd from his Kalendar
Our *Bleſſed Lady's* Name, and there,
Saint like, put *Beſſy's* in it's ſtead,
In Letters Capital, and Red.
Communion-Bread muſt be no more
Made in the Form it was before;
But cut in cubick Shape of Dice
From penny-Loaf, and of a Size
Sometimes ſo large, that few could chew it,
Without a Draught of Claret to it.

Sometimes

(*o*) Againſt Images ſee the Queen's Injunctions, 2, 23 35. and F. *Parſons* in his Examination of *Fox's Kalendar*.

Sometimes it hap't, a greedy Gull,
Would get his Gullet cramm'd so full,
As made him glore, and gasp for Wind,
'Till skill'd *Old Trot* would come behind,
And with her *Fist*, between his Shoulders
Thump to the wonder of Beholders,
Till by her Strokes, laid on in haste,
Out of his Throat she'd drive the Paste.

And now God's-Board they turn about,
From East to West from North to South;
And from the Place where *Altars* were
Remove it to the midst of Quire,
And back again into the Place
Where, *Altar-Wise*, at first it was.
But now it's *End*, and not it's *Side*,
They to the Eastern Wall apply'd.
Ne'er *Cock boat* forc'd from broken-*Cable*,
Was toss't like their *Communion Table*.

Religious Ornaments they burn,
And Sacred Things to Ashes turn,
Break Chalices, and Corporals rent,
Blaspheme the *Blessed Sacrament*.
And thus, what *Int'rest* first begun
Zeal-Puritanick carry'd on,
'Till nought, in fine, but Desolation
Attended this mad Reformation.

At this rate Church Affairs went on,
'Till their wild Reformation
Became to *Thinking* People, Hateful,
Thousands *Abhor*, what late seem'd *Grateful*,
And back into the *Church* amain,
From whence they fell, return again.

The Prelates finding no Conforming
As they expected, fell a Storming,
And casting in their Minds about
What Way they might compel 'em to't.

Found

Found nought would do, at any rate,
Without the help of Magiſtrate:
So they reſolved to Addreſs
Themſelves to *Parl'ament* and *Beſs*;
And in ſuch Solemn ſort to do't,
As could not fail of Gaining Suit.

They to their cruel Clergy, and
Who elſe in Blood would have a hand,
Send out their Paſtoral Command
To meet their Graces; and to bring
For Execution, any thing
That *might* ſeem proper, or could be
Uſeful *in* Act of Tragedy.
The *Black* Obey: As faſt they come,
As Soldiers call'd by beat of *Drum*:
And every *Parſon* brings his Pack
Of Murthering-tools upon his Back.
Some *Scourges* bring, and ſome *Battoons*,
Some come with *Halbards*, *Swords* and *Guns*,
Others with *Gibbets*, *Halters*, *Racks*,
And ſome with *Gullet-Knife*, and *Ax*.
And after theſe do other ſome
With *Lying Books* and *Ballads* come;
Which here and there abroad they throw
Among the *Rabble*, as they go;
Thereby the better to prepare 'em,
To Murther ev'ry *Papiſt* near 'em.
In Rear of all this Mad Proceſſion,
The *Prelates* come with their *Petition*;
And all the Arguments they had,
Whereby t'excite the Queen to Blood.

In Order thus, as you have ſeen,
They all appear before the Queen,
The Parl'ament, and Chiefs of State;
And thus their Grievances relate.
It is not long, ſince Fortune gave us
Your ſelf, O Bleſſed *Beſs*, to ſave us

From *Popery*; which you have done
'Till now, to Admiration.
Nor doubt we but to you is given,
In ſpite of *Pope*, his *Church*, or *Heaven*,
To Guard us, and our Country ſtill
From their Religion. — That I will,
Quoth *Beſs*. But you Supernal Powers
Bleſs us, and Shield whats'ever's Ours!
In Name of Wonder what d'you mean
Thus to appear before your Queen?
Why bring you here in ſuch Confuſion,
Thoſe Inſtruments of Execution?
Amaz'd ſhe ſteps. Then they go on
With this their dire Oration.
Know, that the Papiſts every Hour
Do gather Courage, Strength, and Pow'r;
And ſtill Increaſe and Multiply
In Numbers, moſt prodigiouſly.
Who Fell, when you began to Reign,
Do now Return as faſt again;
As having been Impos'd upon,
By this our Reformation,
E'er they conſider'd what they'd done.
Beſides, they Preach, Write, and Diſpute,
And every Day ſay *Maſs* to boot,
Which draw vaſt Numbers of the People
Into their Chappels, from the Steeple.
Here's *Stapleton*, and Doctor *Harding*,
Value our *Jewell* not a Farthing,
Nor Biſhop *Horn* do they regard,
More than they do a *Grecian's* Beard;
Theſe two, and Doctor *Sanderſon*,
Have brought our Reformation
Into Contempt, and loſs of Credit,
That very few of late do heed it.
But that which grieves us, we proteſt,
Twenty times more than all the reſt;
Our *Articles*, and *Common-Prayer*
They'll not Subſcribe: Nor will they Swear,

Madam

Madam, that you are *Chriſt's Vicegerent*,
By Virtue of your Crown Inherent.
But that which more diſturbs our Eaſe,
Five hundred thouſand times than theſe;
The *Pope* againſt your ſelf and Nation,
Has ſent an *Excommunication*,
And Curſt us all for Hereticks,
Uncapable of Biſhopricks.
And the whole Church, even at this Day,
Tremble at his *Anathema*,
And think't as Juſt, as that by which
St. *PETER* curſt *Simon* the Witch.
So that, if Order be not taken,
You'll be by all the World forſaken:
Your Biſhops too, muſt every Man
For *Heathen* paſs, and *Publican*.

In this, quoth *Beſs*, what ſhall I do?
We'd have, ſay they, your Highneſs know
The Caſe is deſp'rate, be't as 'twill;
There are but two ways, both are Ill:
You muſt think either of *Compliance*,
Or to his Curſes bid *Defiance*.
The firſt of theſe to our Eſtates,
The ſecond to our Souls relates.
Complying, is the laying down
We of our Caps, you of your Crown,
Leaves Reformation in the Lurch,
And brings us back into the Church:
Then *We* and all our *Clergy* muſt
From all our Tythes and Rents be thruſt;
And *Romiſh Clergy* be reſtor'd,
From ſuch an Ill, defend us, Lord.
For what muſt we maintain our Wives with?
And what ſupport our Merry Lives with?
For our parts, we're not us'd to Thraſhing,
Unleſs it be on Pulpit-Cuſhion,
Nor our fine Wives to ought but Dreſſing.

Again, if, on the other ſide,
The Pope's *Anathema*'s defy'd,
And we Curſt by the See of *Rome*,
We hazard all i'th' life to come:
For what on Earth the Church does Tie,
Is bound in Heaven as certainly,
And thoſe who are Excluded here
Out of the Church, can ne'er come there,
If all thoſe Texts be true and Right,
Which Scripture's *Sacred Pen-Men* Write.

At what you ſay I'm much ſurpriz'd,
And do deſire to be adviſ'd;
In weighty Matters, ſuch as this,
Pray Counſel me aright, quoth *Beſs*.

If we, ſay they, muſt you Adviſe,
Chooſe you the latter, if you're Wiſe;
Regard not you his *Curſe* a Ruſh,
A Bird in Hand's worth two in Buſh.
Here we have Riches, Eaſe, and Laughter,
But know not what ſhall follow after,
Let's therefore hold what is poſſeſt,
And truſt the Lard with all the reſt.
As for the *Catholick Religion*,
Extirpate it out of the Region;
Let not a Man of that Opinion
Remain in all your large Dominion.
Nay, quoth the Queen, to ruin all
Will ſpeak me too Tyrannical,
And brand my Name in Deathleſs Pages
For Bloody, to ſucceeding Ages.

Your Majeſty, ſay they, muſt know,
That all things ſhall be done by *Law*:
If Arbitrarily 'twere done,
Then good were your Objection:
But when there's *Law* for what you do,
Then 'tis the *Law* that kills, not you.

Judges

Judges are not Accountable
For Blood, tho' Guiltleſs Blood they Spill,
Provided that they keep in Bounds
Of Law, and go on Legal Grounds;
Such (p) *Penal-Laws* we will invent,
As Death, or long Impriſonment
Shall be the Puniſhment of thoſe
That do our Kirk, or us oppoſe;
We'll make it (q) Treaſon to become
A Member of the Church of *Rome*.
By Law we'll bring't within the Reach
Of Death, for Papiſt-Prieſts to Preach,
Say (r) Maſs, or even to be found
In any place (ſ) on *Engliſh* Ground.

(p) Penal Laws.

Statute 1 *Eliz.* 1. Aboliſhes the *Pope's Authority*, and Enacts the Queen Head of the Church, or (as they word it) chief *Governeſs* in all Eccleſiaſtical Affairs. By this and *Stat.* 5 *Eliz.* 1. Thoſe who maintain the *Juriſdiction* of the See of *Rome*, incur a *Præmunire*, In that 1 *Stat.* the Oath of *Supremacy* was impoſed: Firſt refuſal of that Oath is a *Præmunire*. The Second refuſal, and alſo the Second maintaining the Juriſdiction of the See of *Rome* (if Convicted) is High Treaſon.

(q) *Stat.* 13 *Eliz.* 2. To obtain or uſe any Bull of Abſolution, or Reconciliation from the Biſhop of *Rome*, or Abſolve, or be Abſolved thereby, ſhall be High Treaſon. The Comforters and Maintainers of ſuch Offenders ſhall incur a *Præmunire*, and their Counſellors *Miſpriſon of Treaſon*.

(r) *Stat.* 23 *Eliz.* 1. To ſay *Maſs* is the forfeit of 200 Marks, and one Year's Impriſonment. To hear *Maſs* is the forfeit of 100 Marks and one Year's Impriſonment. By this Act, every Perſon repairing not to Church, according to *Stat.* 1. *Eliz.* 2. ſhall forfeit 20 Pounds a Month.

(ſ) *Stat.* 27 *Eliz.* 2. All *Jeſuits* and *Prieſts*, and other Eccleſiaſtical Perſons, born within any of the Queen's Domi-

Nor will we Mercy have, or ſpare 'em
Who either Harbour Prieſts or Hear 'em.
Behold the Laws, for we have drawn 'em
In Form, as here: Do you but own 'em
By your declaring your Conſent,
And then they're *Acts* of *Parliament.*

We've alſo brought theſe Tools, you ſee,
Into your Preſence, purpoſely,
That by the *Penal-Laws* and theſe,
May *Hang* and *Head* them when you pleaſe.

The *Pope*, you ſee, has ſmote us all,
With his keen Sword-ſpiritual;
Thereby Expecting, but in vain,
To bring us back to him again,
And make us all Obedient
To Faith, and to Church Government:
But this we'll never more endure,
Tho' he from Chriſt derive his Pow'r.
We therefore pray you, Potent *Beſs*,
Revenge us on his Holineſs,
Graſp Temp'ral Weapon in your Hand,
Smite all the rapiſts in the Land:
Beſtir your ſelf: About you lay,
Like *Joan* of *Orleans* in Fray,
And neither Lord nor Beggar ſpare,
Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Friend forbear;
But pitileſs as Death go on,
And Hack, and Hang and Hew 'em down
With theſe our Inſtruments of Blood,
As Woodmen do their Underwood. Then

Dominions, and Ordained or made ſuch by the Juriſdiction of the See of *Rome*, which come into or remain in any of the ſaid Dominions, ſhall be adjudged Guilty of High Treaſon and their Receivers, Aiders, and Maintainers, ſhall be adjudged *Felons* without Benefit of Clergy. *With a great many more which you may find at large in the Statute Books.*

Then at her Feet, (these Words being said,)
Their *Penal-Laws* and Tools they laid,
And bad her go and use the same,
In *Nero*'s and the Devil's Name:
For in your Deeds can be no Flaw,
While you do nothing but by Law.

Nay, if I be secur'd by Law,
I care not what it is I do,
Quoth she; I therefore give Consent
To all your Acts of Parl'ament;
And with those Instruments you bring
I'll lay about like any thing.
No Magistrate in all the Land,
But shall have Halters in his Hand,
And Jails and Gibbets at Command.

She said, then Authoriz'd her Men-all
To Execute her *Statutes-Penal*,
And Priests and Jesuits were Martyr'd,
Cut up, Beheaded, Drawn and Quarter'd.
Such Haste the Cruel Butchers made
To rip them up, e're they were Dead;
That one might see them sometimes look
On their own Hearts, from Body took;
And hear the Pious Martyrs Pray
For those that tore their Hearts away.
For then the way of taking Life,
Was first half-hanging, then the Knife
Ript open the blest Martyr's Breast;
His Heart and Liver, and the Rest
Of Inward-parts, into the Fire
They flung; —— Thus did those Saints Expire.
Of those Beatified one
Was Reverend Father *Campion*,
That Learned *Jesuit*, who bore
Long time his Shackles in the *Tow'r*,
Cerwin, *Short*, *Bryant*, Victims fell,
Johnson and *Fourd*; I mourn to tell,

That ſcarce the Knife with theſe had done,
When *Philby*, *Kirby*, *Richardſon*,
Nelſon, and *Cotham*, *Hanſy*, *Mayn*,
Kirkman, and *Lacy*, *Thompſon*, *Payn*,
Thirlkel, and *Haswood* ſuffered,
So *Bell* and *Hart*, and *Hadock* did,
With *Emford*, *Nutter*, *Munden*, *Fen*,
And other (*t*) Prieſts a numerous Train;
Who dying for the Faith of Chriſt,
Increas'd the Holy Martyrs Liſt.
Nor ſuffer'd Prieſts alone, for then
They Sacrifie'd the Gentlemen:
Of leſſer Rank many were Try'd,
And of both Sexes numbers Dy'd.
In *York* the good Dame *Chuthrey*'s Breath
They ſtopt, by *Preſſing* her to Death.
He who but Harboured a Prieſt
Paſt for a *Traytor*, at the leaſt];
And who was known to hear a *Maſs*
Muſt for an Impious *Felon* paſs:
Such Laws thoſe *Herods* did invent,
To Murther all the Innocent.

Beſides the Blood profuſely ſpill'd,
All Priſons in the Land were fill'd;
Where Cruel Uſage, Stench, and Whips,
And Hunger, ſlaughter'd them in Heaps.
In ſhort, not many 'ſcap'd the Jaws
Of All-devouring *Penal-Laws*,
But either were depriv'd of Bread,
Or thrown in Jails, or Murthered.
For 'twas deſign'd by Queen and State,
Religion to Eradicate.
But by a Pow'r Divine, their Malice
Has ſtill been Curb'd, as that of *Hell* is,

By

(*t*) There ſuffered above 130 *Prieſts*, beſides others. *F. Parſons* in *Diſcus.* Pag. 197.

By Plots, and Letters Counterfeit,
By cunning Trick, and ſubtle Cheat
By ſuborn'd Evidence, and Lyes,
Leiceſter (*u*) and *Walſingham* deviſe
Strange Traps t'enſnare the *Innocent*,
For Traitors to the Government;
As *Leyburn*, *Arden*, *Paget*, and
Norfolk, and good *Northumberland*,
And *Arundel* his Son, and *Shelly*,
And Lamentable 'tis to tell-ye,
That the black Venom of their Spleen
Was ſhed againſt their Lawful Queen,
The Pious *Mary* Queen of (*x*) *Scots*:
For, when thro' *Knox* and *Murray*'s Plots,

(*u*) *Cambden* in his Hiſtory of the Life of Queen *Eliz.* Edit. 3. *ſays of the Lord* Paget, Arundel *and other Catholicks, that were forc'd to fly the Land*: That they heavily complain'd of the ſubtle Artifices of *Leiceſter* and *Walſingham*: that ſtrange kinds of Tricks and Cheats were invented, and ſecret Snares ſo cloſely laid, that they muſt, whether they would or no, and before they were aware, be involved in the guilt of High-Treaſon. And (*continues he*) verily there were at this time ſome ſubtle ways taken to try how Men ſtood affected: Counterfeit Letters were privily ſent in the name of the Queen of *Scots* and the Fugitives, and left in *Papiſts* Houſes: Spies were ſent abroad up and down the Country, to take notice of People's Diſcourſe, and lay hold of their Words. Reporters of vain and idle Stories were admitted and credited. Hereupon many were brought into Suſpicion, and amongſt the reſt, *Henry* Earl of *Northumberland*, his Son *Ralph* Earl of *Arundel*. pag. 294.

(*x*) Again, ſays *Cambden*, ſuch as bore a mortal hatred againſt the Queen of *Scots*, took occaſion to haſten her Death. And to ſtrike the greater Terror into the Queen (*Elizabeth*) they raiſed falſe Rumours

Expell'd her Land, ſhe hi her fled
For Refuge, and a promis'd Aid;
In Barb'rous and Unnat'ral Manner,
('Gainſt Law of Nations, Juſtice Honour,
And *Promiſe to her of Protection*
Againſt the Scottiſh inſurrection)
She was into a Priſon thrown
By *Eſs*, that had uſurp'd her Crown,
Where Eighteen Years confin'd ſhe lay,
Beſet with Miſeries e'ry way;
'Till ſhe was freed by Cruel Death,
And ſent to *Joys* above from *Pains* beneath;
Tho AX more Merciful in this,
Than Cruel and Perfidious *Eſs*.
The Warrant (ſigned by the Chief
Head of their Kirk to take her Life;
Buckhurſt and *Beal*, the Earl of *Kent*,
A Canting *Dean*, and *Biſhop*, went To

mours and terrifying Reports all over *England*, viz. That the *Spaniſh* Fleet was Landed at *Milford-Haven*. That the *Scots* were broken into *England*, that the Queen of *Scots* was eſcaped out of Priſon, and had raiſed an Army: that the *Northern Parts* were up in Rebellion. That there was a new Conſpiracy on foot to kill the Queen (*Eliz.*) and ſet the City of *London* on Fire, yea that the Queen (*Eliz.*) was Dead, with other ſuch like Stories. pag. 376.

Again, upon the Account of difference in Religion, the hot Proteſtants thought that the Queen of *Scots*, though her Title were moſt undoubted, yet becauſe ſhe was of another Religion, was to be rejected. pag. 73. Others, that ſhe ſhould at once be deprived both of *Regal Authority* and of *Life*, and put to Death. And this *Knox* and ſome Miniſters of the Word Thundred out of the Pulpits. pag. 95.

(*y*) With ſuch *Scare-Crows* and affrighting Arguments as theſe they drew the Queen's (*Eliz.*) Wavering and perplexed Mind to that paſs, that ſhe ſigned a *Warrant* for putting the Sentence of Death in Execution. pag. 379.

To put that final Reſolution,
The Writ of Death, in Execution.
Madam, ſay they, from Court we come,
To bring you Notice of your Doom;
Lo here the Warrant for your Death,
Sign'd by our good Queen *Elizabeth*,
Prepare you then for we muſt ſee
Your Head cut off immediately.
I am no Subject to your (z) *Law*,
Says ſhe, but ſince the Matter's ſo;
Come, welcome Death, the Gate to Bliſs,
My *Lord* for me Dy'd on the *Croſs*,
And ſhall not I with Joy embrace this Death
For my *Redeemer*, and his Holy Faith?
Welcome a thouſand times the fatal Stroke,
She ſaid, and made her ready for the Block
Where when with Tears ſhe did deſire
To have her *Confeſſaint* by her,
To give the *Holy Sacrament*;
No, no! Cryes out the Earl of *Kent*,
No Sacrament, no Prieſt's Forgiving,
We kill but half, while half is Living,
The Body is but half the Man,
The Soul the other half; Why then

(z) When the Warrant of Execution was re
undaunted'ly (ſays *Cam.*) and with a compo'e

Shou'd we not puniſh this, be'ng faulty
As that? It's the whole Man that's Guilty.
In Sin they jointly act together,
Hence we muſt puniſh both, or neither:
Let's then *Behead* the outward Man,
And Damn the Inward, if we can.
Firſt, we muſt carefully prevent
Her taking of the Sacrament;
No *Confeſſarius*, I proteſt,
Shall at her Death her Soul aſſiſt.
You, my Lord Biſhop, or Dean (*b*) *Fletcher*,
Go try if you can over-teach her:
If you her Ancient Faith can Shock,
At the laſt Moment on the Block, And

a hot burning Zeal to Religion turning towards her; breaks forth into theſe Words, among other Speeches, *Your Life will be the Death of our Religion, as contrariwiſe your Death will be the Life thereof. At this* ſhe asked *Fargeon*, her Phyſician, whether he did not now find the force of *Truth* to be great? *They ſay* (quoth ſhe) *that I muſt die, becauſe I have plotted againſt the Queen's Life, yet the* Earl *of* Kent *tells me, that there is no other Cauſe of my Death, but that they are afraid of their Religion becauſe of Me Neither hath mine Offences againſt the Queen, but their Fears becauſe of me, drawn this End upon me.* Cam p. 383, 384, 385. *Baker in his Chronicle* ſays, that the Lord *Buckhurſt* and *Beal* were ſent to the Queen of *Scots*, to let her underſtand that Sentence was pronounc'd againſt her, and confirmed by *Parliament*, and that the Execution of it was earneſtly deſired by the *Nobility* and the *Commons*; Intimating, *that if ſhe lived, the Religion received in* England, *could not ſubſiſt.* pag. 373.

(*b*) *When at the Block, Fletcher* Dean of *Peterborough*, began a long Speech, touching her Life paſt, preſent and to come. She interrupted him once or twice, and prays him not to trouble himſelf, proteſting that ſhe was firmly fixed and reſolved in the *Ancient Catholick Roman Religion*, and for it was ready to ſhed her laſt Blood, *Cambden.* pag. 384.

And fill her Soul with Clouds of doubt,
Then ſhe'll be Damn'd, without Diſpute.
At this, away goes wicked Dean,
To preach ſtrange Doctrines to the Queen;
And offers her, in the Concluſion,
His Common-Pray'r-Book's *Abſolution.*
But Dean and Biſhop ſhe Rejects
With Scorn, and all they ſay Neglects;
Telling them, ſhe will hold till Death
The *Catholick* and *Roman* Faith.
At this the Earl of *Kent* from Seat
Starts up, and tells her in great Heat,
Madam, *Your Life will be the Death;*
Your Death the Life, of our New Faith.
No more her Perſecutors ſaid.
Before a (c) *Crucifix* ſhe pray'd,
Lifting her Heart and Hands to Heaven,
Begg'd all her Sins might be forgiven, Into

(c) She requeſted, ſays *Baker*, that ſhe might have ſome Catholick Prieſt to adminiſter the Sacrament to her, but was deny'd, which ſome deemed, not *Inhuman* only, but *Tyrannical* and *Heathenish*. She falling down upon her Knees, and holding up an Ivory *Crucifix* in her Hands, prayed with her Servants in Latin, out of the Office of the Bleſſed *Virgin*. Prayers being ended, ſhe kiſſed the *Crucifix*, and ſigning her ſelf with the Sign of the Croſs, ſaid, *As thy Arms, O Chriſt were ſpread forth upon the Croſs, ſo embrace me with the open Arms of thy Mercy, and forgive me my ſins.* And laying down her Head upon the Block ſhe repeated the Pſalm, *Domine in te ſperavi, non confundar in Æternum.* ſee *Baker*, pag. 373, 374. Edit. 7. *Cambden* adds, that ſhe repeated many times, *Into thy Hands, O Lord, I Commend my Spirit*, and her Head was ſtricken off at two Strokes; The *Dean* crying out, *So let Queen* Elizabeth's *Enemies Periſh*: The Earl of *Kent* anſwering *Amen* and the People *Sighing and Sobbing. He alſo gives her Character in theſe Words.* A Lady *fixed and conſtant in her Religion, of ſingular Piety* towards GOD, *Invincible Magnanimity* of Mind, Wiſdom above her Sex, and *admirable Beauty.* pag. 389.

Into our Saviour's Hands ſhe Recommended
Her pious Soul, and thither it Aſcended
From her calm Breaſt, whoſe Head upon the Block
Struck off, her Soul fled at the Second Stroke.
But let us leave this purple Flood,
And thoſe tempeſt'ous Seas of Blood,
And of more pleaſant Matters ſing,
'Till the *Hybernian* Mountains ring.

Remember that above 'tis ſaid,
That every one that could but read,
Were by the Queen put into Gowns,
And made the Teachers of the Towns;
A wond'rous eaſie way of earning
Their Bread, who would but with for Learning?
This hopeful Trade inclin'd the Muddy-
Dull-Blockheads to begin to Study,
And *Weavers Taylors, Carters, Colliers,*
Got their dull Brood ſet up for Scholars,
In expectation, that as ſoon
As they could Read and get a Gown,
They might pick up an handſome Living,
Without ought elſe of Parents giving:
But this, at laſt fill'd all the Land
With Sable Knights o'th' little Band,
And ſmirking Patrons did abound,
As Gnats are wont in Fenny Ground,
'Till Benefices, ne'er ſo bad,
For one in ten could not be had;
So that they were, for want of Bread,
Half ſtarv'd, and Gowns as bare as thread.
When lo, the Providence of Queen,
Whoſe Eye, all-ſeeing, this had ſeen;
Compaſſion took on her poor Learned,
That had no Food but what they earned,
Nor Work to ſet themſelves about,
Whereby to Earn what Belly ſought,
Unleſs by ſponging up and down
'Mong Brother-Clergy of the Town;

Bethought

Bethought her ſelf, not far off lay
An *Iſland* (*a*) in the Weſtern-Sea,
Stor'd with good Eatables great Plenty,
Cheeſe, Butter, Eggs a penny Twenty;
Curds, Cream, and Hotted-Bonnaclaber;
Wou'd make an hungry Parſon Caper.
This, by deep Skill in Politicks,
She found would Feed her Canonicks:
For yet, tho' ſo great plenty, there
No Parſon was, nor Common-Prayer:
Therefore bids *Cecil* Edicts write
To *Ireland*, (ſo that Iſland hight)
That they ſhould quit, thro' all the Region,
Their Ancient Faith for new Religion,
And in their Churches entertain
Her *Common-Prayer* and *Clergy-Men.*
She alſo ſends out her Command
To every Parſon in the Land,
That wanted Living, and lay Idle,
To get a Pray'r-Book and a Bible,
And make them ready, out of hand,
For Miſſion to a Foreign Land:
Full glad they were to hear of Work,
And that their Province in the Kirk
Was to Convert an unknown Land.
That not a Word could Underſtand,
Nor knew the Language of their Prayers,
Or Preaching, more than they did theirs;
(For Miracles do not belong
To Proteſtants, nor Gift of Tongue)
However this they heeded not,
But every Man his *Bible* got,
And *Common-Prayer*, to read them o'er
In *Engliſh*, on the *Iriſh* Shore.
Provided thus, they haſte away,
Each on his Back his *Omnia*, To

(*a*) Let us now paſs over into *Ireland*, (ſays *Heylin*) where we ſhall find the Queen as active in advancing the reform'd Religion, as ſhe had been in either of the other Kingdoms (*England* and *Scotland*) p. 390.

To wit, Bread, Cheeſe, and other Meat,
(For Travellers muſt often eat)
But as for Cloaths, they had no more
Than only what they daily wore,
Which one may gueſs was e'en but bad,
When one o'th' ſpruceſt thus was Clad.
A long Crown'd Hat on Head he wore,
Hung down behind, and Cockt before:
A Beneficial Hat, for when
A ſaucy Wind, or ſhower of Rain
Aſſaulted him on either Ear,
He turn'd the hanging Side on't there;
And when the Rain beat in his Face,
He turn'd it ſtill to th' grieved Place:
Yet tho' it hung before his Sight,
Holes it had in't to give him Light,
So that he never miſt his Way,
If ſo he wore it all the Day.
He'd under it a Satin Cap,
Made of his Grand ſire's Doublet-Lap,
And Edg'd within with ſhred of White,
Turn'd outwards, obvious to Sight,
Much like a *Sergeant's Coif* 'twas made,
In which he preach'd, and ſlept, and pray'd.
A Shirt he had, made of courſe Harden,
A Collar-Band not worth a Farthing,
And little Cuffs round either Wriſt
And Woollen Mittens on each Fiſt,
Which luckily ſupply'd the Place
Of Handkerchief to wipe his Face:
For things Superfluous he had none,
More than *Diogenes* had on.
As for the Caſſock on his Back,
'Twas party-colour'd, the Ground Black:
For when in any part worn out,
On went, of any colour, Clout.
To cover all, he wore a Black
Canonick Garment on his Back;
By Father Wove and Mother Spun,
Call'd in the Days of Ypre a Gown;

But

But now ſo rent, like *Swiſſes* Breeches,
That how to nam't no Author teaches:
Yet long enough it was, they ſay,
Sometimes to ſweep the dirty Way.
As to his Ornament of Foot,
On one of them he wore a Boot;
But on the other had a Shoe,
Hid by his Coats, that none might know:
And 'twas not unadvis'dly neither,
That Boot and Shoe were worn together;
For, as ſometimes it hapt, when he
Fell into Gentile Company,
The cleanly Shoe wou'd ſoon appear,
Which careful Boot had ſav'd from Mire:
For Ditch he always plumb'd with Boot,
Thereby to keep the other out.
As for his Stockins, Authors do
Give ſmall Account, whether One or Two:
Some think but One, which was helpt out
By ſupplemental Leg of Boot.
About his Waſt he wore a *Zone*,
Kept all things faſt that he had on.
A uſeful Surcingle it was,
Faſten'd with Buckle made of Braſs,
Which, as his Paunch was Full or Swamp,
He'd wider make, or ſtraighter cramp,
By letting out a Hole, or ſo,
Juſt as he found his Belly grow;
Before him at his Girth did hing
Inkhorn, and *Pen-Caſe*, in a String;
Ruler and *Pencil* too, that made
Of broken *Arrow*, this of *Lead*;
Tools that he could not be without,
So wiſely carry'd them about.
What elſe he had, I think I may
Cut off with an *Et cætera*;
As being things of little worth,
That likewiſe hung at Belly-Girth.
Provided thus for long Voyage,
Having no other Equipage,

Save

ave Stick or Bavin for his Horſe,
nd little Knapſack at his Arſe,
With Fare ye-weils, and ſhaking Hands,
e takes his Leave of all his Friends,
nd, as 'tis uſual having Cry'd
A while he makes for Water-ſide.
Had you at *Le'erpool* been, or *Weſt-*
Cheſter, O Heav'ns! You wou'd ha' bleſt
Your ſelf, and croſt and ſign'd your Eyen,
Such Shoals of Parſons to have ſeen,
As thither from all parts came ſkipping
For *Dublin*, and ſtaid there for Shipping.
Being come at laſt aſhore in (a) *Dublin*,
They all the Country fell a troubling,
For as a Leproſy does ſpread
To Sole of Foot from Crown of Head;
Or like a Peſtilential Air,
Thoſe Parſons, and their *Common-Prayer*
Spread *Ireland* over in a trice,
As thick as *Ægypt* was with *Lice*,
And more moleſting were by far
Than *Frogs*, or *Lice*, or *Locuſts* there. The

(a) King *Harry* VIII. broke the Ice (ſays *Heylin*) by taking to himſelf the Title of *Supreme Head on Earth of the Church of* Ireland, Exterminating the Pope's Authority, and Suppreſſing the Monaſteries and Religious Houſes. In Matters Doctrinal and Forms of Worſhip, as there was nothing done by him, ſo neither was there much endeavour'd in the time of K. *Edward*. And whatſoever was done, was preſently undone again in the Reign of Q. *Mary*. But Q. *Eliz.* having ſettled her Affairs in *England*, and undertaken the Protection of the *Scots*, (who as he tells us, p. 299. had bound themſelves by their Subſcription to embrace the *Liturgy* and all the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of *England*, which for a time remain'd the only Worſhip for the Kirk of *Scotland* conceiv'd her ſelf oblig'd in point of Piety, that *Ireland* ſhould alſo be made Partaker of ſo great a Benefit. A Parliament

The Publick *Maſs* was put to flight,
As Day is baniſht by the Night;
A Work perform'd, not by the dint
Of Parſon's *Prayer*, or *Argument*,
But by a ſtrongly armed Power,
Provided by the Queen before.
An eaſy way to make Folk come
To Kirk, when ſummon'd by a *Drum*,
Yet all they heard when they came there
Was, in ſtrange Tongue, a *Common-Prayer*.
As poliſh'd Parſons without bluſhing
Will Cant and Bawl and Cuff their Cuſhion,
Correcting others for the Sin
Themſelves are deepeſt plunged in, So

ment is therefore held on the 12th of *January* (*An. Reg.* 2. 1560.) Where paſt an *Act* reſtoring to the Crown the ancient Juriſdictions over all Eccleſiaſtical and Spiritual Perſons: By which *Statute* were eſtabliſh'd, both the *Oath of Supremacy, and the High Commiſſion* as before in *England*. There alſo paſt an *Act* for the *Uniformity of Common Prayer*, with a Permiſſion of ſaying the ſame in *Latin*, in ſuch Church or Places where the Miniſter had not the Knowledge of the *Engliſh* Tongue. But for Tranſlating it into *Iriſh* there was no care taken, either in this Parliament, or in any following.

For want whereof, as alſo for not having the Scriptures in their native Language, moſt of the Natural *Iriſh* here retain'd their old Cuſtoms, and adher'd to the Church of *Rome*. The People by that Statute are required under ſeveral *Penalties* to frequent their Churches, and to be frequent at the reading of the *Engliſh Liturgy*, which they underſtand no more than they do the *Maſs*.

By which means the *Iriſh* were not only kept in continual Ignorance, as to the Doctrines and Devotions of the Church of *England*, but we have furniſhed the *Papiſts* with an excellent Argument againſt our ſelves, for having the Divine Service celebrated in ſuch Language as the People do not underſtand.

Thus Dr. *Heylin* in his Hiſt. pag. 300.

So here in *England*, none more keen
Than Parſons, Biſhops, and the Queen,
To Cry the *Maſs* down, 'cauſe (they ſaid)
The Prieſt in unknown Language pray'd:
And yet themſelves their Prayer-book ſent,
To ſuch as knew not what it meant.
And it was read, and *Pſalms* were ſung,
And Sermons preach'd in unknown Tongue
Among *Wild-Iriſh*: Where not One
Knew what they ſaid, but cry'd, *O Hone!*
O Hone! They cry'd, and ſhak'd their Heads
With Grief, to change their *Maſs* and *Beads*
For what they knew to be a Prayer
No more, poor Souls, than *Banks* his Mare.
It would have pleas'd-ye to have ſeen
Some of thoſe *Engliſh* Parſons, when
They took poſſeſſion of the Steeple
And fell a Praying 'mongſt the People.
Behold one in a Country Kirk
Performing thus his Sunday's Work:
Making his Entry into Desk,
He turn'd his Book to Sunday's Task,
Stroakt down his Beard, Compos'd his Face,
And gets him ſet in proper Place;
Lets fall the Caſements of his Eyes,
Thereby to make 'em leave the Skies,
'Till being turn'd to downward Look.
He ſets 'em open on his Book:
All which perform'd: In Graceful Tone,
Thus he his Liturgy begun.
At what time Sinners do Repent,
Et cætera, (for on he went,
As if his Rev'rence were Inſpir'd)
The People mightily admir'd,
And at his Antick Geſtures gaz'd,
But at his Language moſt amaz'd;
And grieved to the very Soul,
To change their Prieſt for ſuch an Owl.
At laſt being all brimful of Tears,
And He at this part of his Prayers,

We ha' done what W' ought not to have done.
Out breaks *O-Hone*! *O-Hone*! *O-Hone*!
From all parts of the Congregation,
Which ſtruck him into Admiration,
And made him, thro' Exceſs of Fear;
Break off in middle of his Prayer;
With trembling Lips, and face as pale
As Death, tho' lately fluſht with Ale;
But having ceaſed their *O-Hone*,
And nought of Harm to Parſon done,
He, like a Man, o'ercame his Fear,
And Re-aſſumes his Book of Pray'r;
With which, and in his former Tone,
He very leiſurely went on;
'Till being come to, *Open thou*
Our Lips. Another *Hub-ub-boo*
Sounded from all ſides of the Kirk,
And ſcar'd him from his Godly Work,
From Desk and all, and made him fly
As faſt as ever he could hye,
'Till ſtopt by *Sexton*, as he ran,
(The *Sexton* was his Country-Man,
And of his Cloth too; but for want
Of Benefice, was then content
To ſay *Amen*, and ſet out *Pſalm*,
Make *Graves*, and into Kirk to call-'em
By Sound of Bell, when e'er the time
Pointed to him the Hour of *Chime*)
But ſtopt, (I ſay) and ſeeing no Ill
Meant by the Noiſe, for all ſat ſtill;
He came at laſt out of his Fits,
And gather'd up his ſcatter'd Wits.
Aſſum'd new Courage, and grew b..k,
And took his Journey to his Desk:
Where being ſeated in his Chair,
Gives Laud and Praiſe, and falls to Pray'r,
When lo another *hill lil-lil-im*
(Which he miſtook for *Kill-kill kill-him*)
So ſtun'd him, that he could not Pray
One Word, but ſtrove to get away:

But

But apprehending that his Caſe
Was worſe a thouſand times than 'twas,
A ſudden trembling ſeiz'd each Limb,
His Senſes fail'd, his Eyes grew dim,
And in a cold Sweat down he fell,
Alive or Dead he could not tell,
Which they perceiving came and made
Their uſual Noiſe as for the Dead;
For ſo they thought he was, poor Man,
And thus the *Dirge* they began.
Oh! *Hub-bub boo!* For all did Weep,
To ſee the Parſon dead aſleep,)
What made thee Die? Oh *Dear Aroon*,
What made thee go away ſo ſoon,
And leave thy Tythes behind? *Hub boo!*
Had'ſt thou not Tythe of Calf and Cow,
Of Lambs, and Ewes, and new ſhorn Fleece,
Of Honey, Wax, and Bees, and Geeſe?
Oh Hone! Tythe Duck, and Sow and Piggs,
Tythe Chickens, Hens and *Eaſter* Eggs,
Hay, Corn, and what in Gardens grow;
Thou Tyth'd our *Wives* and *Daughters* too:
And was't not all enough, *Dear Joy*,
But thou muſt needs take Ire, and Die?
O Hone! O Hone! Alaſs, poor Man,
He'll ne'er read Common-Pray'r again.
O Hone! O Hone! Hub-bub-bub boo,
Ill lill lill-lil lill-lill lill loo!
This Note awakes him from his Dream,
And up he ſets an horrid Scream,
With open Mouth and ſtaring look,
I'm took! (yells he, *I'm took! I'm took!*
For he, deceived in his Dream,
Thought as he fled they follow'd him;
And they, no wiſer tho' awake,
Thought it the Parſon's Sprite that ſpake,
Crying, *O Hone!* he walks again,
Hark how his Spirit does complain,
Lo how't appears with gaſtly Look,
Yelling with horrid Shrieks —— *I'm took,*

As

As if thoſe ugly Fiends that dwell
Below, were dragging him to *Hell.*
At which, ſtruck with a panniek Fear,
They left the Kirk, and Parſon there,
And ſcamper'd, e'en as they were Mad,
Each One to that poor Home he had,
When by and by th' amazed *Parſon*
Being ſet, by *Sexton's* help, his *Arſe* on,
Finding ſome Signs of Life appear,
Groans out, *Alas My Common Prayer!*
His Book, good Man ran in his Head,
Now that he was no longer Dead.
By this time *Madge* his Wife was come,
Who had a-while before ſlept home,
As ſoon as ſhe perceiv'd him Ruttle,
To fetch her *Aqua-Vitæ-Bottle*:
With which ſhe rubb'd, for ſhe was wiſe,
His Temples, Noſtrils, and his Eyes;
As well conceiving that the Steam
Piercing his Pores, would comfort him;
And ſo it did: For at the length
He found an Increaſe of his Strength:
Then to his Lips *Madge* held the Bottle,
On which he ſuckt, as Child at Duddle,
Which chear'd far more his fainting Heart,
Than if ſhe'd chaf'd without a Quart.
By ſuch endeavours 'twas not long
E'er he got perfect uſe of Tongue,
Relating what his Soul had ſeen,
The while it in a Trance had been;
Did many wond'rous Stories tell
Of Paſſages obſerv'd in *Hell*,
How Goblins came threefold and thick,
With open Mouths to eat him quick,
Yet, when at Point, they ſtarted back,
Becauſe he was ſo ragg'd and black,
And ſmelt ſo rank of Nat'ral balſam,
That they believ'd he was not wholſome.
Thus on he talkt, yet ſmall could he do,
In imitating *Don-Quevedo*,

Becauſe

Becauſe his Memory was bad,
And no familiar *Fiend* he had,
That was ſo kind as t' explicate
The Cuſtoms of th' infernal *State*,
Or inſight give him into things
Touching it's Government and Kings:
The Reaſon given him for this
Was, leſt diſcovering things to *Beſs*,
Relating to their Government,
She might perceive ſome Weakneſs in't;
And thence preſume to go about
The turning of *Belzebub* out,
And ſet her ſelf up *Head-Supreme*
O'er all Dominions under him.
Madge finding him talk thus at random,
Dreaded ſome elſe might underſtand 'em,
As if relating what he'd ſeen,
He did Reflect upon the Queen;
Speaks therefore thus to *Sexton* truſty,
Friend you are Strong, and I am Luſty,
Let's try, I pray, if we can get him
Home to his Bed: For if we let him
Sit raving here in this wild Manner,
He'll Treaſon ſpeak, to his Diſhonour;
Which if the Magiſtrate but know,
'Twill coſt his Life, and our Lives too.
This ſaid, his Arms about her Neck
She gets; at low parts of his Back
The *Sexton* lifts, 'till round her Waſte
She gets his Legs, to hold him faſt:
Thus, *Like the Devil upon Dun*,
Madge with her Burthen marches on;
The *Sexton* lifting ſtill behind,
At Side to which the Weight inclin'd.
Be'ng thus in Safety Home convey'd,
He gets his Supper and to Bed:
For always, whether *Well or Ill*,
His Stomach was *Infallible*,
Their Church it ſelf was never ſo
Infallible, as Parſon's Maw.

The End of the SECOND. CANTO.

England's REFORMATION.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

I sing the Scriptures New Translations,
And Bibles under three Impressions,
Th' Advantage Sectaries had thence,
By wresting it to private Sense.
Of Counter-Scuffles *next I tell*
That 'tween Reformed Kirks befel.
Objections 'gainst the Common Pray'r
And Ornaments *that Bishops wear.*
Of Wandsworth-*Junto, and of* Classes
Form'd here and there in divers Places.
Of Hatton's *Luck to save his Life,*
When Hawkins *fell by* Burchet's *Knife.*
How Bess *Old* Whitgift *Consecrates:*
How Church Affairs he regulates.
How Whitgift's *hamper'd by a fell*
Hot-headed Puritan, *call'd* Beal;
How he and Bishops Nine or Ten
Their Grievances tell to the Queen:
She kindly promises Redress;
But then comes Death and Summons Bess.

In t'other World She meets her Dad,
Eager to know what News ſhe had;
After ſome thundering Diſcourſes
Both vaniſh in a Cloud of Curſes.

A *Roſicrucian* Virtuoſo (do ſo)
Wou'd undertake (ſtrange he wou'd (Time,
By Number, Meaſure, Weight and
To make a New *Materia Prime*,
And *Form* it too, as he thought fit,
Into more Shapes than have been yet,
And ſtate 'em all in true Perfection,
By Philoſophick Wits *Projection*;
But muſt have this his Undertaking
Perform'd by Tools of his own making;
For not a *White-Smith* or a *Black*
Could frame ſuch things as he would lack:
Only *Himſelf*, that did conceive
The Work, could tell what he would have.
Furnace he fram'd with his own Hand,
His *Glaſſes*, *Athanor*, and *Sand*,
His *Retorts*, *Limbecks*, *Crucibles*,
Sublimatories, and his *Stills*,
His *Mania Hypocratis*,
And ſtranger Tools by far than this;
His *Ballances*, his *Meaſures*, *Weights*,
His *Rule* to ſquare his things to rights,
His *Chizells*, *Gouges*, *Wimbles*, *Saws*,
Mall, *Wedges*, *Axes* free from Flaws,
To ſplit and hew his *Atoms* with
(Things ſubtiler than Fiſhes Breath)
And bring his *Matters* into *Form*,
As Folk from *Cream* do *Butter* churn.

Juſt ſo theſe New Reformers acted,
When in their Faiths they grew diſtracted;
Each his deep Head for *Matter* traces
Thro' *vaſt imaginary Spaces*,

On

On which to frame a *New Religion*
To fit all Fancies in the Region.
Yet, 'ere the Work they undertook,
They firſt prepar'd their *Bible-Book*,
Fitting it for a Tool to cut-out
Such *Forms of Faith* as they wou'd put-out:
Thus *Luther*, thus *Caſtellio*
Thus *Beza*, *Knox*, and many moo
Made ſuch Tranſlations as they thought
Wou'd ſuit the Doctrines each Man taught.
Tho' ev'ry one's Faith differ'd from
Each other's, all from that of *Rome*.
On this Account one Maſter *Tyndal*
Sets out his Bible; but Old *Grindal*
And other Elders two or three,
Of *Nagg's-Head* Confraternity,
Thought it not right in ev'ry Part,
(Tho' *Tyndal* was a Man of Art)
And therefore put in *Weſt's* Head
To have another *Verſion* made.

She grants, and calls a *Convocation*
Of the Choice Biſhops in her Nation,
Wherein, Diſorder to prevent,
Parker himſelf ſat Preſident.
The full Aſſembly being met
And on their proper Benches ſet,

Bows to both Ranks of Convocation,
Then utters thus his wiſe Oration.

My Lords and Rev'rend Clergy, who
Are here, I doubt not but you know
How Learned Clerks in Days of yore,
Wrote, Preach'd, and Pray'd, and ne'er gave o'er;
Such was their Zeal and Charity,
Tho' ev'n in Days of Popery;
Why then ſhall we neglect to write,
Who over flow with Goſpel light?
Why may not we become as famous
To after Times, and get a Name as
Remarkable as any yet,
That ſince th' Apoſtles Times have writ?
Matter we have enough to write on.
For my Part, I have lately light on
Some Ancient *Manuſcripts*, from which
Stories of Note I mean to fetch;
Which bound together in one Volume,
Britiſh Antiquities (*a*) I'll call 'em.
But whatſoe'er we write, the Scope
Of all muſt be againſt the Pope.
You, who are in Contention ſkill'd,
And, right or wrong, will never yield;
You, who in Argument's Defence
Can *Fathers* quote in any Senſe,
And change their Words by dext'rous Stroke,
Contrary quite to what they ſpoke;
Come Maſter *Jewel* you and *Horn*
Are th' only Men for ſuch a Turn;
But when you write this Caution take,
And don't forget it, for my ſake,
When *Ordination* comes in play,
Take as ſlight Notice as you may;
But wave their Arguments and bring,
For your Diſcourſe ſome other thing,

And

(*a*) Parker's *Antiquitates Britannicæ.*

And let it never once be nam'd
By *Whom*, *Where*, *How*, we were *Ordain'd*.
I would have Reaſons put in Print
To pleaſe ſuch as are diſcontent
With this our preſent Reformation:
Apologies (*b*) will pleaſe the Nation.
But, Brethren, yet a greater Matter
I muſt to all your Graces utter,
Pope *Damaſus*, I underſtand,
Gave to (*c*) St. *Hierom* a Command
The ſcatt'red Scriptures up to gather
Into one Volume, which the Father
Was willing here and there to ſeek,
And turn'd to *Latin* from the *Greek*
And *Hebrew* Tongues, long time a-go,
I think twelve hundred Years or moe,
And *Rome* this Verſion does allow
For moſt *authentical* and true.
But verily from End to End
It does the *Roman* Faith defend.
Nor contradicts in any place
One ſingle Point that they profeſs,
Of which 'tis fitting we conſider;
And therefore why we are call'd hither

(*b*) *Jewel* writes his *Apology*.

(*c*) *St.* Hierom, *in his Preface to the New Teſtament dedicated to Pope* Damaſus, *and in the End of his Catalogues writes thus to the Pope.*

You conſtrain me to make a New Work of an Old, that, after ſo many Copies of Scriptures diſpers'd through the World, I ſhould ſit as a certain Judge which of them agree with the true *Greek*. I have reſtor'd the New Teſtament to the Truth of the *Greek*, and have tranſlated the Old according to the *Hebrew*.

Truly, I will affirm it confidently, and will produce many Witneſſes of this Work, that I have changed nothing from the Truth of the *Hebrews*.

Is, to adapt a new *Tranſlation*
To this New Faith we teach the Nation.
Join all your Wits in one to do't,
Mine ſhall not fail to help you out,
But mind what Copies you tranſlate,
That of (*d*) St. *Hierom* now I hate,
Take therefore ſome *Greek* Copy, which
You may with greater Freedom ſtretch,
Becauſe but few are skill'd ſo well
In *Greek* and *Hebrew*, as to tell
When from th' *Originals* you vary:
Thus *Tyndal* did in Days of *Harry*.
Pray therefore alſo read well o'er
That Verſion *Tyndal* made before.
Be critical, and every Line
Of the *Originals* refine
From what may favour Popery,
Or with our own Sect diſagree.
For *Commas* ſometimes *Periods* change,
A *Letter* may the Senſe eſtrange:
Words add, Words alter, Words tranſplace,
And the Word which you like not, raſe:
Whole Sentences you may tranſplant,
And new ones make too when you want:
Blot Chapters out, caſt Books away,
Or brand them with *Apocrypha*.
One thing eſpecially, I pray,
Let not the Word *Church* come in play,
Or *Catholick*, but turn the one
From *Church* to *Congregation*,

The

(*d*) *St.* Auſtin *thus commends this Tranſlation* of St. *Hierom's*. In theſe our Days *Hierom* a Prieſt, a Man moſt learned and skilful in all the three Tongues, who not only from the *Greek* but from the *Hebrew*, tranſlated the ſame Scriptures into *Latin*, whoſe learned Labour even the *Jews* confeſs to be true. *Vid. de Civit. Dei li.* 18. & *Ep* 80 *ad* Hierom, & *lib.* 2 *Doct. Chriſti.*

The other into *General*:
For 'tis ridiculous to call
Our ſelves a *Church*, or make Pretence
To *Catholick* in any Senſe.
In ſhort, our Bible muſt be made,
Fit for all *Proteſtants* to read;
Who will, as ſoon as you have done-it,
With Diligence begin to con-it;
Till growing quick by frequent Reading,
As practis'd *Lawyers* are by Pleading.
May Papiſts now and then confute,
However match them in Diſpute:
Nay, I aſſure you, this Tranſlation
May ſo be made as t' turn the Nation
From ancient Popery, unto
What Faith we pleaſe to ſet up now.
Or let them their Religions draw
From thence, it matters not a Straw;
For, if but Popery they miſs,
All's one to us whats'ever 'tis.
This ſaid, he'd little more to ſay;
And *DIXI* lighting in his way,
A Word as common as to breathe
To end his Declamations with,
He ſaid it; and being once begun
To end his Speech, he held his Tongue.
To this grave Speech not one Objection
Was made, but ſtreight, by his Direction,
They fell a ſetting out *Tranſlations*,
And chang'd them in their next Impreſſions;
All *different*, none of 'em *true*;
And which to ſtick to no Man knew.
Here ſome took one, and there another,
And ſome were for 'them all together:
For all were publiſh'd with *Allowance*,
And had Authority for *True*-ones;
Tho' ſure when Contradictions meet
Both of 'em cannot be i' th' Right,

This

This made King *James* the First avow
Of all their Bibles none was *true*.
Yet worse than these, was that invented
By *Knox* and at *Geneva* printed.
Besses and *Knoxes* were not all
'Tween *James* the First and *Harry's* Fall:
But 'tis not worth my Time to read 'em,
Or yours, and therefore never heed 'em,
More than to judge, from diff'rent Rules
Of Faith, how all could save their Souls.

Corruptions found in those Translations,
And some few gross *Falsifications*,
I'll in the *Margin* here rehearse
From *Bible*, *Chapter*, *Book*, and *Verse*.

Q. *Elizabeth* had no sooner left the *Catholick Church*, but she and her pretended Bishops publish a Translation of Scripture under the *Title* of *The Holy Bible in* English. *According to the Translation that is appointed to be read in Churches.* Anno 1560.

In this and other Impressions, they have left out the Word *Catholick*, which used to stand in the *Title* of several Epistles in the New Testament, and, for any thing known to the contrary, had been their Title ever since the Apostles Times that wrote them. As the *Catholick Epistle* of *James*, *the Catholick* Epistle of *Peter*, of *John*, and of *Jude*. But in their Bibles of 1598, 1599, they took in the Word *General* instead of *Catholick*. *The General Epistle of* James: *The Epistle General of* Peter, *&c.* Nor would they to this Day, ever re-admit the Word *Catholick* into any of their Bibles.

To blot out *Catholick* they knew would be to small purpose while *Church* stood in the Bible. And therefore in this said Bible of 1560, they took Care that the Name *Church* should never once sound

ſound in the poor deluded Peoples Ears: For, from the Beginning of *Geneſis* to the End of the *Revelations*, it is not once to be found; but *Congregation* in the place of it: As in St. *Matth.* Chap. 18. Ver. 17. "Tell it unto the *Congregation*. If he neglect to "hear the *Congregation*, let him be to thee as an "Heathen and a Publican. *Epheſians*, 5. 25. 27. "Love your Wives as Chriſt loved the *Congregation*. "A glorious *Congregation*, &c. 1 *Tim.* 3. 15. The "Houſe of God, which is the *Congregation* of the "living God, the Pillar and Ground of Truth.

As they obliterated the *Catholick Church*, ſo did they alſo the Name *Prieſt*, turning it into *Elder*, and *Prieſthood* into *Elderſhip*. As in St. *James* 5. 14. "If any be diſeaſed among you let him call for the "*Elders* of the *Congregation*: Bible 1560. *Acts* 14. "23. When they had ordained to them *Elders by* "*Election* in every *Congregation*. Bible 1560.

Theſe Words, *by Election*, were thruſt into the Text by *Tyndal* in K. *Henry* VIII's Time, and retained in it by *Cranmer* and all the pretended Reformers of K. *Edward* VI's Reign; ſo here in Q. *Elizabeth*'s Bibles, as may be ſeen in theſe Editions of 1560, 1577, 1579, 1598, 1599. Nor were they obliterated till K. *James* the Firſt made a New Tranſlation: whence 'tis evident that the Church or Congregation of *England* in thoſe Times held and taught that Election only, without any *Epiſcopal Conſecration* or *Ordination*, was ſufficient to make Biſhops and Prieſts. We are therefore very certain, That if *Mat. Parker*, Queen *Elizabeth*'s firſt pretended Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, had been truly *Conſecrated* by Catholick Biſhops, ſo that he could juſtly have laid Claim to the *Character* of Biſhop by *Divine Right* and *Apoſtolical Succeſſion*: If, I ſay, he had been thus *truly* Conſecrated a Biſhop,

it

it is certain that *He, Grindal, Whitgift, Jewel, Horn,* and the reſt, would not thus wretchedly have corrupted their Bibles, in direct Oppoſition to the Character and Divine Inſtitution of *Holy Orders*, by making the Text Ordain them *by Election.* Nor would they have publiſhed this vain Doctrine of *Election*, or only *Calling and Sending*, without the leaſt Mention of other ſort of *Ordaining*, in the 23d of the 39 Articles. Nor would they have alſo, in the 25th of their Articles, made it even a Point of their Faith, that *Order is no Sacrament*, nor has any *Viſible Sign or Ceremony ordained of GOD*: By which they are obliged to profeſs and believe, that the *Viſible Sign* or *Ceremony* of *Impoſition of Hands* (though themſelves uſe it) is not *Ordained of God*; and therefore, at the beſt, can ſtand them in no more ſtead than a bare Sign of *Election.* And thus they may *Elect* a Man to the Office of a Conſtable of a Pariſh, if they pleaſe. Nor would they ever have contented themſelves with thoſe naked Forms of Conſecration and Ordination devi ed by the *Zuinglians* in King *Edward* the Sixth's Time, which have neither the Name *Biſhop* or *Prieſt* in them, or any other Word equivalent to the ſame, to denote either Character or Office.

Nor finally, would they, to diſgrace the Sacrament of *Holy Order*, have falſly tranſlated *Gift* inſtead of *Grace.* As in 1 *Tim.* 4. v. 14. Bible 1598, 1599 they make St. *Paul* ſay, 'Deſpiſe not the *Gift* 'which is in Thee by Prophecy, with the laying on 'of the Hands of the *Company of the Elderſhip.* And in Bible 1560. 2. *Tim.* 1. v. 6. 'I warn Thee, 'that Thou ſtir up the *Gift* of God, which is in Thee 'by the putting on of my Hands.

All which conſider'd, it is to be wonder'd that Archbiſhop *Abbot*, and his Chaplain Mr. *Francis Maſon*, ſhould ſo confidently publiſh to the World (in the 13th Year of the Reign of King *James* I) a certain

certain *Regiſter*, or *Record*, to ſhew that *Mat. Parker* was truly conſecrated at *Lambeth*. But for this I refer the Reader to what is ſaid of the *Lambeth Records* in King *Jamet* the Firſt's Reign (*Canto* 4) when they firſt appeared. See alſo *The Nagg's-Head Conſecration* in *Canto* 2. All which you may confer with what is ſaid concerning their making *New Forms of Conſecration* and *Ordination* in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, (*Canto* 4) rejecting thoſe made by the *Zuinglian* Goſpellers in King *Edward* the Sixth's Time.

Againſt the *Real Preſence of the Body and Blood of Chriſt*, in the Bleſſed Sacrament of the Altar, they change the Word *Bleſſed* and *Bleſſing* into *Given Thanks*; on purpoſe to take away our Saviour's Divine *Benediction* or *Conſecration* of the Holy Sacrament. See St. *Matth.* 26. v. 26. and St. *Mark* c. 14. v. 22. Where the true Text is, 'Jeſus took Bread, 'and *Bleſſed* and brake and gave to his Diſciples, 'ſaying, Take, eat, *This is my Body*, &c.

But they falſly tranſlate thus, 'Jeſus took Bread, 'and when he had *Given Thanks* he brake it, &c.

Againſt Confeſſion, in St. *James* 5. v. 16. they tranſlate *Acknowledge* your *Faults*, inſtead of *Confeſs* your *Sins* one to another. *Bible* 1560, 1598, 1599.

Againſt the Sacrament of *Penance*, they change the Word *Penance* into *Repentance*, to take away all Penitential and Satisfactory Works. As in St. *Matth.* 3. St. *Luke* 10. and in all other Places thro' their Bibles.

To diſhonour and diſgrace our *Bleſſed Lady*, the *Mother of God*, they turn the Angel's Salutation, St. *Luke* 1. 28. which was *Hail full of Grace*, into *Hail thou that art freely beloved*. Bibles 1577. 1598, 1599.

To

To dishonour the Sacred Images of our *Blessed Saviour* and his *Saints*, they turn the Word *Idol* into *Image*. As in *Exodus* 20 v. 4. 'Thou shalt not 'make to thy self any *Graven Image*, say they: whereas, according to the *Hebrew*, it is, 'Thou shalt not make to thy self any *Graven Thing*. The 70 *Interpreters*, to keep the true Sense of the Hebrew Text, translated it into Greek, thus, 'Thou shalt not make to thy self any *Graven Idol*.

Again, 1 *John* 5.21. 'Babes keep your selves from 'Images. It should be from *Idols*. (I have seen this writ upon their Church Walls, to scare them with Images even from their Cradles (They as absurdly call a covetous Man a *Worshipper of Images*, Ephes. 5. v. 5. *Bible* 1560. Their *Bible* of 1599, corrects it thus, 'A Covetous Person, which is an *Idolater*.

Again, 2 *Cor.* 6 v. 16. which is, 'What Agree-'ment hath the Temple of God with *Idols*? They translate, 'How agreeth the Temple of God with 'Images? And 1 *Cor.* 10. v. 7. where the Apostle says, 'Neither become you *Idolaters*, &c. They falsly turn it to, 'Be not *Worshippers of Images*. Bible 1560.

Against *Limbus Patrum* and *Purgatory* they absurdly translate *Grave* instead of *Hell*. as in *Acts* 2. v. 27. 'Thou wilt not leave my Soul in *Grave*. And *Psalm* 86. v. 13. instead of *Lower Hell*, they say *Lowest Grave*. Bibles 1598, 1599. So in many other Places.

Against Apostolical *Traditions*, they turn'd the Word *Traditions* into *Ordinances* and *Instructions*: as in 2 *Thessal* 2. v. 15. and c. 3. v. 6.

Besides

Beſides their corrupting their Bibles againſt all or moſt Points of Catholick Doctrine, they even change the Ancient, Catholick, and Accuſtomed Uſe of Words of Scripture into new deviſed Terms: As for Church, *Congregation*; for Charity, *Love*; for Prieſt, *Elder* and *Miniſter*; for Euchariſt, *Thankſgiving*; for Grace, *Gift*; for Sacrament, *Myſtery*; for Baptiſm, *Waſhing*; for Penance, *Repentance*; for Angel, *Meſſenger*; for Apoſtle, *Embaſſador*; for Chriſt, *Anointed*; for Holy Ghoſt, *Holy Wind*.

It is not my Buſineſs here to enumerate all their *Heretical Corruptions*; I therefore refer the Reader to Dr. *Gregory Martin*'s Book, entituled, *A Diſcovery of the Heretical Tranſlations of the Bible*: It was printed at *Rhemes*. *Anno* 1582. See the Catalogue or *Table of Corruptions found in the Bibles of* 1562, 1577, 1579. You will find it in the End of the *Rhemiſh* Teſtament. See alſo the *Errata to the Proteſtant Bible*, printed in 1688.

Their *Bibles* thus fit to an Hair
They bound 'em up 'twixt *Pſalms* and *Prayer*;
And in one Volume quickly ſpread 'em
Ore all the Land, for Folk to read 'em,
And their Religions thence to take,
Juſt as themſelves were pleas'd to make.
To Kirks, with *Bibles* under Arm
Like Bag-pipes, from each Country Farm
They trudge, each Plough-man had his Book,
In which the Texts and Proofs to look,
As Parſons in the Pulpits quote 'em;
Which ſo much Pains and Study took 'em,
That little elſe they gain'd from him,
Than hearing Proofs and ſeeking them:
And he to profit moſt was held,
Whoſe Bible was the biggeſt ſwell'd

With Dogs-ear'd Leaves he had turn'd down,
At Places by the Parſon ſhown.
Return'd from Kirk the Pious Flock
Of Texts and Proofs ſtor'd with a Stock,
Would fall a ſeeking out from thence
To every Text a proper Senſe.
From Lord to Beggar *None* were idle,
But all employ'd in Text of Bible.
The Zealous *Lady* and her *Woman*
Found Senſes out that were not common;
And for *Sound* Doctrines, ſet 'em out
To all the Neighbour-hood about:
Who, from Authority of *Madam*,
Believ'd 'em true, and glad they had 'em,
To mix with Points of Faith, already
Gain'd by themſelves from Scripture Study;
As judging *Madam's* would ſet off
With better Grace their homely Stuff.
So *Mall* the Kitchen Wench was ſtor'd
With Doctrines Learned from the Word,
And wou'd ſet up to teach the *Grooms*,
Or any elſe that pleas'd to come.
The Prentice Boys of ev'ry Trade
Before 'em had their Bibles laid,
On which their Underſtandings fed,
While with their Hands they wrought for Bread.
The *Weaver*, nodding at his Loom,
Could bring a Text for ev'ry Thrum,
Prove it forbid, *From the Beginning*,
To weave up *Woollen* Yarn with *Linnen*.
The Houſewife ſearch'd for Texts as plain,
For contradicting this again;
And when ſhe could not find 'em, thought
Some cunning Rogue had ſtole them out:
For ſhe had dreamed long ago,
From the Beginning 'twas not So.
Smiths fell with *Fidlers* in Contention,
About their Handycraft's Invention,

Whe-

Whether of more *Antiquity*,
And who more *Noble* in Degree:
For both alledg'd the Text ſhew'd plain
Their Pedigree from *Tubal Cain*.
Till Parſon's Wife, to end Diſpute,
The hidden Senſe of Text found out,
And ſolv'd between 'em thus the Riddle;
Tubal an *Anvil* had for *Fiddle*,
And for his *Fiddle-Stick* an *Hammer*,
That ſtruck the *Treble*, *Mean* and *Tenor*,
And *Baſe* too; if Baſe Notes were then
Us'd by ſuch Honourable Men
And he by whom a Hammer's made
You'll grant muſt be a Smith by Trade.
Hence follows he was firſt a Smith.
The Fidler was convinc'd herewith.
And this was all we ever read on
That Bible Diſputants agreed on.
Their Bibles cannot reconcile
Parſons themſelves, when once in Broil,
Or any elſe fallen into Wrath
About ſelf-found-out *Points of Faith*:
For every one has Leave to cite
Texts to his Fancy, *wrong* or *write*,
And put what Senſe he pleaſes on 'em:
This brought Ten Thouſand Sects among 'em,
And rais'd up in all Places Preachers;
Hammond and *Kett* ſet up for Teachers.
Carliſle, and (*a*) *Banniſter*, and *Glover*,
Did each a diffetent Faith diſcover;
So *Hacket*, *Arthington*, and *Brown*,
Had diff'rent Faiths, each Man his own;
And ſo had *Harriſon* and *Barrow*,
And *Snape*, and *Wigſton*, *Payn*, and *Parlow*:
Another ſort did more approve
Of (*b*) *H. N's Family of Love.* *Humes*

(*a*) Concerning theſe, See *Cambd.* p. 453.
(*b*) *Henry Nicholas* of *Leyden*, Chief of the *Family*

Humes, Page's, Gifford's Catechiſms
Rent Proteſtancy into Schiſms;
And ev'ry Leader had his Sect
Of diſagreeing Subjects packt;
Yet to the *Bible* all pretended,
And what they held, ſwore it defended.
The Biſhops, as before is ſaid,
Allowing each his Book to read,
And in what Senſe he pleas'd to take it,
And, for his Faith, from thence to make it;
They after could have no Pretence
To bind Folk up to th' *Parſon's Senſe:*
Nor *Parſons* would ſubmit their Reaſons
To the Senſe of their *Dioceſans*,
Or th' Archeſt Biſhop in the Land:
This put their Graces to a Stand.

Thus when thoſe *Nagg's head* Biſhops found
Themſelves beginning to loſe Ground,
And their Authority decay,
And all their *Herds* to run aſtray,
A Thing they knew muſt needs undo 'em,
And, if not ſtopt, be fatal to 'em;
They beg the Queen t'eſpouſe their Cauſe,
And help 'em out by *Penal Laws:*
To which ſhe yielding fell to bang
With *Crab-tree* ſome, and others hang;

To

of Love, as he call'd his Sect. They taught, That thoſe only were Elected and ſhould be Saved, who were admitted into that Family, and all the reſt Reprobates, and to be Damned. They held it lawful to deny upon their Oath before a Magiſtrate, whatſoever they pleaſed. This *H. Nicholas* writ *Engliſh* Books under the Titles of, *The Goſpel of the Kingdom*, *The Prophecy of the Spirit of Love*; *The Publiſhing of Peace upon Earth*. See *Cambd.* p. 48.

To Death ſhe roaſted (c) *Matthew Hammon*,
Broil'd *Kett* like Slice of Bacon-Gammon,
And ſet a Twitch on *Hacket*'s Weaſon,
And ſtarv'd poor *Coppinger* in Priſon.
Thacker ſhe hang'd, with other *Browniſts*,
On Gallows-trees as high as *Crow-neſts*;
And burn'd two (d) *Anabaptiſt* Teachers,
That *Bedlam* ſhould have had for Preachers,
And might have held forth at the rate
That *Noll*'s old Porter did of late.
This rough Proceeding of the Queen
Turn'd all the petty Sects to Spleen.
Letting her Biſhops looſe upon 'em,
And heartening thoſe Bull-Dogs on 'em,
Who had no Mercy or Compaſſion
On ſuch as own'd not their Profeſſion,
Provok'd 'em all to deadly Wrath,
'Gainſt *Prayer-Book*, *Diſcipline* and *Faith*;
Eſpecially the *Puritans*;
And theſe were join'd by other *Clans*,
So that they made a (e) numerous Party
Of ſturdy Combatants and hearty;

Such

(c) *Matthew Hammond*, burnt at *Norwich* Anno 1579. *Francis Kett*, burnt at *Norwich* Anno 1588. See *Rogers* in his Explanation of the Thirty-nine Articles, *Art.* 2. p. 9. See alſo *Hollinſhead* and *Stow*.

(d) The 22d of *July*, two *Dutchmen*, Anabaptiſts, were burned in *Smithfield*, who died in great Horror, roaring and crying, *Howe* upon *Stow*. p. 679.

(e) Many (ſays *Heylyn*) were raiſed to great Preferment, who having ſpent their Time of Exile in ſuch Foreign Churches as followed the Platform of *Geneva*, returned ſo diſaffected to Epiſcopal Government, and to the Rites and Ceremonies here by Law eſtabliſhed, as not long after filled the Church with moſt ſad Diſorders. Nothing was more conſidered in them than their Zeal againſt

Such as the Biſhops never yet
Could beat, or force to fly the Pit.
And now's a proper Place to tell
What Bickerings between 'em fell
In *Beſs*'s Reign, for afterward
They fought more bloodily and hard,
As ſhall be ſhewn, if I go on
To *Sixteen Hundred Forty-One*

Deep Naturaliſts, if all be right
That they from curious Searches write,
Do tell of dire Antipathies
'Tween ſcaly *Snakes* and *Aſhen-Trees*;
'Tween *Toad* and *Spider*, *Frog* and *Mouſe*;
'Tween *Cat* and *Cur* in empty Houſe;
'Tween *Wolfs* and *Sheeps-Guts* made in *Therms*;
'Tween *Charms* and proper *Counter-Charms*:
Greater Antipathy than theſe
'Tween *Biſhops* is and *Presbyters*.
For this is now the Name they hold,
Who were call'd *Puritans* of Old.
John Calvin firſt began the War
'Gainſt Biſhops and the Common-Prayer;
Knox proſecuted it at *Frankfort*,
'Till he had like to have been hang'd for't
From *Calvin*'s School came *Whittingham*,
Samſon, *Cartwright*, and *Hardiman*;

And

Popery, and their Abilities in Learning to confirm that Zeal; On which Account we find the Queen's Profeſſor in *Oxford* to paſs amongſt the *Nonconformiſts*; and *Cartwright*, the Lady *Margaret*'s in *Cambridge*, to prove an unextinguiſh'd Firebrand to the Church of *England*. *Whittingham*, the chief Ringleader of the *Frankfort* Schiſmaticks, preferred to the Deanery of *Durham*, from thence encouraging *Knox* and *Goodman* in ſetting up Preſbytery and Sedition in the Kirk of *Scotland*. *Samſon*

And theſe in *England* carry'd on
The War that *Calvin* had begun;
And gave Aſſiſtance to *John Knox*
In *Scotland* 'gainſt the *Orthodox*;
(By the Name *Orthodox* they now
Would fain be ſtil'd; becauſe they know
They never can, by Art or Trick,
Steal the *Church-Title CATHOLICK.*)
Thus 'twas (as you before have read)
That *Preſbyterianiſm* bred.
Its (f) Off-ſpring, now a rampant Cattle,
Enter again the Liſts of Battle
'Gainſt *Biſhops*, *Common-Prayer*, and *Princeſs*,
As fierce as Monſters in Romances,
Encountring ſometimes Man for Man,
Then all at once as *Clan* and *Clan*.

The

ſon advanced unto the Deanery of *Chriſt-Church*, and turn'd out again a few Years after, for an incorrigible *Nonconformiſt*, *Hardiman*, one of the firſt twelve Prebendaries of *Weſtminſter*, deprived ſoon after for throwing down the Altar, and defacing the Church. Thus *Heylyn*, p. 287.

(f) *Coleman*, *Burton*, *Hallingham*, *Benſon*, and others, who with burning Zeal profeſſing a more ſincere Religion, allowed nothing but what was drawn from the Fountains of Holy Scriptures, or out of an Affectation of a more pure Diſcipline, Novelty, or Diſſention, openly call'd in Queſtion the received Diſcipline of the Church of *England*, the Liturgy, and the Vocation of Biſhops; yea, condemned them, as ſavouring too much of the *Romiſh* Religion (with which to have any Communion, they cried out was impious,) uſing all the Means they could, that all Things in the Church of *England* might be Reformed according to the Pattern of the Church of *Geneva*. Incredible it is how much the Followers of this Sect increaſed every where, tho' a cer-

The Earl of (g) *Leiceſter* heads the Faction,
But ſubtilly keeps out of Action;
Sets *Cartwright*, *Fox*, and *Kneuſtub* on:
Snape, *Udal*, *Penry*, *Egerton*,
And *Hardiman*, themſelves prepare
To attack the Prelates and their Prayer.
Lord *North* and *Knolles*, and *Walſingham*,
Add Fewl daily to the Flame.
For theſe long'd now to be at work
In purging o'er again the *Kirk*,
Aiming thereby to lay their Hands
On Biſhops Revenues and Lands.
Old Biſhop *Grindal*, that Arch-Traitor,
A Presbyterian by Nature,
And never Friend to Common-Prayer,
Tho' now in *Canterbury*'s Chair,
Sat as aſleep, without once heeding,
Unleſs to help on their Proceeding.
And what in greater Courage put 'em,
The *Queen* her ſelf connived at 'em:
Till *Grindal* had denied *Leiſter*
A Cottage Houſe, ſcarce worth a *Teſter*,
Hight *Lambeth*; which the *Earl* requeſted.
Becauſe 'twould hold a little Bed-ſtead,
And ſerve him for a Summer-Houſe,
When Heats of Court were out of Uſe:

And

a certain obſtinate Wilfulneſs in them, Indiſcretion of the Biſhops, and ſecret Favour of certain Noblemen, who gaped after the Wealth of the Church: Which Sect began preſently to be known by the odious Name of *Puritans*. *Cambd.* Page 107. Edit. 3.

(g) Dr. *Heylyn* tells us, that the *Puritans* were encouraged under-hand by *Leiceſter*, *North*, *Knolles*, and *Walſingham*, who aimed apparently at the Ruin of Biſhops and Cathedral Churches: And that *Grindal* Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, ſought all Things

to

And had beſides a little Garden,
And ſome Out-Lands that were not barr'd in,
In which he might (the Weather fair)
Take the cool Morn and Evening Air.
This *Leic'ſter* begg'd that the Arch-biſhop
Wou'd alienate unto his Worſhip:
But *Grindal* wiſely begg'd his Pardon,
And to himſelf kept Houſe and Garden.
Another Boon *Leic'ſter* beſide
Of *Grindal* begg'd, but was deny'd;
And it was this, he lov'd a Lady,
Gay as a Cowſlip on a *May-day*;
But in prohibited Degrees,
Perhaps his Siſter, or his Neice,
It matters not a Farthing whether,
Nor need you care a Straw if neither,
Seeing ſhe was ſo nigh Relation,
They could not wed'thout *Diſpenſation*;
So begg'd of *Grindal* to diſpenſe
With this his Marriage of the Wench.
But ſullen *Grindal* this deny'd him,
And *Leic'ſter* fu'd that e'er he try'd him.
Thus broke their Friendſhip: *Grindal* never
Had after that the leaſt of Favour,
Leic'ſter gives Ear to all Complaints
Againſt him, and his Fellow-Saints,
Telling

to promote the Presbyterian Deſigns, making great Alterations in the Church of *England*. A Breach happened (ſays he) betwixt *Grindal* and *Leiceſter*, that mighty Patron of the Puritan Faction, occaſioned by *Grindal*'s denying, at the Earl's Requeſt, to alienate his Houſe and Mannor of *Lambeth*, that it might ſerve for a Retiring Place to that mighty Favourite. And hereunto he contributed further, by refuſing to grant a Diſpenſation to marry one that was near of Kindred to him. *Leiceſter* exceedingly vex'd, left all Paſſages which before were ſhut

Telling the Queen that their Increaſe
Would ſoon diſturb her Church's Peace.
She blames falſe *Grindal* for neglecting
The publick Worſhip, and protecting
Thoſe that did open War declare
'Gainſt Biſhops and their Common-Prayer.

Griev'd at this Check, tho' but a ſlight one,
In greater Fury now they fight on.
Martin-Marr-Prelate (*h*) he ſteps out,
A Giant terrible and ſtout,
With him a *Dwarf* (*i*) to undermine
The Biſhops Walls of *Diſcipline*,
Grub up the Ground work, and ſhake looſe
The Pillars of their ſandy Houſe:
Theſe iſſu'd out of *Penry*'s Brain
And *Udal*'s fruitful Pericranc.
Another fierce as either went,
Admoniſher (*k*) *to the Parliament*:
And after this another (*l*) came
As *Champion* to defend the ſame.
Thus theſe grim Warriors in Print
In Neck of one another went,

Wit

ſhut againſt *Grindal*'s Enemies, free and open; whereupon they acquainted the Queen what Neglect there was of the Publick Liturgy in moſt Parts of the Kingdom what Ruin and Decay of Churches, what Innovations made already, and what more projected; by which ſhe would be eaſed in Time of all Cares of Government, and find the ſame to be transferred to the Puritan Conſiſtories *See* Heylin's *Hiſtory of Presbytery*. p. 271. *And Hiſtorical Collections*, p. 312.

(*h*) A bitter Libel writ againſt the Prelates.
(*i*) *Adminiſtration of the Diſcipline*
(*k*) *The Admonition to the Parliament.*
(*l*) *And the Defence of the Admonition.* See *Baker* in Q. *Eliz.*

With full Deſign to lay for dead
The Order of the Horſe's Head.
In Rear of theſe fell (*m*) *Cartwright* comes,
Beating with Fiſt his *Pulpit-Drums*,
Till *Cambridge* Boys of all Degrees,
For *Camblet* Coats left *Surplices*;
And made 'em ready to diſpute
For turning *Prayer* and *Prelates* out.

Benſon

(*m*) Now comes *Cartwright* on the Stage, on which he acted more than any of the Puritan Faction: He, coming from *Geneva*, (to which Place he had fled before, for ſhame of being worſted in a Diſputation before the Queen at *Cambridge*, by one *Preſton*) became more Practical, or Pragmatical rather, comdemning the Vocation of Archbiſhops and Biſhops, Archdeacons and other Eccleſiaſtical Officers; the adminiſtration of the Sacraments and Obſervation of our Rites and Ceremonies. And buzzing theſe Conceits into the Heads of many young Preachers, and Scholars of the Univerſity, he drew after him a great Number of Diſciples and Followers; among whom he prevailed ſo far, by his Practices, but much more by a Sermon which he preached on a *Sunday* Morning in the College Chappel, that in the Afternoon, all the Fellows and Scholars threw aſide their Surplices, (which by the Statutes of the Houſe they were bound to wear) and went to the Divine Service only in their Gowns and Caps. But he, not content with that which he had done in the College, puts up his Diſciples into all the Pulpits in the Univerſity; where he, and they, inviegh moſt bitterly againſt the Government of the Church, and the Governors of it; the Ordination of Prieſts and Deacons, the Liturgy, and the Rites thereof. *Heylyn's Hiſtory of Presbytery*, p. 263.

Penſon and *Hallinchams* and *Purton*
Began to ſqueak like *Hens of Norton*,
And, by their Granting up and down,
Scar'd Common-Prayer Books from the Town
In Place of which they uſher'd in
John Calvin's wholſome Diſcipline,
Mounting their Pulpits in their Frocks,
To preach down Croſs and Weathercocks.
The lofty Pride of crowned Steeple
Was bad Example to the People,
Whoſe Faith and Worſhip and their Manners
Ought to be void of Pomps and Honours,
And in Simplicity profeſt,
Without the Trappings of the Beaſt,
Or Ceremonies vain and pompous,
But kept within the Goſpel-compaſs.

This ſuperſtitious Common-Pray'r,
And all its Ceremonies are
But dry Devotions for the *Saints*,
And *purer* Sort of Proteſtants,
That by their Godly Lives do merit
The *Gift* of praying by the Spirit.
The *Croſs* made in the Infant's Forehead
(All Godly Proteſtants abhor it,
Is Superſtition, ſo are *Croſſes*
In Kirk-Garths, and in Market Places.
Who was it, but a *Pope*, that ſent
The *Croſs* to *Ethelbert* of *Kent*,
By thoſe that firſt baptiz'd our Nation?
'Tis then, you ſee, a Popiſh Faſhion,
Brought at the firſt from *Babylon*,
Down therefore with it, down, down, down.
Tho' *Rome*'s Expoſitors do tell us
The *Croſs* that Sacred *Sign* and *Seal* is
With which twelve thouſand Souls were *ſign'd*
Of ev'ry *Tribe* of *Jacob*'s kind;
And that the *Angel* ſeal'd with it
Of other Nations infinite.

And tho' the Devil ſhun the *Croſs*,
As did the *Angel Balaam*'s Aſs,
Yet nought can make us more ſecure
Than what we have, the *Goſpel pure*.
Nay tho' they ſay *Redemption* was
Accompliſhed upon a *Croſs*,
And, if we will believe 'em, can
Prove it the *Sign o'th' Son of Man*,
Which at the laſt Day we ſhall ſee
Come in the Clouds in Majeſty,
Yet give no Ear, beloved, pray-ye,
Nor let their Arguments diſmay-ye,
But ſlight what ever they can ſay
In its Defence, and throw't away.
Nor *croſs* your little Children more
When they're baptiz'd but give it o'er.
Is't fit that we ſhou'd e'er come nigh it,
When ev'n the Devil himſelf does fly it?

To give the *Bride* a Wedding Ring
Is an abominable thing;
Worſe than the Wedding of the Sea-is
By ſuperſtitious Dukes of *Venice*,
Who with great Ceremony fling
Into the Sea a little Ring,
Holding from that Day during Life
The Gulf for Spouſe (the better Wife)
But, *With my Body I thee worſhip!*
Lord, what Idolatry in Courtſhip!
'Tis next adoring Stock or Stone,
For Woman's but a moving one.
What Man is then ſo dull a Clod
To think his Wife a living *God?*
Why therefore ſhou'd he, in this manner,
The mighty Lord of Hoſts diſhonour,
And give a Woman what, in fine,
Is due to God, Worſhip Divine?
Papiſts themſelves will never grant
GOD's *Worſhip* to the *higheſt Saint*;

Shall we then, who lead pureſt Lives,
Make *Common Idols* of our Wives?
Adore not therefore ſuch a one,
The Goſpel, we rely upon,
Bids us to *Honour God alone.*
But worſhip Women! O beloved,
We find no Bible-Text to prove it.

Good-Friday's Faſt, and *Chriſtmas Feaſt*,
Are not in holy Writ expreſt.
The *Faſt of Lent*, that old Tradition,
Is but a Popiſh Superſtition.
'Tis true they're of an ancient ſtanding,
And from th' *Apoſtles* came by handing
Down to our Times, as we muſt own,
'Cauſe no beginning of 'em's known.
But, dear beloved, what o' that,
Since they are not in *Scripture* ſet.
For keeping of thoſe Days they call
The Feaſt of *Peter*, *John* and *Paul*,
Of *Mary*, *Thomas*, *Philip*, *James*,
And all that Calender of Names
That in the Common-Prayer-Book ſtand,
We find in Scripture no Command.

Baker tells us, that *Coleman*, *Burton*, *Hallingham*, *Benſon* and others, making Profeſſion of the *pure* Religion, would allow of nothing but what was directly taken out of Scripture; openly condemning the received Diſcipline of the Church of *England*, together with the Church *Liturgy*, and the very Calling of Biſhops, as favouring too much of the *Romiſh* Religion; proteſting in the Pulpits that it was an impious Thing to hold any thing in common with the Church of *Rome*: And uſed all Diligence to have the Church of *England* reformed in every Point according to the Church of *Geneva*. *Chron.* P. 357.

Nor

Nor is there one Text in the Bible
That bids us any Day keep idle,
Unleſs the *Sabbath*: And for it
In (*n*) *Exodus* there's ſomething writ;
But in that Text it is expreſt
That we may labour all the reſt:
'Tis true, the Day we *Sabbath* call,
Is, of the Sev'n, the *Laſt* of all,
Th' Ungodly call it *Saturday*,
They work on't, and on Sunday pray;
So we: In *them* it is a Breach
Of what the holy Scriptures teach:
But not in *Us*. 'Tis true we find
It has been held Time out of Mind.
Tho' ſome will ſay, if this we grant,
'Twill authoriſe the *Feaſt* of many a *Saint*:
Well, well, beloved, tho' they do,
Yet in your Anſwer let 'em know,
That, *To the Lord's Elected all things*
Are free, the great and eke the ſmall things,
So that the *Saints* may well allow
What the *Ungodly* muſt not do.

The bowing at the *Name* of *JESUS*.
(A Popiſh Cuſtom) does not pleaſe us:
For what's a Name but a bare Sound?
And where is any Scripture found
That bids us worſhip Sounds of Words?

If we ſhould then bow when we frame
Thoughts of him from the Sound of *Name*,
Or *Name* expreſſed by the Letter,
Pray what are we beloved, better
Than Papiſts? For they do no more
But in his *Name* and *Image* him adore.
And if this then in Papiſts be,
As we affirm, Idolatry,
The ſame it needs muſt be in *Us*
To worſhip J-E-S-U-S.
We know 'tis ſaid *All Knees ſhall bow*
In Heaven, Earth, and Hell below
At naming of this *Sacred Name.*
Yet ſurely we ſhall be to blame,
If we ſtand cringing every foot
The Common-Prayer-Book puts us to't:
And if not always when we hear it,
Why ſhould we bow at all, or fear it?
We own indeed, the Devils *fear*
And tremble, when this *Name* they hear,
And could be glad 'twere in their Nature
To *love him* too: But that's no matter.
We're not ſo fond as t' imitate
Thoſe *Fiends*, we rather ought to hate.
Beloved, let us then give o'er,
And never worſhip JESUS more.

Beſides, this Common-Prayer-Book poſſets
Us with a thouſand antick Geſtures;
As kneeling when we take Communion;
A thing as fond, in our Opinion,
As if we ſhould fall on our Knees
When we at home eat *Bread and Cheeſe*,
For certainly you're not ſo mad
To think the *Bread* and *Wine* a God.
Why therefore kneel you down before it,
Or ſhew as if you did *adore* it?
In our Conceits it is more proper
To take it ſitting on your Crupper,

As

As you are wont your other Meat,
When you at home your Dinners eat.
The *Papiſts* have a better Plea
Than you; when they adore't, they ſay
It is no longer Bread and Wine,
But *changed* by the *Word Divine*
Into the *Body* of our Lord;
And therefore *ought* to be ador'd.
We muſt confeſs Chriſt promiſed
To give to us his *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
To *eat* and *drink*, that thereby we
Might with himſelf *united* be,
And afterwards, (but who'll believe it?)
Made good his Promiſe and *did* give it.
For verily there is a Text
That ſays, when he the Species bleſt,
This is my Body, this my Blood. (o)
But this muſt not be underſtood
As *Papiſts* take it, for a *Truth*,
Tho' ſpoken by our *Saviour's* Mouth:
For from another Text as plain
We partly thus object again,
How can this Man give us to eat
His Fleſh and Blood, for Drink and Meat? (p)
And this Authority's enough
To over-weigh the other Proof,
Becauſe the *Jews* were thinking Men,
And Chriſt but One, when they were Ten,
Perhaps a Dozen, or a Score,
It matters not if leſs or more,
For they by far out-number'd him:
And where moſt *Votes* are, ſide with them.

Gowns, Rochets, Lawn-Sleeves, and that Gear,
Which Biſhops and their Clergy wear,

(o) St. *Matth.* 26.
(p) St. *John* 6.

Have no Authority at all
In Scripture: But we read that *Paul*
Wore a ſhort Cloak upon his Back
At *holding forth*: It's Colour Black,
As we ſuppoſe, or Grey, or Brown:
For this in Scripture's not put down.
Yet plain it is, as to its Shape,
'Twas like a Mantle with a Cape:
Which, when at *Epheſus* forgot,
We judge, he held forth in his Coat.
So that, dearly belov'd, of theſe,
Cloak, *Mantle*, *Coat*, take which you pleaſe,
But never uſe that vain Attire
Which the proud Clergy ſo admire.
Nor do their Trappings only grieve us,
Their *Tyranny* is moſt miſchievous:
They keep our *Kirks* now under more
Than all the *Popes* did heretofore;
Pretending to a Juriſdiction.
By *Right Divine* from their *Election*;
And exerciſe Dominion o'er
Us *Presbyters*, with boundleſs Power;
Not ſuff'ring us to pray or preach
But in dry Forms, that they muſt teach
In Common-Prayers and Homilies,
And any other way they pleaſe;
As if from them, and not the Lord,
The *Saints* were to receive the Word.
Whereas the *Elect* now are free
To practiſe *Goſpel-Liberty*,
And not to have the *Spirit* ſtinted
By Forms which Human Art invented.
'Tis true (If all be true that's ſaid)
A certain *Form* of Pray'r was made,
And in plain Words, by Chriſt himſelf
Taught and deliver'd to the Twelve:
But, Brethren, tho' Chriſt did ſo much,
'Twas in the *Childhood* of the Church,

When his Apoſtles knew not how
To pray by *Inward-light*, as we do now.
Forms deafen the predeſtin'd Ears,
But never cauſe Soul-melting Tears,
As thoſe are wont, of ſpecial Worth
Which we *extempore* breath forth
From an inflam'd Zeal-burning Mind
Suffiated by the (q) *Holy Wind.*

And which is worſe than all that's noted,
When our young Siſters, well devoted,
Chance (as they call't) to go aſtray,
That is, with Godly Brothers play.
Their *Spy-knaves* have no better ſport
Than to inform the Biſhop's Court:
From whence comes out firſt a *Citation*,
And then an *Excommunication*.
And when at laſt they get you in
They'll fleece you to the very Skin;
And when the Stock you have is done,
You muſt do Penance, nor till then;
But, Brethren, who can ſuffer this,
When not a Saint but has his *Miſs*?
'Tis therefore fitting we begin
To oppoſe thoſe mighty Men of Sin,
Till they are willing to incline
To better Form of *Diſcipline*,
And caſt their *Common-Prayer* away,
With all its *Stubble*, *Wood*, and *Hay*.
Th' Effect of what they preached thus
Quickly appear'd, and thus it was.

The chiefeſt Heads of all their ſect
Did a (r) *Presbytery* erect. Which

(q) In their firſt Bibles they call'd the Spirit of God, the *Wind* of God; the Holy-Ghoſt, the *Holy-Wind.*

(r) A Presbytery was erected on the 20th of *November*

Which grand Aſſembly I conceive
To be a Company of grave
Gray-bearded *Elders*, the moſt ſage
Their Sect afforded in that Age,
Men not unlike (if right I gueſs)
Old Inn-keepers among the *Swiſs*.
  Theſe being in Aſſembly met,
Of all their Wits made one huge Wit,
Which ſet to work, fell to refine
Their *Worſhip*, *Prayer*, and *Diſcipline*,
Till theſe could eaſily endure
A *Bible Teſt*; for they were pure.
To all the *Kirks* they ſent Commands-forth,
Entitled *Orders made at* Wandſworth:

Fo

November 1572, at a ſmall Village in *Surrey* called *Wandſworth*: The firſt Eſtabliſhment they endorſed by the Name of *the Orders of Wandſworth*; in which the Elders Names are agreed on, the Manner of Election declared, the Approvers of them, their Officers agreed on alſo, and deſcribed. Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton* was at that time in ſpecial Favour, of known Averſneſs to the Earl of *Leiceſter*, and conſequently no Friend to *the Puritan Faction*. This Obſtacle muſt be removed one way or other. This Office *Burchet* undertakes upon this Opinion; *That it was lawful to aſſaſſinate any Man who oppoſed the Goſpel*: But he miſtakes the Man, and ſtabs one *Hawkins* deſperately with a Ponyard, conceiving him to be *Hatton*! But by the Terror of a Proclamation, and the Execution of this *Burchet*, they were reſtrained from Practiſing any further, *Hiſt. Collections*, p. 310. he cites *Heylyn's Hiſtory of Presbytery*. This Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton* was Captain of the Guard, Vice-chamberlain, one of the Privy-council, and was made Lord-Chancelor, &c. *See* Howes *upon* Stow, p. 741.

For *Wandſworth* was the famous Place
Where this *Convention* formed was.
All the Affairs this Council ſat on
Oppoſed were by one Sir *Hatton*;
A mighty Man that time in Court,
And *Chancellor*, as ſome Report,
Nor was there any noble *Peer*
Had more than he Queen *Beſs*'s Ear.
Nothing could be at *Wandſworth* hatched,
But *Hatton* had a way to catch it:
What *Leic'ſter*, *Knolles* or *Walſingham*
Promoted, *Hatton* croſs'd the ſame:
The *Wandſworth* Sages this perceiving,
Fell all a Plotting and Contriving
How to remove without delay
This Block of Courtier out of th' way,
But found it could not well be done,
Without *Aſſaſſination*.
The Caſe of Conſcience fairly ſtated,
And by their *Caſuiſts* debated,
" Whether 'twere lawful to take Life
" Upon th' Account of Goſpel Strife?
With one Conſent they anſwer give,
Deciding in the *Affirmative*,
By Dictate of their inward Light;
And ſo reſolv'd to kill the Knight.
To do the bloody Deed they pitched
On a grim Ruffian called *Purchet*.
One pure from Sin, and worldly Fortune:
Yet wore a Dagger, but a ſhort one.
The deſp'rate Tool had it's Abode
Under a Cloak of th' Elect Mode,
Which always kept it out of ſight;
Thus arm'd he goes in queſt of Knight.
But meeting in convenient Place
One *Hawkins*, both in Garb and Face
Like *Hatton*; *Burchet* falls to work,
And does in *Hawkins* ſtick his Dark.

It

It was not long before Report
Reach'd all the Ears in Town and Court,
And gave Account what *Burchet* did:
(Such Deeds as this are ſeldom hid)
Who being ſeiz'd and clapt in Fetters
Diſcover'd his *Wandſworth* Abbettors;
And told the Arguments they brought,
That moved him (poor Fool) to do't
In ſhort they hang'd him for his Wages,
And drave out all the *Wandſworth* Sages.

This bloody Deed, and dreadful Clamour
Made *Beſs* (as it indeed became her)
To *ſtir her Stumps* and look about her
At things within, and things without-door;
And ſettle in th' Archbiſhop's Chair
Old *Whitgift*, with his Common-Prayer;
With Orders to reform Abuſes,
Both in the Church and private Houſes.
But 'ere, good Man, he would be ſeen
In *Primate's* Chair, the *Pontiff*-Queen;
Was pleas'd (if all be true that's ſaid)
To lay her *Hands* upon his *Head*.
Quoth he, your (ſ) Majeſty (and kneel'd)
Head of our Church is, therefore yield
To *Conſecrate* me: For your Power
Is *more* than *PETER's* I am ſure,
At leaſt to *Us*, divided from
The *Apoſtolick See* of *Rome*,
On your bleſs'd Brow is ſtamp'd the Mark
Of Pope and ſupream Patriarch:
At this the Queen her *Ear inclin'd*,
And with ſweet Looks and Speeches kind
Told him, ſhe took it well, that he
Regarded her *Supremacy*.

For;

(ſ) See an old Book call'd, *The Catholick Apology*; writ long before that of the Lord *Caſtlemain's*, which has the ſame Title.

For, tho' a Woman, I am ſure,
Says ſhe, the *Pope* has no ſuch Power.
For by our Doctrine it is plain
The *Prince* (*tho' Female*) may *Ordain*,
Abſolve, and *Conſecration* give:
Which if you cannot well believe,
Behold the *Keys* for your Conviction,
Of *Order*, and of *Juriſdiction*,
Which did belong to two late Kings,
I carry at my Apron-ſtrings.
She ſaid, and look'd down to her Knees,
Where the Authoritative *Keys*
Hung both together in Chain,
Such as *Dutch Ufrouws* hang 'em in:
Which having reach'd, ſhe let him ſee
Firſt one, and then the other Key;
Aſſuring him they were the ſame,
That from her Predeceſſors came.
By *Ned* and *Harry* wreſted from
The *Pope*, when they made *War* with *Rome*.
He own'd they were, and ſaid he knew 'em
She needed not take Pains to ſhew 'em.
At which her Majeſty expands
The Thumbs and Fingers of her Hands;
And in a ſolemn Manner laid
All her ten *Digits* on his Head;
Holding them there till ſhe had done
Theſe Words of Juriſdiction.
" Take thou (*t*) Authority to *Preach*
" God's Word ſincerely, and to *Teach*

" Or

(*t*) The Queen acquaints *Whitgift* that ſhe determin'd to diſcharge her ſelf from the Trouble of all Church Government, and leave them wholly to his Care; but that notwithſtanding he muſt reſolve not only to aſſert the Epiſcopal Power, but alſo to reſtore the *Uniformity* in Worſhip. *Hiſt. Coll.* p. 316. from *Heylyn*'s Hiſtory of Presbytery, p. 302.

" Or *Force* the People to become
" In Faith and Worſhip uniform,
" To *bind* and *looſe* take thou the *Keys*,
" And rule thy *Flock* by *awful* Ways.

This ſaid, She bad the Biſhop's Grace
To *Canterbury* hye a-pace,
And ſee who durſt his Power oppoſe;
Then up the potent Prelate roſe,
And fell, by ſtrong compulſive Power,
To mend what was amiſs before.
Conformity to ſuch a Stretch
He ſcrew'd, that wider grew the Breach:
For thoſe who ſeem'd conjoin'd of late
In the ſame *Chaos*, ſeparate,
As not content to keep in *Union*
Upon ſuch hard Terms of Communion:
But rather chooſe to quit the *Steeple*,
And preach in *Barns* among the People.
Whilſt *Whitgift*, on the other Side,
Permited none in *Kirk* to bide,
That durſt refuſe his *Common-Prayer*,
Or the leaſt Ceremony there:
But ſharply laſh'd 'em all away,
With his nine-tail'd *Anathema*;
A ſort of *Whip* before untry'd
Upon a *Puritan's* Back-ſide.

(*a*)-This treating of 'em thus ſeverely,
Set 'em a praying late and early,
That ſome great De'el would break his Neck;
Or, *Korah*-like, Earth eat him quick.

With

(*a*) The Brethren moved Heaven and Earth, the Court and Country, and all the Clergy and Laity to come to their Aſſiſtance in this Time of their Trial. By Means whereof they raiſed ſo ſtrong an Oppoſition againſt *Whitgift's* Proceedings, that it put him to great Difficulties.

With greater Fury now than ever
To croſs his Meaſures, they endeavour;
Set Pen and Ink, and (a) *Beal* to work.
Beal was a keen and active Spark
In hunting Jeſuits up and down,
And ſeeking *Prieſts* o'er all the Town;
Which Property, as *Leic'ſter* ſaid,
Was all the good Tricks that he had.
Yet was his Talent more than this,
He hated *Proteſtants* no leſs;
For, all their *Biſhops* and their *Prieſts*
He took for little *Antichriſts*.
This moved *Walſingham* and *Leiceſter*
To egg on that fell Cur to peſter
Old Biſhop *Whitgift*, by exclaiming,
By writing, railing, and defaming
Church-Government, and Common-Prayer,
And the ſtrange Garb their Biſhops wear.
Which *Beal* performed in ſuch ſort,
As pleas'd the Puritans at Court.
His Deeds could not have by the Queen
At any rate been overſeen,
If *Leiceſter*, *North*, with *Walſingham*
And *Knolles*, had not protected him:

For

(a) Some Great Men about the Court, who had engaged themſelves in the *Puritan* Quarrels, thought beſt to ſtand a while behind the Curtain, and ſet *Beal* upon him, of whoſe Impetuoſity and Edge againſt him they were well aſſured. This *Beal* was in himſelf a moſt eager *Puritan*, train'd up by *Walſingham*, to draw dry Foot after *Prieſts* and *Jeſuits*, his extream Hatred to thoſe Men being look'd on as the only good Quality that he could pretend to. He conceived that the Biſhops were to be eſteemed no other than the Sons of Antichriſt. *See* Heylyn's *Hiſtory of Presbytery*. p. 302. apud *Hiſt. Col.* p. 317.

For when Complaints againſt him came,
As ſoon as *Beſſy* heard his Name,
She'd anſwer, *Never mind ſond* Beal,
His Indiſcretion ſprings from Zeal.
Thus wink'd at, and encourag'd, he
Grew inſolent to th' high'ſt degree
And claw'd old *Whitgift* and his *Surplice*,
And *Common-Pray'r* Book to a Purpoſe.
Nor was it only *Beal* alone,
For the whole Brotherhood fell on,
Grappling with *Whitgift*, with Intent
To wreſt from him Church-Government.
But finding 'twould not do by Force,
Reſolve to ſteer another Courſe.
In (*b*) *Grindal's* Days came flocking hither
Swedes, *Dutch*, and *Danes*, in Sholes together,
French Hugonots, *Genevans* too,
Such as have little elſe to do
But ſeek their Bread in Foreign Lands,
Under the Trade of Vagabonds.
Calvin, *Knox*, *Beza*, *Peter Martyr*,
Blew loud from the *Genevan* Quarter,
Deſiring all to fall to work
In modelling the *Engliſh Kirk*.

Letters

(*b*) By *Calvin's* Letters to *Grindal*, and the Friends they had about the Queen, Way was given to ſuch of the *French* Nation as had repaired hither, to enjoy the Freedom of their own Religion, to have a Church unto themſelves. They could not but remember thoſe many Advantages which *John a Laſco*, and his Church of Strangers, afforded to the *Zuinglian Goſpellers*, in the Reign of King *Edward* the Sixth. They got a *French* Church ſettled upon *Calvin's* Principles, in *London*. Upon the News of this Succeſs, both *French* and *Dutch* repaired into *England*, planting themſelves in the Sea-Towns, and openly profeſſing the Reform'd Reli-

Letters they write, in preſſing ſort,
To ſev'ral Grandees of the Court,
That they would move the *Female Head*
To pity the *Genevan Breed*,
That were come hither from afar
To beg ſome o'er-worn Houſe of Prayer,
As *John a Lasko* did of late,
When bleſſed *Edward* rul'd the State.
This *John* brought o'er a Crew of *Poles*
Of Bodies lean, but *ſtarved* Souls,
'Till they got Kirks wherein to eat,
From *Lasko's* Mouth, the *Goſpel-Meat*;
Ned gives the *Savoy* to the Men,
To feed both Souls and Bodies in,
Who ſoon got each a double Chin.
Now they, from Hope of like Succeſs,
Beg the like Favour of Queen *Beſs*;
And that her Highneſs wou'd allow 'em,
By granting publick Churches to 'em,
Freely to preach God's Holy Word
As they receiv'd it from the Lord.
Leiceſter, and *Knolles* and *Walſingham*,
In *Calvin's*, *Knox's*, and *Beza's* Name,
Beg her to yield to their Requeſt,
And Churches grant to their Oppreſt.

How can I yield to this? quoth She;
Their Faith and Ours do not agree,
Their Worſhip and their Diſcipline
Can never ſuit (ye know) with mine.

Religion; under which Covert they diſguiſed their ſeveral Heterodoxies, and blaſphemous Dotages; all endeavouring to diſperſe their heretical Doctrines, and to empoiſon the People. They erected many *French* and *Dutch* Churches in the maritime Ports, which they infected with ſome of their Pitenſies, See *Hiſt. Collect.* out of *Heylyn's Hiſt. Presb.* p. 270,

Madam, quoth *Cecil*, give me leave
To ſpeak a Word or two, You have.
My Lord (quoth *Elizabeth*) go on.
Says he, thoſe Men's *Religion*,
'Tis true, from Our's differs quite,
Yet notwithſtanding, both are right:
Their's right to *Them*, ſo (*c*) *Our's* to *Us*,
Which eaſily is proved thus;
By Their Faith *They*, by Our *We*
Are Sav'd, as, *our Divines* agree:
Hence certainly both Faiths are true,
For *Falſe* Faith cannot Save, you know.
God's Word to divers People hath
Reveal'd quite different Points of Faith;
Nay, tho' both true, ſometimes they vary
So far as to be quite contrary,
So *Luther's Conſubſtantiation*
God ne'er reveal'd to the *Helvetian*
Nor to the *Scotch* or *Engliſh Nation*:
Yet by the *Saxon*, *Dane*, and *Swede*,
'Tis held the beſt Point in their Creed;
And by *the Book of God* reveal'd
To them, tho' yet from Us conceal'd.
So thoſe who do deny the ſame,
The contrary's as *true* to them.

And thus, thro' ev'ry Article
Of Faith, all may hold what they will.

Pro-

(*c*) Mr. *John Chamberlayne*, in his *Preſent State of England*, Edit. 21. Printed in 1704, agrees well with this Diſcourſe of *Cecil's*. 'The Church of 'England, ſays he, is truly tranſcendent: It hath 'the grand Mark of the true Church, which moſt 'European Churches ſeem to want, and that is Cha- 'rity towards other Churches: For it doth not ſo 'engroſs Heaven to its own Profeſſors, as to damn 'all others to Hell. Page 54.

Provided that all Sides agree
To damn the *Pope* and *Popery*.
And this I'm ſure thoſe Strangers do,
As much as either I or You.
Beſides, what Point to Day is true,
Perhaps to Morrow is not ſo.
For when the *contrary's* reveal'd,
By it the former Truth's repeal'd:
For Inſtance, my own Faith has been
Juſt what wou'd pleaſe the King, or Queen.
For when but young, it is confeſt,
I was brought up by a Romaniſt;
But when King *Harry* fell from *Rome*,
And got a new Faith made at Home,
I to his Judgment did incline;
And as *His* Faith chang'd ſo did mine.
He dead, the Child his Son, King *Ned*,
His Father's Faith aboliſhed,
And made a new one of his own;
I was of this, while't pleas'd the Crown:
But when Queen *Mary* came to reign,
I was a *Catholick* again;
And when your Grace came to the *Throne*,
I follow'd your Religion.
The Cauſe of changing in this Faſhion,
Was in each Reign *freſh Revelation*.
You muſt confeſs, that while they ſtood,
Each diff'rent Faith was very *good*,
Wholſom and *Saving* in its Day,
'Gainſt this the Queen found nought to ſay,
But yields and publick Churches grants
To thoſe *Calvinian Errant Saints*.

By this means *Engliſh* Presbyters,
Under the Cloak of Foreigners,
Got alſo publick Churches here,
Maugre Old *Whitgift* and his Prayer;
And, in ſhort Space, their Off-ſpring grew
To be a mighty num'rous Crew,

In all *Sea-Ports* up Churches ſprung,
Stor'd with a pure and zealous Throng,
That were prepar'd, on all Occaſions,
To vex poor *Whitgift* with Invaſions.
Tho' to this vaſt prodigious Bigneſs
Their Body grew in Length and Thickneſs,
Yet had it not a common *Head*;
And, wanting this, a Body's dead:
The Elders, who conſider'd this
And ſcorned ſuch an *Head* as *Beſs*,
Or that her *Biſhops* ſhou'd bear Rule
Over a Goſpel-free-born Soul,
Bethink 'em how to bring to paſs
Church-Government, by way of *Claſs*.

A *Claſſis* is a petty *Synod*
Of *Elders* pack'd, a Dozen in it,
Or ſometimes fewer, ſometimes more,
Gin't pleaſe 'em they may have a Score;
Only when more, there's more Debate
In that *Eccleſiaſtick State*:
Becauſe new Points of Faith m' appear
To one, which Nineteen ſaw not there;
For *Saints* have their Degrees of Light.
He who obſerves it firſt muſt try't
By a Diſpute with all the reſt,
To ſee if 't bides the *Bible-Teſt*.
However, they muſt all have *Zeal*
For *Diſcipline* and *Common Weal*;
And ſeem like Gifted *Godly Men*,
Tho' in the bottom *Rogues in Grain*.
Such are fit (*d*) Members for the Claſſes,
Tho' otherwiſe as dull as Aſſes.

Their General *Claſſis* was in *London*,
By this great Things were *done* and *undone*;

For

(*d*) See *Heylyn's Hiſt. of Presb.* p. 213. and *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 324.

For all the other *Claſſes* did
Depend on this, as Ears on Head,
So that what through the other paſt
Muſt be approv'd by this at laſt.
Thoſe *Claſſes* being acquainted well with
Lord *Burleigh*, thought him beſt to deal with,
About new *Forms* of Pray'r and Worſhip,
Which now they had a mind to bruſh-up.
Fit Perſons therefore they ſelect,
To bring the Matter to Effect.
Who to grave *Cecil* make Addreſs,
And thus the *Sophy* they careſs.

Great Ruler of the *Church* and *State*,
Next under her, whoſe happy Fate
Is both to govern *Sea* and *Land*,
And hold two Nations in her Hand.
Which ſhe can toſs like Tennis-Balls,
One *down*, one *up*, as t'other falls:
To you, Great Sir, we Legates from
Our *Claſſick* Brethren Greeting come.
Whereas of late a Reformation
Was made by th' Wiſdom of the Nation;
And happy we it was begun.
If't had but thorowly gone on
Till all the Beaſt-Heads had been lopt off,
And ev'ry Popiſh Error cropt off.
But thoſe, alas, who firſt went from
The *Pope*, and left the Church of *Rome*,
Came loaden each one with his Pack
Of Superſtitions on his Back;
You'll in their Common-Pray'r-Book find 'em
(If e'er you uſe it, pray-ye mind 'em:)
Therefore, wiſe Sir, our Supplication
Is for a thorow Reformation;
And that the Church of *England* may
Fling all her Popiſh Geer away,
And in her publick Worſhip join
With *Us* in *Prayer* and *Diſcipline*.

Our

Our Form's refin'd like Gold, it's pure,
And can the Scripture Teſt endure.
Our *Claſſes*, Sir beg you'll incline
The Queen t'embrace our Diſcipline
And Form of Prayer, and ev'ry where
Cry down her preſent Common-Prayer;
And we her Suppliants ſhall pray
That ſhe may live *for ever and Ay.*

Quoth (*e*) *Burleigh* (who, it does appear,
Was an obliging Courtier,)
I'll do whatever I can do
For your new Form of Pray'r and You.
Let's ſee the Book of which you mean,
That I may ſhew it to the Queen;
And, by the Intereſt I ſhall make,
I do not doubt but it will take.

My Lord, The Book of which we ſpeak,
Say they, we have it yet to make.
Our *Claſſes* have not yet begun
To get our *Form of Worſhip* done;
Nor have our Elders, tho' at work,
Finiſh'd the *Diſcipline* of Kirk.
But ſoon as *Diſcipline* and *Worſhip*
Are fit to come before your Lordſhip,
Our chiefeſt Elders, as is meet,
Shall lay them at your mighty Feet.

Cecil,

(*e*) Lord *Burleigh*, upon ſome Complaint made againſt the Liturgy by ſome of the Brethren, required them to compoſe another, ſuch as they thought might generally be accepted by them. The firſt *Claſſis* thereupon deviſed a new one agreeable in moſt Things to *Geneva*: But this Draught being offered to the Conſideration of the ſecond *Claſſis*, there were no fewer than 600 Exceptions made againſt it, and conſequently ſo many Alterations,

Cecil, who ſmil'd but once a Year,
At this could hardly chooſe but ſneer,
To ſee them beating thus the Air
For an imaginary Pray'r,
That yet their Maggot had not hatch'd.
So with this Anſwer they're diſpatch'd;
Go frame your Book as you wou'd have it;
Bring me one, to the Queen I'll give it:
But 'ere you bring it ſee it paſſes
The Approbation of all *Claſſes*,
That further Cônteſt may ariſe none.
This was his Anſwer, and a wiſe one,
For he foreſaw 'twou'd never paſs,
Without Diſpute, in any *Claſs*.
Away they go, pleas'd with his Anſwer,
As much as Ladies in Romance are
When reſcu'd from *Inchanted* Caſtles
By Errant Knights that ſtorm the *Baſtiles*.
To work they fall, and, with great Care,
Frame a new *Diſcipline* and *Prayer*,
Reſembling much *Geneva*'s Platform;
For they devoted were to That Form,

As

rations to be made therein before it was to be admitted. The Third *Claſſis* quarrelled at thoſe Alterations, and reſolved therefore on a new Model, which ſhould have nothing of the other: And againſt this the Fourth *Claſſis* was able to make as many Objections as has been made againſt the Firſt. So that no Likelyhood appearing of any other *Form of Worſhip*, either better or worſe, to be agreed upon between them, the diſmiſs'd their *Agents* for the preſent, with this Aſſurance, That whenſoever they could agree upon any Liturgy, which might be univerſally received amongſt them, they ſhould find him very ready to ſerve them in the ſettling it. *See* Heylyn's *Hiſtory of Presbytery*, apud *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 318

As fitteſt for a Common-Weal
And now its *Trial* of *Ordeal*
It muſt endure, and ſmoothly paſs
Untouch'd at all, through every *Claſs*:
And if the higheſt at the laſt
Approve it, then it's *Trial's* paſt.
The firſt *Claſs* made it, ſo it paſſes
The firſt, but not the *ſecond Claſſis*:
For this *Claſs* made, when having ſeen it,
Six hundred Alterations in it.
The *third Claſs* found, when well inſpected,
Six hundred Faults more, uncorrected.
Thence to the *fourth Claſs* it was ſent;
This was the furtheſt Journey't went.
They doom'd it to the Common-Houſe,
Where't lay expos'd to private Uſe,
As being very fit it ſhou'd,
While Leaſt on't laſted do ſome good;
Elſe had the Labour of the Men
That firſt contriv'd it, been in vain.

Next (*f*) *Walſingham*, who did pretend,
At every turn, to be their Friend,
Takes under-hand their baffl'd Cauſe,
In hopes to manage 't with Applauſe.
The Way that he propos'd to do't,
Was, if he cou'd but bring 'em to't,
For each Side to incline a little,
Till, by degrees, they meet i'th Middle.

He

(*f*) *Walſingham* tries his Fortune next, in hope to bring them to allow of the *Engliſh Liturgy*, on the Removal of ſuch Things as ſeemed moſt offenſive: And thereupon he offered, in the Queen's Name, That the Three Ceremonies at which they ſeem'd moſt to boggle, that is to ſay, *Kneeling at the Communion*; *the Surplice*; and *the Croſs in Baptiſm* ſhould be expunged out of the Book of

Common-

He ſends away, with great Reſpect,
For the chief Leaders of their Sect;
Thoſe he adviſes to comply,
For Sake of *Uniformity*,
With *Beſs*'s Engliſh *Liturgy*,
Upon Condition that it ſhall
From . opery be purged well.
I'll undertake in *Beſs*'s Name,
Three Things ſhall be expung'd the ſame;
The firſt is, *Kneeling* at *Communion*,
That Gulph between the Church's Union.
The *Croſs* in *Baptiſm* is the next.
And ſince you're at the *Surplice* vext,
'T ſhall come no more on Back of Parſon,
But his fine Wife, that Smock has ſcarce one,
For private Uſe ſhall have the Linnen:
The reſt of Pray'r-Book there's no Sin in.
Subſcribe it then, Sirs, I adviſe;
Bleſs'd be the *Claſs* that firſt complies.
They anſwer him in ſurly manner,
Without the leaſt Regard to Honour,
We'll have no Part of Prelate's Prayers,
But *blot out* all whats'ever's Theirs:
The Book we'll totally aboliſh,
For nothing's in't but what is (g) *fooliſh*.
So, be this all you have to ſay,
Farewell, (quo' they) and go their way.
At this rude Anſwer and uncivil,
Walſingham gave 'em to the Devil.

Soon

Common-Prayer, if that would content them. But thereunto it was reply'd, That they would have a total Abolition of the Book, without retaining any Part or Office in it, in their next new Nothing. Which peremptory Anſwer did much alienate his Affections from them. *Heylyn*'s *Hiſt. of Presbyt.* p. 302. *Hiſt. Collect.* p 319.

(g) *Calvin* alſo gave in his Cenſure long before, *There are many fooliſh Trifles in it.*

Soon after this they fell to ſcribble
A ſcandalous ill-natur'd (*b*) Libel,
And ſent it out amongſt the *Mob*
In manner of a *Dialogue*;
For ſo 'twas call'd, to diſplay
The *Engliſh* Kirk, and open lay
It's Faults, and where it was defective;
A moſt malicious Invective.

A

(*b*) A ſcandalous Libel, in the Nature of a Dialogue, is publiſh'd and diſperſed in moſt Parts of *England*, in which the State of the Church is pretended to be laid open. They likewiſe had prepared their Way to the Parliament then ſitting, *Anno* 1586, by telling them, 'That if the Reformation they deſired were not granted, they ſhould 'betray God, his Truth, and the whole Kingdom. 'That they ſhould declare themſelves to be an 'Aſſembly wherein the Lord's Cauſe could not be 'heard; wherein the Infelicity of the Miſerable 'could not be reſpected; wherein Truth, Religion, 'and Piety, could bear no Sway: An Aſſembly 'that willingly called for the Judgment of God 'upon the whole Realm: And finally, That not a 'Man of their Seed ſhould proſper, be a Parliament Man, or bear Rule in *England* any more. This neceſſary Preparation being thus premiſed, they tender to the Parliament a *A Book of the Form of Common-Prayer*, by them deſired, containing alſo, in Effect, the whole pretended Diſcipline, ſo reviſed by *Travers*; and their Petition in Behalf of it was in theſe Words following, to wit: *May it therefore pleaſe your Majeſty, that the Book hereunto annexed; and every Thing therein contained, may be from henceforth uſed through all your Majeſty's Dominions.* But in this they were able to effect nothing. *Heylyn's Hiſt. of Presb.* p. 161. apud *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 322.

A *Form* of *Worſhip* they got penn'd,
And *Diſcipline* hung at it's End,
And a *Petition* tack'd to it,
Which to her Majeſty was writ:
A Letter alſo they compile,
In a ſevere and threat'ning Stile;
All which to Queen and Parliament
Six old grave Elders did preſent,
In a demure and canting Strain,
And hundred Cringes; but in vain:
For *Whitgift's* Party of Black-Coats
Had in the Senate major Votes,
And bad the Elders, in a Jeer,
To come again another Year.
Derided thus, away they haſte,
And tell the *Claſſes* all that paſt;
Which into Gall turn'd all the Blood
Of the enraged Brotherhood.
They all unanimouſly join
To execute their *Diſcipline*,
And ſettle their *Genevan Worſhip*,
Without the Leave of Queen or Biſhop,
Or further asking the Conſent
Of Council, Court, or Parliament.
But *Whitgift*, who was always waking,
Spy'd, in good time, their Undertaking,
And, by his Power, and careful heeding,
The Current ſtopp'd of their Proceeding.
Yet not ſo well but ſoon it's Courſe
Broke out again with greater Force:
For as a Gun with Powder cramm'd,
The cloſer down the ſame is ramm'd,
When taking Fire, it breaks out thence
With ſo much greater Violence.
So, more theſe fiery Saints were curb'd,
The more the Biſhops they diſturb'd,
And put their Kirk to greater Trouble
Than e'er they did before, twice double.

For near the End of *Bessy's* Reign,
When Time had almost eat the Queen,
And Age had drank her Spirits up,
'Till she lay sleeping like a *Top*,
That Boys have whipt about until,
As if for Ease, it stands stock still.
She heedless grew of Church and Faith,
And Puritanicks active Wrath,
Affairs Ecclesiastick leaves
To *Leic'ster*, *Knolls*, and other Knaves,
Such as to *Whitgift* and his Party
Bore no Good-Will or Kindness hearty.
These with their Country Friends transact,
To get a House of *Commons* pack'd
Of Godly Members, such as stood
'Gainst *Whitgift*, for the *Brotherhood*.
And new Petitions from all Places
Came swarming in against their Graces,
From Prentice-boy to *Gaud your Worship*,
Let's have no *Common-Pray'r* or *Bishops*.
This was the daily Cry of *London*:
In short, the Bishops had been run-down,
If *Whitgift* had not us'd his Skill
To hinder the designed Ill.

First thing he does, to Pray'r he falls,
Spreads out ten Claws shod with long *Nails*,
And thus invokes. *Lord*, prithee *Now*
Or Never look on us below.
Can'st thou behold how Things are carry'd,
And how I and my Flock are worry'd
By Presbyterian *Wolves* and *Foxes*,
Of *Calvin's* Litter, and of *Knox's*,
And sit as if thou wer't inclin'd
To see our Queen's Kirk undermin'd,
Till it fall down, maugre it's Head
On us, that first the Building made,
When I am sure, this Twenty Year
Thou hast not had one half so fair?

O *Lord*,

O *Lord*, I cou'd be glad that Thou
Wou'd come and help us, but I know,
That where thou art thou *MUST* remain
Till *Dooms-day* brings thee here again.
As in our (*a*) *Article* is writ,
And we are *bound* to credit it.
But if thou canst but now *hear Me*,
Diſtant at ſuch a vaſt degree,
That if a *Millſtone* were thrown down,
Ten Ages wou'd not bring the Stone,
Then pra'thee, *Lord*, ſome Way invent
To croſs this *factious Parliament*.
Diſpatch ſome *Angel*, for I know
They have more Liberty than thou.
Give him Commiſſion to ſupport
Our Kirk, 'gainſt Parliament and Court.
Lord, if thou *know'ſt* for what I've pray'd,
Grant it. There needs no more be ſaid.

(*a*) *Article.* 29 'The Body of Chriſt cannot be 'preſent in many different Places at the ſame 'Time; and ſince (as the Holy Scriptures te-'ſtify) Chriſt hath been taken up into Heaven, 'and there is to abide till the End of the World; 'it becometh not any of the Faithful to believe or 'profeſs, that there is a Real or Corporal Preſence, &c. *See King* Edw. 29 *Article.* The Words in the Latin Article are: *Chriſtus humanæ Naturæ veritatem perpetuo retinet quam Uno & definito loco eſſe. &c. quum igitur Chriſtus in Cœlum ſublatus, ibi uſque ad finem ſæculi ſit permanſurus, atque inde non aliunde venturus ſit, ad judicandum vivos & mortuos, non debet quiſquam fidelium, carnis & ejus ſanguinis realem & corporalem præſentiam in Euchariſtia vel credere vel profitare.* The Biſhop of *Sarum* ſets down this Article more at large, from the *Original Manuſcript* of Articles ſubſcribed by both Houſes of Convocation in 1562. See his *Expoſition*, p. 11.

Disburthen'd of his Pray'r, he ſends
For Brother Biſhops, his ſure Friends,
Bids them in haſte themſelves attire
In what the Rubricks do require.
For we, ſays he, now I have been
So long in Prayer, will to the Queen,
And beg her Aid: For ſhe is near us,
And can *immediately* hear us.
They trim their Beards, and comb their Hair,
And don 'em as the Laws require,
In Rochet, Sleeves, and other Trapping,
Approach the Queen, but found her napping;
Yet ſoftly jogging, with Battoon,
Awake her from her *Squab* of Down;
And thus ſalute her, juſt awaking,
In a ſtrange ruſtick ſort of ſpeaking.

Thou Female Paſtor of the Sheep,
Canſt thou lie lolling thus aſleep,
Regardleſs of thy ſilly Flock,
While Wolves and wild Beaſts waſte thy Stock?
Get up, you careleſs drowſy Queen,
Behold what Work's on yonder Plain!
Your Lambs are worry'd, and the Fleeces
Of all your Sheep are torn to Pieces.
Bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, why all this Fury?
Is't fit your Queen ſhould thus endure-ye?
In Name of Wonder, what's the Matter
That you come thus with ſuch a Splutter?
You ought to uſe more civil Speeches,
My *Petticoat's above* your *Breeches*:
Conſider I am ſtill your *Head*.
At this the Biſhops grew afraid,
Impute the ringing ſuch a Peal
To th' over flowing of her Zeal.
Aſide ſhe turns her Head a while,
To ſteal a little modeſt Smile;
And *Wentzet*, in a manly Stile,

Salutes

Salutes her thus. Thou *High* and *Mighty*,
Who ponder'ſt things both ſmall and weighty,
And canſt diſcern 'tween *wrong* and *right*,
When *Presbyters* and *Prelates fight*.
You, who touch Heaven with your Brow,
And under whom Earth's Axles Bow,
You, by whoſe Might the *Netherlands*
Have freed themſelves from *Spaniſh* Bands,
And who th' *Invincible Armada*
Drown'd and diſpers'd in leſs than a-day.
You, who the Papiſts clapperclaw
By ever-bleſſed *Penal-Law*,
Let your exterminating Power
The curſed *Puritans* devour.
To you alone for Help we cry
To ſave us from *Presbytery*.
With open Mouth they ſet upon us,
And caſt ſuch damn'd Aſperſions on us,
That we, by all the giddy Rabble,
Are held for moſt abominable.
I'm ſure they aim to ſeize our Lands,
And turn us out for Vagabonds.
The Arguments that we aſſume
'Gainſt Papiſts, and the Church of *Rome*,
Theſe Puritans make uſe of now
Againſt our Selves, our Church, and You.
They call Us *Limbs of Antichriſt*,
And *You* the *Scarlet Whore*; The *Beaſt*
You ſit on, is our Church and Us.
Was ever People plagued thus?
Nor talk they only, but their write,
And Texts from *Revelations* cite;
Thoſe very Texts that we produce
'Gainſt *Papiſts*, they againſt Us uſe;
And ſwear they are as right apply'd
To *Us*, as to the *other Side*.
And when we, in our own Defence,
Put on the Texts another Senſe,

They pertly ask us how we know
That *Their* is falſe, and *Our* Senſe true?
And here we're ſet, for, *on my Soul*,
To prove it *right* we have no *Rule*.
And if Authority of Church
We bring, they value't not a Ruſh,
But tell us that's the Popiſh Plea
Againſt our ſelves. And what, ſay they,
Can you oblige us to aſſent
To that old Popiſh Argument
To which your ſelves wou'd ne'er ſubmit,
What can you gain in preſſing it?

If we affirm our Faith is good,
And that from Chriſt our *Church* has ſtood,
They Sniſhing ſay, How can you tell?
Is this your Church *Infallible?*
Our Anſwer as you may conceive,
Muſt needs be in the negative.
For were God's Church *Infallible*,
Then to Reform her had been ill.
Nay then, ſay they, if it be ſo,
Our Kirk is right, for ought you know,
We are Reform'd as well as you.
Thus in *Dilemmas* we are caught,
And into endleſs Contradictions brought.
Here's (*b*) *Beal*, a Gibing Arch-Buffoon,
That has his Spies o'er all the Town,

To

(*b*) *Beal* accounted the Biſhops for Sons of Antichriſt, becauſe they were not looked upon as *Fathers* by the Brotherhood (*nor by any Body elſe*,) and ſo far was he hurried on by theſe Diſaffections, that tho' he were raiſed to be one of the Clerks of the Council yet he preferred the Intereſt of that Faction before that of the Queen's, inſomuch that he was noted to *jeer* and *gibe* all ſuch Sermons as did moſt commend her Majeſty's Government, and

move

To mind Us and our Clergy ſtrictly,
And watch our *By ſteps* circumſpectly:
And, Madam, who of mortal Men
But has his *Downfals* now and then;
When at their Club they meet together,
They give their *Notes* to one another,
So that by All each Fault is known,
And quickly blaz'd o'er all the Town:
And this exaſperates the People
'Gainſt *Us*, our *Doctrine*, *Prayer*, and *Steeple*,
That Folk are brought to ſuch a paſs
They'd rather ſee the De'el than us.
Thoſe Rake-hells are ſet on by *Leic'ſter*,
And *Knolls*, and *Walſingham*, to peſter
Me, and my *Fellow Biſhops* here,
And run down *Perſons* every where,
By quarrelling at what we teach,
And ridiculing all we preach;
That, if you'll truſt us, cou'd we help it,
We'd never more appear in Pulpit.

For my part, tho' I preach a Sermon
That there is neither *Good* nor *Harm* in,
(And moſt are ſuch, for my Intent
In Preaching's to be innocent)
This *Beal* will ſneer, make Mouths, and ſtir
His Brows: Oh, he's a plaguy Cur;
And, by his witty Taunts, can twinc

And laughs and winks at *Walſingham*
And *Leiceſter*, they again at him;
And this in Scorn and great Deriſion
Of us your Biſhops, and our Miſſion,
Till, what by them and by the Crowd,
We and our Clergy are ſo cow'd,
That, if you'll credit what I ſay,
We ſcarce dare either preach or pray,
Or in our Robes Canonic paſs
The Street, they're grown to ſuch a Paſs,
That if the Boys our *Lawn-ſleeves* ſpy,
The wanton Rogues will point and cry,
A Babylonian Maggot-Pye.
Such groſs Affronts as theſe, I'm ſure,
No Saint alive can e'er endure.
But what is ten times worſe than all-this,
A (*c*) Parliament but lately call'd-is,
As Puritanick at the bottom
As if *John Calvin* had begot 'em.
This Parl'ament has paſs'd a Bill
For all to marry when they will,
Be it in *Advent*, or in *Lent*,
Without once aſking our Conſent,
Or ſeeing any of our Court,
Or ever taking Licenſe for't.
Another Bill the've alſo paſs'd
Will be our Ruin at the laſt;
No *Candidate* in all the Town
Muſt be Ordain'd, or wear a Gown, Or

(*c*) The *Brethren* had procured many of their chief Friends to be received for Knights or Burgeſſes: By whoſe Means they procured a Bill to paſs in the Houſe of Commons, 1585, for making Trial of the *Sufficiency* of ſuch as were to be *Ordained* or *admitted* Miniſters by *Twelve Laymen*, whoſe *Approbation* and *Allowance* they were firſt to paſs, before they were to receive Inſtitution into any Benefice. Another Bill was alſo paſſed, for making

Or ever take the Name of Prieſt,
But only ſuch as bide the Teſt
Of *Twelve* preciſe judicious *Lay-men*,
Who muſt appointed be t' examine
All ſuch as are to be *Ordain'd*;
And thus ſhall none be entertain'd
But only ſuch as will prefer
Their new-form'd Diſcipline and Prayer.
If this go on (as *Lord* forbid it)
Down goes our Church; ſay I have ſaid it.
They alſo Vote, as ſome report,
The regulating of our Court,
As touching *Fees*, *Preſentments*, *Fines*,
And this our *Purſes* undermines.
Another Bill, as ill as theſe,
They bring againſt *Pluralities*:
Thus they go on, till by degrees
At laſt our *Revenues* they'll ſeize,
And *out of Houſe and Harbour* turn us,
And bid us go, the Devil burn us.
To ſign, O prudent Queen, theſe Bills,
Is to make way to further Ills.
In ſhort, we're, *every Mother's Son*,
Both Church, and State, and Prince, undone.
Our *Common-Prayer-Book* once thrown by,
(I ſpeak by way of Prophecy)
And *Calvin's* ſettled in the Land,
Epiſcopacy cannot ſtand:
Nor will your Grace have Cauſe to boaſt,
If once *Supremacy* be loſt;

Which

king Marriage lawful at all Times of the Year. They were in hand alſo with a Third Bill, concerning *Eccleſiaſtical Courts*, and the *Epiſcopal Viſitations*; pretending only a Redreſs of ſome Exorbitance in exceſſive Fees, but aiming plainly at the *Overthrow* of the *Juriſdiction*. *Hiſt. Collect.* 319. 320.

Which you and all your Realm muſt own
The faireſt Jewel in your Crown;
Nor can your Kingdom ſhun the Fate
Of being turn'd in o a State:
For Presbyterian Diſcipline,
And Monarchy has ever been
At mortal ſtrife with one another,
Like Fire and Water when together.
Now with Pythonick Fury ſwell'd,
Till Girdle cracks and Garments yield,
He ſtares with Look ſevere, and Brows
As threatning as an angry *Jew*'s,
And Hand extent, by Spirit's Force,
As if he meant ſome vehement Curſe;
Then ſpeaks, O mighty Princeſs, know,
If at this careleſs Rate you do
Permit thoſe worſe than mortal Harms
To fly about our Ears in Swarms,
And do not ſpeedily prevent
What threatens Church and Government,
Your Kingdom ſhall be from you rent;
At this his Hand on Breaſt he laid,
And three Times ſwore what he had ſaid;
And here, as at it's utmoſt Stretch,
Out flew the *Python* with his Speech.

As Planet-ſtruck, for half an Hour
He ſtood agaſt, and ſpoke no more,
Till finding he was diſpoſſeſs'd,
He turns about to all the reſt:
Believ'd, ſays he, now I am calm,
Let's ſing a proper *Meetre Pſalm*:
He ſets it out, they all begin
In *Hopkins* Dialect to ſing,

(a) *Why doſt thou draw thy Hand a back*
And hide it in thy Lap?
O pluck it out and be not ſlack
To give thy Foes a Rap.

(a) Singing *Pſalm* 74. v. 12.

At this the Tears began to riſe
Above the Flood-gates of their Eyes,
Which being by her Highneſs ſeen,
So mollify'd the Breaſt of Queen,
That nought they ask'd could be deny'd;
Thus to their Graces ſhe reply'd;

My Lords, I give you ſtrict Command
To take your Paſt'ral Staves in Hand,
And lay about you even ſo
As *Sampſon* did with *Aſs's Jaw:*
Spare neither Legs, nor Arms, nor Ears
Of thoſe Philiſtian Presbyters.
Let your Authority and Care
In Church and State Affairs appear
By ſettling in your Diſcipline
An *Uniformity*, and join
Diſſenters and *Kirk-folk* together,
As cloſe as Sole to Upper-leather.
Act in this Matter as you will,
I will maintain it, *Good or Ill.*

He that refuſes to comply
With a ſtrict Uniformity,
See that by Force of Diſcipline,
And *Penal-Laws*, you bring him in.
Tho' *Knollys* and *Leiceſter* are your Foes,
My Hand ſhall ward off all their Blows:

They ſhall, as long as I am Queen,
Remain i'th' Safety they are in.
She ſaid, and with a gracious Look
Took up and kiſs'd the *publick Book*,
And ſafely lock'd it in her Cheſt.
Her Royal Hand the Biſhop's kiſs'd,
And humbly thanking Madam *Beſs*,
Took leave, each for his Dioceſs.
And here it is the Story changes
To what moſt horrible and ſtrange-is.

The *Scenes* that were till now ſo gay,
Inſenſibly are drawn away;
And 'ere the Queen or Courtiers knew
The *Stage* was all of *Sable* Hue;
And on the *Scenes* were painted out
Dread Shapes revengful *Furies* wrought,
As *Priſons*, *Halters*, *Axes*, *Knives*,
And *Penal-Laws* that took the Lives
Of innocent and holy Prieſts,
Who there appear'd with *ript-up Breaſts*,
And *Heads cut off*, and *Limbs in Quarters*,
Juſt as they had before dy'd Martyrs.
Mary the Queen of *Scots*, whoſe Head
Cloſe by her Body bleeding laid,
Was there; all painted as they dy'd.
And other horr'd Forms beſide,
As *Dæmons* in odd Shapes, and ſtrange-ones,
With each a *Vial full of Vengeance*,
To pour on Heads of thoſe who had
A Hand in ſpilling all that Blood.

And now the Actors they begin
To play their Parts, old *Age* comes in
Crook'd, wrinkl'd, doating, black and thin.
And after this (*b*) *Sickneſs* appears
Pale with Deſpair and gaſtly Fears; This

(*b*) Queen *Elizabeth*, in the beginning of her Sick-

This was purſu'd by *Death* in Black,
And *endleſs* Night cloſe at his Back:
Lord (*c*) *Hundſdon* comes upon the Stage,
Sick in his Bed; ſome think with Age;
But let the Cauſe be what it will,
His *Comforters were ſent from Hell*;
Such as with him before had been
In all the Councils of the Queen,
And carry'd on the great Affair
Of *Proteſtancy* many a Year,
Made *Laws* juſt as they had a Mind,
Againſt *God's Church*, and theſe *ſhe ſign'd*.
Firſt *Dudley*, Earl of *Leiceſter*, came
Roll'd round about in glaring Flame,
Out at his Mouth, Noſe, Eyes, and Ears,
Sprung pointed Flames from inward Fires.
Then *Walſingham* all on a Glow;
And *Pickring* cold as Frozen-Snow;
Who of his Hand ſcarce taking hold,
Hundſdon was fit to die with Cold.
Hatton was next that did appear
All in a Flame of glowing Fire.
And *Henneage* comes after him
Burning all o'er in rapid Flame.

The

Sickneſs, told two of her Ladies, that ſhe ſaw, one Night as ſhe lay in Bed, *her own Body exceeding lean and fearful, in a Light of Fire.* See *Parſons*'s Diſcuſſion of *Barlow*'s Anſwer, p. 218.

(*c*) Sir *Harry Cary*, Son of Sir *William Cary* and *Mary Boleyn*, the Queen promoted to the Honour and Degree of *Lord* Cary *of* Hundſdon; *Heyl.* p. 277.

This Lord *Hundſdon* being in the Year 1596 ſick to Death, ſaw come to him one after another ſix of his Companions already dead,

The laſt of all comes impious *Knolles*,
Curl'd round about in flaming Rolls,
That grind him in their whirling Gyres,
And from the Diats ſpring ſtreaming Fires.
A while thoſe horrid Spectres ſtood
Before the wretched *Cary*'s Bed,
To give him Time to contemplate,
And well obſerve their damned State:
Then told him, *Cecil* was to come
A Fellow Partner in their Doom;
So bad him tell him to prepare,
Then vaniſhed to ſubtile Air.
Hundſdon with Horror ſtruck at this,
Sends ſpeedy News to Madam *Beſt*;
Who caus'd Enquiry to be made,
And *Hundſdon* ſwore to all he ſaid.
So after he reſign'd his Breath,
And *Cecil* dy'd a ſudden Death.

The Queen (till now of Temper jolly)
Soon after this fell melancholly,
Struck to the Heart with hidden Grief,
No Medicine could yield Relief.

Her

The firſt was *Dudley* Earl of *Leiceſter* all in Fire. 2. Was Secretary *Walſingham* alſo in Fire and Flame. 3. *Pickring* ſo cold and frozen, that touching *Hundſdon*'s Hand he thought he ſhould die of Cold. 4 *Hatton*, Lord Chancellor. 5. *Henneage*. 6. *Knolles*. Theſe three laſt were alſo all in Fire; they all told him that Sir *William Cecil*, one of their Companions yet living, was to prepare himſelf to come ſhortly to them.

All this was affirm'd upon Oath by the ſaid Lord *Hundſdon* who a few Days after died ſuddenly. This is recorded by *Fr. Coſterus*, *in Compendio veteris Orthodoxæ fidei*, and alſo by *Philip D'ouremeau* in his Book entituled *Pedagogue Chretien*, p. 186.

Camd

Her Eyes, rowling with gaſtly Stare,
Shew inward Symptoms of Deſpair.
As one depriv'd of Senſe and Wits,
Two Days, three Nights, on *Stool* ſhe ſits,
And in one Poſture always keeps;
Nor ſpeaks, nor eats, nor drinks, nor ſleeps,
Save only once ſome *Broth* ſhe took,
And only once ſome Words ſhe ſpoke.
Diſmal her Sayings were and ſad,
As *forlorn* People ſpeak when mad;
As theſe, or ſuch like Words as theſe are,
My Miſeries are without Meaſure:
I have no Friend that I can truſt,
My Neck in Chains is yoked faſt,

Spectres

Camd. *who writes the Life of Queen* Elizabeth, *gives this Account of her laſt Sickneſs.* In the beginning of her Sickneſs the Almonds of her Throat ſwell'd but ſoon abated again; then her Appetite fail'd her by degrees: And withal ſhe gave her ſelf over wholly to Melancholly, and ſeem'd to be much troubled with a peculiar Grief for ſome Reaſon or other; whether it were through the Violence of her Diſeaſe, or for want of *Eſſex*, &c. She looked upon her ſelf as a *miſerable forlorn Woman*; and her Grief and Indignation extorted from her ſuch Speeches as theſe; *They have yoaked my Neck. I have none whom I can truſt. My Condition is ſtrangely turned upſide down.* See *Cambd.* Hiſt. li. 5. pag. 659, 660.

F. Parſons in his *Diſcuſſion* tells us, that ſhe ſat two Days and three Nights upon her Stool ready dreſſed, and could never be brought by any of her Council to go to Bed, or to eat or drink, only the Lord Admiral perſwading her to take a little Broth: She told him, if he knew what ſhe had ſeen in her Bed, he would not perſwade her as he did. She ſhaking her Head, ſaid with a pitiful Voice,

Spectres present themselves to sight,
And haunt my Bed in dead of Night.
I've seen my very self appear
Like an old *Hag* in flaming Fire.
The *Talis-man* the old Welsh Wife
Bequeathed me, will not save my Life
Tho' hither too with Hopes enough,
I've worn the *Seal* on my Ruff
The *Queen of Hearts* that long has laid
Here in my Chair nail'd thro' the Head,
I have no *Trust* in as I had;
Nor can I *hope at all* in God,
Because I never serv'd *Him*,
After I got the *Diadem*.
Thus left of all, Comfort from no-Man;
I am a *wretched forlorn Woman*.

Nor

My Lord, *I am tied with a Chain of Iron about my Neck, I am tied, and the Case is alter'd with me.*

One of her privy Councellors presented her with a Piece of Gold of the Bigness of an Angel, dimly marked with some small Characters which he said an old Woman in *Wales* bequeathed to her on her Death-Bed telling her that the said old Woman, by Virtue of the same, lived to the Age of 100 and odd Years, and could not die as long as she wore it upon her Body, but being wither'd and wanting Nature to nourish her Body it was taken off and she died. The Queen, upon the Confidence she had thereof, took the said Gold and wore it on her Ruff.

Two Ladies waiting on her in her Chamber discovered in the Bottom of her *Chair the Queen of Hearts*, with a Nail of Iron struck through the Forehead, which they durst not then pull out; remembring that the like thing was reported to be used to others for Witchcraft; *Discuss*, p. 217, 218, printed 1612.

Her

Nor could her Godlike Biſhops, who
Had led her by the Noſe till now,
Give the leaſt Eaſe or *Ghoſtly Cure*,
Tho' they abſolv'd her o'er and o'er;
For not at all did ſhe believe
(More than themſelves) they could forgive;
Although they took the Common Prayer,
And ſhew'd her Abſolution there.
Your Penance and your Abſolution
Is not of *Divine* Inſtitution,
Nor *Sacrament*, ſays ſhe, as you
Have taught me many Years ago;
But *ſprung of corrupt following*
Of the Apoſtles: If the thing
Be ſo, what good can it do me?
Turn to your *Articles* and ſee.
To this not one Word was reply'd,
But comfortleſs the Woman dy'd.
High-time that ſhe were gone; for now
She'd done what Miſchief ſhe could do
In ſettling *Reformation*,
Her long long Thread at laſt was ſpun,
Which one that did attend her (but
Play'd leaſt in Sight) a ſaucy Slut
With her unwelcome *Siſſors* cut,

And

Her Death was pitiful in dying without Senſe, Feeling, or Mention of God, as divers report; *Diſcuſs* 197.

'One of the Ladies that waited on her, leaving her aſleep in her Privy Chamber, at the beginning of her Sickneſs, met her, as ſhe thought, three or four Chambers off; and fearing ſhe would have been diſpleaſed that ſhe left her alone, came towards her to excuſe her ſelf, but ſhe vaniſhed away: And when the Lady returned into the Chamber where ſhe left her ſleeping, ſhe found

And headlong to Old *Henry* ſent her,
Who in this ſort doth complement her.
H. Welcome, brave Daughter! Thou that haſt
The *Roman Church* and *Truth* diſplac'd.
What o her News fro' th' World above?
E. Father, not only *Faith* but *Love*,
I've done what ever I could do
To baniſh, imitating you;
For Children any thing will gather
From the Exampl'e of a Father:
And that Religion never more
May enter on our *Engliſh* Shore,
I've made it *Penal* to become
A Convert to the Church of *Rome*,
And have more bloody *Statutes* made
To murder Prieſts, than *Nero* had,
Or *Diocleſian* ever ſaw,
Father, I kill 'em all by *Law*.
H. That's the beſt way; but ſtill go on;
What Work made *Ned* when I was gone?
E. On Biſhopricks, and Church's Lands
That you had left, he laid his Hands,
And left the naked Church as bare
As when it firſt drew Vital Air;

So

her ſtill aſleep; growing paſt Recovery, and keeping her Bed, the Council ſent unto her the Biſhop of *Canterbury* and other Prelates; upon Sight of whom ſhe was much offended, cholerickly rating them, biding them be packing, and afterwards exclaimed to my Lord Admiral, that ſhe had the greateſt Indignity offered her by the Archbiſhop that could be done to a Prince; to pronounce Sentence of Death againſt her, as if ſhe had liv'd an Atheiſt: And ſome Lords mentioning to have other Prelates to come to her ſhe anſwer'd that ſhe would have none of theſe Hedge Prieſts. The Queen being departed this Life, her Body was opened, (*and Embowel'd* and being

So that there was, when I came in,
Scarce any thing to loſe but Skin.
Six Articles which you deviſ'd,
And by ſtrong Statutes authoriſ'd,
And *burned* ſuch as did not heed 'em,
The young Rogue laugh'd at, when he read 'em;
And by a Statute cry'd 'em down;
Then ſet out new ones of his own;
Made a new Form of *Worſhip* too
Impoſ'd it on the Realm for true:
But, by and by, *this* pleas'd him not,
So burn'd it; and another got.
If more of him you liſt to know, Sir,
Call *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, *Cox* or *Bucer*.
Parker and *Grindal* too can tell,
So *Horn* and *Jewell* very well;
Theſe will inform you what you pleaſe.
In *My* Time, and in *Neddy*'s Days;
Pray beckon on 'em with your Thumb;
H. I would ſo, if they could but come.
E. Why not? They're not ſo far from hence;
I'll call 'em, ſhall I? *H.* Do not Wench.
They're chain'd i'th' Places where they lie.
With fiery Shackles; ſo am I.
E. You Father, chain'd! That cannot be.
H. Yes Daughter, and they'll Fetter thee;
E. No, but they ſhall not, I'll away.
H. You cannot go. *E.* I will not ſtay.
H. The Gates are lock'd, and ſtrongly barr'd.
E. Crown'd Heads impriſon'd! This is hard;

What

being ſear'd up was brought to *White-Hall*, where it was watched every Night by ſix ſeveral Ladies, who being all about the ſame, which was faſt within a Board Coffin, with Leaves of Lead cover'd with Velvet, it happen'd that her Body brake the Coffin with ſuch a Crack, that it ſplit the Wood, Lead and Searcloth; to the Terror and Aſtoniſhment of all preſent. *See the Diſcuſſion*, p. 218.

What, no reſpect for *Majeſty*?
Let us proclaim *Supremacy*,
And then they'll certainly reſpect us.
H. *Supremacy* cannot protect us.
See how yon Fellow haſtes amain,
Trailing a thouſand Links of Chain,
Which you'll obſerve as he draws nigher,
Are made of curled Rings of Fire.
E. And with his Chain what will he do?
H. (*d*) Bind ev'ry Limb and Joint of you.
E. Help, Father! Ugly *Fiend* begon!
I will not have theſe Fetters on.
Alaſs! Feet, Hands and Fingers faſt;
Belly and Back, and Sides and Breaſts,
And Neck and Throat, girt round with Flame,
On Head a glowing Diadem,
And Royal Robes of waving Fire!
The Torments that from this Attire
Ariſe, I now begin to feel
Thril thro' my Soul from Crown to Heel.
H. You now begin to take your Wages,
The Pay will laſt for endleſs Ages.
E. What have I done to ſuffer this?
H. Deſtroy'd *Faith* and Religion, *Beſs*.
E. Your ſelf began that Work at firſt:
H. I did ſo: Be that Day accurſt. E. This

(*d*) *It is no raſh Judgment to ſay with our* Saviour, (*St.* Mark 16.) *He that believeth not ſhall be damn'd: and with* St. Paul, Titus 3. v. 10. *An Heretick is condemn'd of his own Judgment.*

Dr *Barlow* accuſed the Learned F. *Parſons* of *judging Queen* Elizabeth *before her Time.*

But that Reverend Father in his *Diſcuſſion of* Barlow's *Anſwer*, p. 223, frees himſelf from the falſe Aſperſion, by plainly ſhewing, That he judges no otherwiſe of this Queen's future State, (*neither do* I) than as St. *Paul* not only allows, but obliges us to judge of all Hereticks. He alſo further proves

E. This is my Comfort, Life cannot laſt long;
A Heart burn'd to a Coal, a ſcorched Tongue,
Eyes boil'd in liquid Fire, a flaming Breath,
Muſt needs be Symptoms of immediate Death;
Which to my Pains will be a welcome Cure.
H. There is no Death but what we now endure.
E. Well, this will quickly take our Lives away.
H. Not ſo, for tho' we die, we *live for Ay.*
E. I underſtand you not, how comes't that here
We do not die, when nought but Deaths appear?
H. We die, 'tis true, but it's an endleſs Death.
E. Is this the way then Souls do die beneath?
Call it not Death, but ſome more proper Name.
H. Well, call it, if you will, devouring Flame;
E. I would ſo, if I found it could devour,
But this it does not; for we ſtill endure.
By Death, I mean *Not-being*, pray tell me,
Will there a Time come when we ſhall not *be*?
H. No, Time's no more: But an Eternity.
E. Then I perceive there is no End of *Being*,
And this it ſeems, is what you call our Dying.
H. To Souls that are tormented here beneath,
Their endleſs Being is *Eternal Death*: So

proves clearly, both from *Scripture* and *Fathers*, that thoſe who die *Schiſmaticks* or *Hereticks* cannot be ſaved. Now Q. *Eliz.* was really excommunicated for *Schiſm* and *Hereſie*: ſhe eſtabliſh'd *Hereſie* in her Dominions, and maintained it to her utmoſt Power as long as ſhe li ed: Nor was there any the leaſt Sign of *Contrition* or *Penance* for it, before or at her Death: Nor will even *Proteſtants* themſelves grant that ſhe ever ſo much as deſir'd Reconciliation to the Catholick Church ſhe had left; but on the contrary do all affirm, that ſhe died in the new Religion that ſhe had eſtabliſh'd, (*i. e.* in condemn'd Hereſie. What elſe then can any Body judge of her, than as *we, and Proteſtants too*, do of *Arius, Neſtorius*, and other *condemn'd* Hereticks?

So to the Souls above in Joy and Bliſs,
Eternal Life their endleſs Being is.
Thus both the *Bleſs'd* above, and *Damn'd* beneath
Live ever, Thoſe in Life; and Theſe in Death,
(creaſe,
E. Ah, Dreadful Death! It's Sight my Pains en-
Are all our *worldly Glories* come to this?
Sad Change! From Pleaſures in the upper World,
To be into ſuch endleſs Anguiſh hurl'd; (here
The Thoughts of Pleaſures paſt make Torments
Ten hundred thouſand Times the worſe to bear.
H. And yet theſe Thoughts we eagerly deſire;
And for their ſakes ſtill hug the gnawing Fire.
Let's even now; maugre Encreaſe of Pain,
Think all our by-paſt Pleaſures o'er again.
How ſtrutted I, when ſtil'd *Great King*, *Great Lord*?
E. How lofty I, when by my Court *ador'd*?
(fring'd,
H. When we the Pope's and Church's Rights in-
How pleaſant then it was to be reveng'd.
When we by *Sacrilege* vaſt Treaſures made,
And at our Feet the *hallow'd* Riches laid?
With what ſtrange Tranſport did we then behold
The *Altar's* Jewels, and the *Church's* Gold?
But Joy exceſſive, when into my Hands
I ſeiz'd the (*e*) Abbies and the Abbey-Lands.
E. Old *Charters*, Father, you and I have read,
In which, on Pain of *curſe*, we were forbid
To meddle with the Church's *Patrimony*;
For it is God's; not to be touch'd by any.
How durſt you then preſume to take away
The Sacred Treaſures that on *Altars* lay? How

(*e*) The Reader may find the ancient Deeds, Charters and Donations to the Clergy, Church, Abbeys, and other Religious Houſes in *Dugdale's Monaſticon*, in which he will ſee the many dreadful and heavy Curſes denounced againſt all thoſe who ſhall any way, knowingly and maliciouſly, alienate

How durſt you ſeize *Church-Lands*, *rob Prieſts and Poor*,
And turn the vow'd Religious out of Door?
H. I ſlighted all thoſe Charter-Curſes, when
I look'd upon and ſeiz'd the Sacred Gain;
But now I do Experience to my Grief
Their dire Effects; nor hope I for Relief.
Yet ſtill I love and hug the Satisfaction
I then enjoy'd in ev'ry wicked Action.
E. The very Thoughts of thoſe our *Pleaſures paſt*,
And of *Celeſtial Joys* that we have loſt,
Rack me with horrid Pain, that ſeems to tear
My Soul two diff'rent ways with Hooks of Fire.
H. And what is worſe, we muſt expect to be
Torn thus in Pieces for Eternity.

E. This

alienate, or violently take away the Church's Lands, and deprive it of it's Rights, Donations and Privileges. Such for Inſtance as this following, which I have tranſcrib'd out of Mr. *Chamberlayn's* Preſent State of *England*, printed 1704: Edit. 21.

In the Parliament, *Anno* 1253, the King ſtood up with his Hand upon his Breaſt; all the Lords Spiritual and Temporal ſtood with burning Tapers in their Hands, and the Archbiſhop pronounc'd as follows.

By the Authority of God Omnipotent, of the Son and of the Holy Ghoſt, &c. *We Excommunicate, Anathematize, and Sequeſter from our Holy Mother the Church all thoſe who henceforth knowingly and maliciouſly deprive and ſpoil Churches of their Rights: And all thoſe that ſhall, by any Art or Wit, raſhly violate, diminiſh, or alter ſecretly or openly, in Deed Word or Council, thoſe Eccleſiaſtical Liberties*, &c. *granted to the Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Prelates*, &c. *For everlaſting Memory whereof, we have hereunto put our Seal.* After which, all throwing down their Tapers extinguiſht and ſmoaking, they all ſaid, *So let all that ſhall go againſt this Curſe be extinct and ſink in Hell.*

E. This is a Woe beyond the Reach of Thought,
Woe to the Pleasure that's so dearly bought.
H. But who imagin'd it would happen so?
E. The more Fools we! And now the more's our Woe.
Alass! Alass! W'are utterly undone;
Curs'd be our wicked Reformation.
Curs'd be the Night you left Queen *Kath'rine's* Bed,
Curs'd be the Day you *Anna Boleyn* wed:
The Time you saw her first, be it accurst
With *me*, the Fruit of your unlawful Lust.
Curs'd be the envious Pride of *Schismaticks*,
The spiteful Tongues of lying *Heretacks*, (ticks.
And Hands that seiz'd Church-Lands and Bishop-
Curs'd be all those that counsel'd us to change
Religion, may their Thoughts for ever range
On nightful Objects, ever rowl about,
And meet new Pains at ev'ry turn of Thought.
Curs'd be the *Articles* that I and *Ned*
Devis'd, and impious *Liturgies* we made:
Curs'd be our *Penal Laws* and *Oaths supreme*,
May they be Fewel for eternal Flame.
Curs'd be the Instruments, by which we shed,
Of holy Martyrs, such vast Streams of Blood,
And curs'd be *Walsingham's* and *Leicester's* Plots,
And *mine* against the pious Queen of *Scots*.
I curse the Day in which my self was born;
May't never more in Annual Circle turn.
I curse *You*, *Father*, and my *Mother* too;
Ten thousand double Curses light on *You*.

H. Curse on. The Curses of the Damned are
Th' Effects of horrible and black Despair.
I curse *You*, *Daughter*, as you cursed me.
With Curses heavier; if such there be:
As you have curs'd th' *Occasions* of our Sin,
Just so do I; I curse them o'er again;
And add to these a thousand Curses more,
We'll curse eternally, and ne'er give o'er.

The End of the Third Canto.

England's REFORMATION.

CANTO IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Of Church Affairs 'tis ſtill I ſing
In Reign of James *the Northern King;*
Of Charles *his Son, and* Charles *his Grandſon.*
The Presbyterian *Kirk's Expanſion.*
Of other things I make Report,
As the Diſpute at Hampton-Court.
The Bible *o'er again tranſlated:*
The Powder-Plot, *and who 'twas made it.*
Records of Parker's *Conſecration*
At Lambeth, *publiſh'd by* Frank Maſon.
Of a new Common-Prayer-Book *made,*
And ſent the Scots, *by Biſhop* Laud;
And how Jane Gaddis, *that ſhrewd Quean,*
Pelted for reading it the Dean:
What Miſchiefs did in Kirks ariſe
From ſetting Tables *Altar-wiſe:*
How Grantham's *Vicar by the Rabble*
Was bang'd about Communion-Table.
The Propagation of the Word
By Blood, *and* Wounds, *and* Fire *and* Sword,

And the Beheading of their King;
Of a New Prieſthood *too I ſing,*
Made by New Forms *of Conſecration,*
At Charles *the Second's Reſtauration,*
At laſt the Canto *End in* Plots
Contriv'd by Tony, Tong, *and* Oates.

IF the deep Learn'd Aſterial Quacks
Paint *Time* to Life, in *Almanacks*,
He has on Brow a Lock of Hair,
But all his Head beſide is bare.
Inſtructive Lock! Turn he his Back
You'll never catch him by the Lock.
A Sythe he bears in his Right-hand,
And in his Left a Glaſs of Sand,
To ſhew, that when your Hour's run,
As Folk cut Graſs, he mows you down.

This Workman lopping off the Queen,
Made Room for *James* the Firſt to Reign;
Who catching *Forelock* mounts the *Throne*
'Ere any other got thereon.
The Ceremonies being done
About his Coronation,
He very briskly falls to work,
As all Kings do, in Clouting Kirk.
For ſince our Princes were *Supreme*
In Church Affairs, not one of them,
At coming to the Crown, but hath
Reform'd his Predeceſſor's Faith;
(f) *As if Religion were intended*
For nothing elſe but to be mended.

This prudent King, perceiving now
The greateſt Thing he had to do,
Was to unite, if't cou'd be done,
Two diſagreeing Kirks in One;

And

(f) *Hudibras.*

And ſo compoſe th' eternal Jars
'Twixt Biſhops and the Presbyters;
A Conference at *Hampton Court*
Appoints, to which both Sides reſort;
All choſen Men for Brain and Lungs,
Well arm'd with Texts and nimble Tongues
Of Biſhops, *London*, *Wincheſter*,
And *Durham*, and their Deans were there,
'Gainſt whom came *Reynolds* briskly on,
With *Knewſtubs*, *Sparks*, and *Chaderton*;
Which Four againſt the Prelates ſtorm'd,
For not be'ng thorowly reform'd.
We'd have your Lordſhips know, ſay they,
That twenty Blocks lie in our way,
Which till remov'd, ne'er think upon
What you require, *an Union.*
The (*g*) Croſs in Baptiſm caſt away,
And throw your *Smocks* off when you pray.
In Pulpits place Preachers of Worth,
Zealous and *luſty kolders-forth*,
That can *preach* by the Spirit's Motion,
And *pray* till one may hear Devotion
Break out in Twang of Noſe, and hums,
And ſobs and ſounds, like Kettle-Drums.

Let *Presbyters* each in his Pariſh,
'Tween *Portſmouth*, *Tweed*, *Land's-end* and *Harwich*,
Have Leave of (*h*) Confirmation:
So may the Children through the Nation

All

(*g*) One of their Scruples (ſays *Baker*) was the *Croſs* in Baptiſm; the next Thing objected was the Wearing the *Surplice*; another, That good Paſtors might be planted in all Churches, to preach the *pure Doctrine according to God's Word.*

(*h*) *Another*; That *Confirmation* might not be by Biſhops *only*, but that every Paſtor in his Pariſh

All times with greater Eaſe hav't granted,
(Or old Folks either, if they want it)
Than wait till they a Biſhop ſee,
Which Ten to One may never be.

Next, *let the* (*i*) *Church's Doctrine be Sound*; *and correct it's Liturgy.*
For what you call the (*k*) Common-Pray'r
Is ſuperſtitious ev'ry where.
It's *Pſalms*, it's *Leſſons*, and what elſe
Of Scripture, are tranſlated falſe:
The Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt
Thro' all it's Scripture part is loſt,
Becauſe the Verſion's alter'd quite
From what the Sacred Pen-Men write.
Agaſt at this the Biſhops look,
And (*l*) *Reynolds* opened the Book,

Which

might *confirm*; but this was thought to intrench too much upon the Juriſdiction of Biſhops, and to be a Step to bring in a Presbyterian Government, which the King much miſliked. *Baker.*

(*i*) *Another Requeſt was*, That the Doctrine of the Church might be preſerved in Purity, according to God's Word.

(*k*) *Another*: That the Book of Common-Prayer may be fitted to more Encreaſe of Piety, *See* Baker's *Chron.* pag. 444, 445, 446.

The King and Biſhops gave Satisfaction to none of theſe their Demands.

(*l*) Beſides what *Reynolds*, *Sparks*, *Chaderton* and *Knewſtubs* had objected againſt the Common-Prayer, the *Miniſters* of *Lincoln Dioceſs* wrote a Book againſt it, which they deliver'd to his Majeſty, *December* 1. 1606; in an Abridgment of which Book, I find theſe following Objections againſt it; Firſt,

That

Which carefully from End to End
He turn'd, and ev'ry Sentence ſcan'd;
Condemning many Faults again,
That had been found in *Beſſy*'s Reign;
Diſcov'ring yet an hundred more
Than e'er had been obſerv'd before,
All which the *Presbyterian* Side
Demanded might be rectify'd,
But this the *Biſhops* would not do,
Nor would the King conſent thereto,
Thinking it would diſgrace old *Cranmer*,
And brand him for a *falſe Reformer*,
For them to own what he ſet forth
Corrupted, and of little worth.
Tho' they would not make Reparation
Of it's groſs Faults by *true* Tranſlation;
Yet did the King think fit, that they
Should rectify't another way.
We'll let, ſays he, the Letter ſtand,
But yet it's *Senſe* ſhall be *explain'd:*
For Change of Senſe, I know, is better
Than Alteration of the Letter,

That the Book of Common-Prayer appointed ſuch a Tranſlation of the Holy Scriptures to be read in the Church, as leaveth out of the Text ſundry Words and Sentences which were given of Divine Inſpiration. pag. 14.

It doth add both Words and Sentences to the Text, to the Changing and obſcuring of the Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, pag. 15.

Such a Tranſlation, as is in many Places abſurd, and ſuch as no reaſonable Senſe can be made of, pag. 16.

In very many Places it perverteth the Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, by a falſe Interpretation of the Text, pag. 17.

In

And will leſs ſcandalize the Weak:
What ſay ye to't? Speak, Biſhops, ſpeak!
Learn'd Prince, ſay they, your Words are wiſe,
None can a better way deviſe.
Go then, ſays he, *explain* the Book,
And not one Error overlook.
They do ſo; and their Explanation
He authoriz'd by Proclamation.
This ſort of complemental Action,
Gave none or little Satisfaction
To *Reynolds*, and his Godly Train,
Who look'd on't as a Trifle vain;
And told 'em ſuch an Explanation
Was but Impoſing on the Nation
A Senſe, the Words of Common-Prayer,
While uncorrected, could not bear.
Your Ceremonies (but in vain)
You may in ſome fond ſort explain;
But how (ſay they) can Explanation
Turn into Truth a *falſe Tranſlation*?
Your Explanation, tho't be good,
Yet the falſe Verſion ſtands where't ſtood.

What

In that *Abridgment* there are *Exceptions* againſt the *Common-Prayer*, *Catechiſm*, *Homilies*, and ſome of the 39 *Articles*.

We thought meet, ſays the King, with the Conſent of the Biſhops, *&c.* that ſome ſmall things might rather be *explained* than *changed*; and for that purpoſe gave further Commiſſion under our Great Seal of *England* to the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and others, *&c.* to make the ſaid *Explanation*, and to cauſe the whole Book of Common-Prayer, with the ſame *Explanation*, to be newly printed. See the King's Proclamation, generally printed at the Fore-end of the Common-Prayer-Book.

What Reaſon then to think, that we
Should e'er (*m*) *ſubſcribe* your Liturgy?
And therefore never move us to't,
Nor puniſh ſuch as will not do't.
Conſcience ſhould not be forc'd, but free
In Days of *Goſpel Liberty*.

This put the Biſhops to a ſtand,
'Till *Caſar* took their Cauſe in Hand,
Who very hotly held Diſpute
To help the baffl'd Biſhops out.
The (*n*) *Goſpel hath been preached here,*
Says he, *this five and forty Year*:
And is not this of *ancient* ſtanding
Enough to pleaſe you without mending?
Go, ſtubborn Villains, and comply,
Or elſe, by *Kirk's Antiquity*
I ſwear I'll ſouſe-ye, by and by.

His other Arguments were few,
Some think but *One*, and ſome ſay *Two*;
(If *Three*, the laſt a curled Brow)
For his *I WILL*, or *I WILL NOT*,
When with an awful Forehead put,
'Gainſt *Reynolds* and his Whigs prevail'd;
When all the Biſhops Logick fail'd.

Be

(*m*) After many other Points moved by Dr. *Reynolds*, he came at laſt to Subſcription, intreating it might not be exacted as heretofore. *Baker*.

(*n*) *In fine, The King told them That* if, after the Goſpel's preaching 45 Years among you, (*A long time indeed*) there be any yet in theſe Points unſatisfy'd, I doubt it proceeds rather out of Stubbornneſs of Opinion, than out of Tenderneſs of Conſcience; and

It's now full *five and forty* Year
Since our new Goſpel budded here;
Yet it has ne'er had better Ground
Than Bibles falſe, corrupt, unſound.
What but a Toad ſtool can ſpring out
Of a corrupted rotten Root?
Here *Reynolds* ſtop'd: The Biſhops ſtood
Silent as carved Men of Wood,
Not thinking fitting to deny
What could be prov'd apparently;
Nor willing it ſhould be related,
Their Rule of Faith was falſe tranſlated;
So not a Man wou'd move his Tongue.
The King ſuſpecting all was wrong,
Bids 'em bring every Tranſlation
That had been ſince the Reformation;
W.ll Tindal's Bible they bring,
And *Matthew's* Bible; quoth the King,
I know 'em both, they're good for nought;
Then they bring *Grafton's* Bible out;
Geneva's Bible follows this,
And Three more Bibles made by *Beſs*,
The King himſelf no Labour ſpar'd
To compare, and to ſee compar'd
Thoſe Verſions with the *Greek* and *Hebrew*
Originals, for both Tongues he knew
As well as *Cabaliſtick Seers*,
Or *Ptolomy's Interpreters*.
The further on he did proceed,
The more he found they diſagreed:
At laſt he flung 'em all away,
And to the *Diſputants* did ſay,
Here's not one (*p*) *Bible* O' my-Saul,
That's good: Geneva's *is the worſt of all.*

My

(*p*) The King told them he could never yet ſee a Bible well tranſlated into *Engliſh*, and the *Geneva* Tranſlation was the worſt of all. *See Confer. before his Majeſty*, p. 46.

For Breath he gaſps, and fit to choak,
'Till Tears broke out, and-than he ſpoke.
I'm juſt *beſides my ſelf* with Joy,
And if you'd know the reaſon why,
It is becauſe our God-like Prince
Stood ſtiffly to't in our Defence,
'Till he has theſe our Foes confuted,
O, happy we! that he diſputed,
Who had the Holy Spirit's Aid
To dictate ev'ry Word he ſaid;
I'm ſure his Tongue did never move
But by Aſſiſtance from above.
It pleaſed their Church's Head to be
Flatter'd ſo full of Deity.

After the Prayer-Book's Explanation,
To fit the Rhyme, comes in Tranſlation;
And therefore what you meet with next
Is a new *Verſion* of the Text:
For skill'd Reformers Bibles cobble
As Poets Verſes do that hobble.

(o) *Reynolds* and *Knewſtubs*, and their Men,
Againſt falſe Bibles now complain;
And told the Biſhops, in great Wrath,
They had impos'd, for *Rule of Faith*,
Scripture corrupt and falſify'd,

To authorize by each Tranſlation,
A New or Further Reformation.
As all their firſt Tranſlation ſpoke
Againſt the Faith they then forſook,
So this, made in King *James's* Reign,
Is levell'd at the *Puritan*.

For Inſtance, *Beſſy's* firſt Tranſlation
Chang'd the Word *Church* to *Congregation*,
Becauſe they'd left the *Church of Rome*,
And had nought like a *Church* at home.
But this turns *Congregation* out,
And *Church* into it's Place is brought,
Becauſe they now (forſooth) wou'd be
A *Church*, under an *Hierarchy*,
(A very fair Advance I ſwear
In *Four* or *Five and Forty Year*)
And count Presbyters, and the reſt,
But *Congregations*, at the beſt.

This *Congregation-Church* wou'd be
Believ'd to have an Hierarchy;
And now pretends to *Ordination*
Epiſcopal, and *Conſecration*:
Therefore has brought under Correction
Ordaining Elders by Election.
Election they'll no longer try
To make a Prieſt or Biſhop by,
And ſo have from the Bible raz'd it,
Where their *Elected* Grand Sires plac'd it.

And now themſelves they mean to carry
Like Biſhops o'er th' Presbytery;
Will have the Clergy give Attendance
To *Them*, on *Them* have whole Dependance,
Be *Rul'd* and *Govern'd* and to ſtand
Obedient to *Their* Command.

So

So therefore in this Bible read
(a) *RULE*, which was in the former *Feed*;
And for the ſame Cauſe tranſlate (b) *Power*,
Which was *Prerogative* before.

(c) *Tradition* now comes into Play,
Which former Bibles caſt away,
And did, in Place of it, advance
Inſtruction and *Ordinance*.
The Biſhops own ſome pious Uſes,
Which other Sects count grand Abuſes;
As Chriſt'ning *Infants* 'ere they have
The Uſe of Reaſon to Believe;
Baptiſmal *Croſs*; and Wedding-Rings;
Worſhipping Brides, thoſe pretty Things;
Kneeling when they Communicate,
(Although it is but Bread they eat)
Breaking the (d) *Sabbath-day*, and keeping
The *Firſt Day* (e) Holy. (And for ſleeping)

(a) In St. *Mat.* v. 6. the true Reading is, *Out of thee* (Bethlehem) *ſhall riſe up a Ruler that ſhall rule my People* Iſrael. Queen *Elizabeth*'s Tranſlators were ſo much afraid of being *Ruled*, that they falſly turned the Word *Rule* into *Feed*: But King *James*'s Biſhops finding in themſelves a *Power of Ruling* the Presbyterians and other Sects, corrected the Corruption.

(b) In the Bible of 1599, St. *John* c. 1. v. 13. *Prerogative* is corruptly put inſtead of *Power*; but is corrected in King *James*'s Bible.

(c) Queen *Elizabeth*'s Bibles, printed *Anno* 1560, 1597, 1599, have *Inſtructions* and *Ordinances* inſtead of *Traditions*: Which falſe Verſions King *James*'s Tranſlators have corrected.

(d) *Saturday*.

(e) *Sunday*.

Candles unlighted (*f*) on God's Board;
And wearing, when they ſerve the Lord,
Lawn-Sleeves, Gowns, Rochets, Surplices,
Caps, Tippets, and ſuch Things as theſe,
Which all the Sects of purer Saints
Condemn for Popiſh Ornaments.
Theſe other Cuſtoms held for good-ones,
As eating Blood in good Black-puddings,
And Giblet-Pies, with other Food
That cunning Cooks make up of Blood:
Feeding on ſtrangled Things, as *Hares*,
And other Creatures caught in Snares.
Faſting on *Vigils*, and in *Lent*;
Keeping the Feaſt of ev'ry Saint
That in their *Common-Pray'r* is found,
As by it's *Rubricks* they are bound.
All which ſaid Cuſtoms they could not
Defend by any Word, but that
Old Word *Tradition*, therefore they
Have turn'd their *Ordinance* away,
And in it's Place again have fixt
Tradition. Thus they mend the Text.

They mend it only in ſuch Places
As ſeem to croſs their preſent Caſes,
By giving Liberty to ſuch
New Sects as ſpring up in their Church.
But when in any Place they found
The Text corrupted and unſound,
If't did the *Roman* Faith offend,
They ſeldom would the Error mend:
As for Example in the (*g*) Margent
I'll ſhew, but will not much enlarge on't.

In

(*f*) They ſtand always unlighted in Proteſtant Kirks.

(*g*) The King's Bible ſtill retains the Word *Elder* inſtead of *Prieſt* becauſe, under the Name *Preſt*

In ſhort, This laſt Tranſlation ſtill
Is *falſe*, *corrupt*. almoſt as ill
As thoſe crook'd Rules of Faith they had
In Days of *Elizabeth* and *Ned*.
Thus, as their Faith held on it's Courſe
Of Change, from better to the worſe,
Or from the worſe again to better,
So alter'd they the Scripture's Letter,
And made it ply, like Wax of Bee,
To ev'ry Shape of *Hereſy*.
New Faiths were ſtill the *Rules* they had,
By which their *Rules of Faith were made*.
So Water brings forth Ice, and then
Ice into Water turns again.

Prieſt, they knew People generally underſtood a *Catholick Prieſt*, not a *Proteſtant Miniſter*. Nor can their Miniſters to this Day get themſelves ſtiled *Prieſts* (unleſs when ſpoke with Deſign) but *Parſons*, *Miniſters*, or *Elders*. And their Writers, in King *James* the Second's Time, were extreamly fond of being called *Miniſterial Guides* (Forſooth) and entitled themſelves ſo in their Writings. A Term ridiculous enough to ſuch, as grant they have no *Power* to *guide*, nor any Body *obliged* to be *guided* by them, as appears in *Burnet's Expoſition of the* 39 *Articles*.

In that Text of the Prophet *Malachi*, c. 2. v. 7. which, when truly tranſlated, is *The Prieſt's Lips* ſhall *keep Knowledge*, *and they* ſhall *ſeek the Law at his Mouth*, *becauſe*, *he is the* Angel *of the Lord of Hoſts*. Queen *Elizabeth's* Bibles falſly turn the Word *ſhall* into *ſhould*; and *Angel* into *Meſſenger*; and King *James's* ſtill retains the Corruption: Suggeſting by it, That the Prieſt's Lips *ſhould* keep Knowledge, and teach the Law, but *do* not. Their turning *Angel* into *Meſſenger*, is done alſo to leſ-

ſen the Dignity of Prieſthood. The whole Corruption is deſigned to render not only particular Biſhops and Prieſts contemptible, but to ſtamp the Character of *Fallibility* on even approved General Councils, and the Supreme High-Prieſt that ſits in the Chair of that Great Apoſtle, for whom Chriſt pray'd, *That his Faith ſhould not fail*; yea, upon the whole Catholick Church whether collective or diffuſive.

But, if the Catholick Church be Fallible, (as they wou'd make it,) What can we expect from that Thing, which calls it ſelf *The Church of England*? Muſt we ſeek for the *Law* and *Goſpel* at the Lips of it's *Elders* and *Miniſterial Guides*, or at it's Convocations and Councils, tho' the greateſt they can gather?

Dr. *Burnet*, Bp. of *Sarum*, in his *Expoſition* on the 20th Article, p. 195, 196, tells us better Things. (His Words are already noted above, in *Cent.* 2. *p.* 46. *Marg.*) He ſets every Man on a Level with the whole Body of the Church of *England* Paſtors. The *Tinker* has as much *Authority in Matters of Faith* as the *Biſhop*: the *Cobler*, as the *Church*; perhaps more, from being allow'd to *examine the Matter over again*; and if, at laſt, the *publick Deciſions* cannot pleaſe him, he may light his *Tobacco-pipe* with 'em, and *decide* for himſelf.

By this, not one Proteſtant in *England* has any Obligation at all, in Conſcience, to believe any one of their 39 Articles upon the Authority of the Convocation that made them, or Church that propoſes them. The ſame may be ſaid of their *Common-Prayer*, *Catechiſms*, *Homilies*, *Canons*, *Injunctions*, *Preachings*, *Sacraments*, &c. Upon *their* Church's Authority, I ſay.

Is it not then the moſt *unjuſt* and *greateſt Tyranny* over Men's Conſciences that can be imagin'd, to puniſh *Diſſenters* by Loſs of Eſtates, Impriſonments,

Loſs

Loſs of Life (as hath too often been practis'd, by Force of their Penal Laws,) and ſending their Souls to the Devil, by their *Canons*? In them, I ſay, who declare they have no more Authority than the Man they ſo *hang* and *damn*, has to judge for himſelf.

In 1 *Tim.* c. 4. *v.* 14. and 2 *Tim.* c. 1. v. 6. King *James*'s Bible ſtill follows the old Corruption, *Gift* inſtead of *Grace*. The 25th of the 39 Articles, obliges them to this, by it's denying *Holy Order* to be a Sacrament, or to have *any viſible Sign or Ceremony Ordained of God*. Conſequently no inviſible *Grace*.

King *James*'s Tranſlation retains yet the Word *Elder* inſtead of *Prieſt*; and becauſe thoſe *Gifted* Elders cannot be without *Wives*, they reſolve their Bibles ſhall allow them, tho' they make 'em of their Siſters. As 1 *Cor.* c. 9. v. 5. where St. *Paul* ſays, *Have not we Power to lead about a Woman a Siſter*? They falſly turn the Word *Woman* into *Wife*. Queen *Elizabeth*'s Bibles of 1598, 1599, ſay, 'Have 'not we Power to lead about *a Wife being a Siſter*? 'The King's Bible has it, *a Siſter, a Wife*; ſee that printed at *London* 1703. They alſo retain the ridiculous Corruption *Yoke-fellow*, inſtead of *Companion*, Phil. 4.

The King's Bibles keep ſtill that impious and ſpiteful Corruption againſt our Bleſſed Lady (St. *Luke* c. 1.) Hail, *Thou that art highly favoured*, which ſhould be, Hail, *Full of Grace*. This is invidiouſly done to diſgrace and leſſen the Bleſſed Virgin, Mother of God; and, as much as in them lies, to debaſe her to the Level of their own *highly favoured Yoke-fellows*.

Nor have they corrected that malicious Corruption in the 20th Chapter of *Exodus*, ve[illegible]

'*Thou ſhalt not make to thy ſelf any Graven Image*;' Which, if truly tranſlated according to the *Hebrew*, ſhould be *Graven Thing*, or *Graven Idol*, as the *Greeks* interpret it. But the Word *Image* is neither in *Hebrew*, *Greek*, or *Latin*, but altogether againſt the Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, who, on the contrary, commanded the Jews to make *Images*, and to place them in the *Temple*: This Corruption is got into their *Common-Prayer Books* and *Catechiſms* in their Second Commandment: Thereby they ſtamp on the tender Souls of their Children ſuch a Horror againſt Holy Images, and ſo rivet it into the Heads of the People, that they look upon the *Image of Chriſt crucify'd on the Croſs* with a great deal more Fear and Terror, than they would do to behold the Devil himſelf: The Devil's Image they freely make in the horrideſt Figures imaginable, which they keep tenderly enough. And, to honour it the more, have exalted it (in the ugly poiſonous Form of a great *Dragon*) to the Top of their Church-Steeples, where the *Croſs of Chriſt* us'd formerly to ſtand. Witneſs *Bow Church* in *London*, and *Covent-Garden Church*: The firſt has a Dragon on the Steeple; the other, a Serpent over the Door.

The King, deſigning to prevent
All future Strife by Argument,
And ſtamp Authority upon
What had been *well, or not well done*
Before his Time, in *Faith* and *Worſhip*,
By Regal Power, or Power of Biſhop,
Speaks in a grave religious Faſhion
To his attentive Convocation.
My Lords, you know our prudent *quondam*
Queen *Eliz'abeth*, a Pious Bon-Dame,
Secur'd her Kirk by *Statutes Penal*
'Gainſt Life and Goods, which you have ſeen all,

And

And know full well that their Effect
Comes ſhort of what you did expect.
I have a Project reaches further
By far than that, were't put in Order;
And it is this: A *Ghoſtly Law*
Muſt ſtrike in People greater Awe
Than all your *Penal Statutes*, which
No further than the Body reach:
For what ſtrikes at the Soul, I'm ſure,
None but an Atheiſt can endure.
Therefore to work I'd ha' ye go,
And bind their Souls by Ghoſtly Law.
Of *Canons* make a *Corpus-juris*,
T' affirm that our Religion *pure-is*:
And (*b*) Excommunicate all ſuch
As think not Orthodox our Church.
An Excommunication's frightful,
'Cauſe to the Devil's ſends the Spiteful,
And damns 'em for their *wicked Errors*.
This muſt ſtrike Folk with dreadful Terrors,
And make 'em glad with us to joyn
In *Worſhip*, *Faith*, and *Diſcipline*.
Spirit'al Weapons keener are
Than *all* the Edge-Tools us'd in War.

(*b*) *Rogers*'s Explanation of the *Thirty-nine Articles* (the Book call'd, *The Catholick Doctrine*

They all conſented to the ſame,
And out a Book of *Canons* came;
I think in Number, *off and on*,
An Hundred and Forty one.
I have put down ſome two or three,
For th' reſt the Book of *Canons* ſee.
Canon the Third (*i*) preſumes to call
Their new Church *Apoſtolical*:
And yet King *James*, Learn'd Prince and Sage,
At *Forty-five Years* dates it's Age.
That is from th' Firſt Year of the Reign
Of it's grand Foundreſs, *Beſs* the Queen.
Oh! What a gaping *Chaſm* here's!
A Leap of Fourteen hundred Years
Between th' Apoſtles Time and *Beſſy's*.
Was ever ſuch a *Bull* as this is?

The (*k*) Fourth *heals* up the Common-Prayer,
Yet *cures* not one Corruption there;
But all that *Reynolds* and his Men
Complain'd of, to this Day remain.

(*l*) The Fifth approves the *Thirty nine*
For *Pious Doctrines* and *Divine*.
Yet in the Seventeenth you'll ſee
Involv'd *Calvinian* Blaſphemy,
Riſing from (*m*) Abſolute *Decrees*,
And from Eternal *Purpoſes*;

Which,

(*m*) Dr. *Burnet*, on this 17th Article ſays, It is very probable that thoſe who penned it meant that the Decree was abſolute, (*or, as he calls it a little before*) God's eternal Purpoſe and Decree made purely upon an abſolute Will. He ſays alſo, That the *Calviniſts* have leſs Occaſion for Scruple (*in ſubſcribing, than the Remonſtrants*) ſince the Article does ſeem more plainly to favour them.

Which, in plain Conſequence, bring in
God for the Author of all Sin.
Chriſt's Church, the Nineteenth Article,
In Spite of *Chriſt*, makes *Fallible*.
Hope, *Charity*, and *Good Works* are
Excluded quite from any Share
In Man's Juſtification.
It's *Faith* muſt ſave him, *Faith alone*.
Th' Eleventh calls this Doctrine *wholſome*.
And paums't on Souls for *Sov'reign Balſam*.
The Twenty-eighth's an abſurd Fiction.
The Thirty-fifth's a Contradiction.
The Eighth, (*n*) and Thirty ſixth, do bind
Young Elders, that wou'd be Ordain'd,
To *Edward*'s Form of Ordination
Tho' now *not* us'd, but out of Faſhion.
Their Biſhopſhips do alſo lye
Under the ſame Canonick Tye
Of uſing them, when they Ordain
And Conſecrate new Clergy-men;
Yet this they never meant to do
Since Sixteen hundred Sixty-two.
For then it was they new ones made,
And by, as *null*, the old ones laid.
When they thoſe *Forms* chang'd, it is ſtrange
They did not then theſe *Canons* change,
And the Thirty-ſixth *Article*,
Which binds them all to uſe them ſtill.
Then could not it ſo flatly go
Againſt their Oath *Ex animo*.
But now obſerve their wretched State,
You'll find 'em Excommunicate.
They break a main Point of their Faith,
Subſcribe and Swear till out of Breath,
By all the Fleſh upon their Backs,
Till over-ſtretched Conſcience cracks.
Their Canons, *Faith*, *and Perjury*,
Do damn them by Authority.

Canon

(*i*) *Canon* 3. Whoſoever ſhall hereafter affirm, That the Church of *England* by Law eſtabliſh'd under the King's Majeſty, is not a true and an Apoſtolical Church, teaching and maintaining the Doctrine of the Apoſtles: Let him be Excommunicated *ipſo facto*, and not reſtored, but only by the Archbiſhop, after his Repentance and publick Revocation of this his wicked Error.

(*k*) *Canon* 4. As page 80. *Canto* IV. *ſupra margin.*

(*l*) *Canon* 5. Vide ſupra Canto II. page 262.

Canon 6 Excommunicates Impugners of the Rites and Ceremonies eſtabliſhed in the Church of *England.*

(*m*) *Canon* 8. Excommunicates Impugners, of the form of Conſecrating and Ordering Archbiſhops, Biſhops, &c. in the Church of *England.*

(*n*) *Cannon* 36. No Perſon ſhall hereafter be received into the Miniſtry, &c. except he ſhall firſt ſubſcribe to theſe three Articles following.

1 That the King's Majeſty, under God, is the only Supreme Governour of this Realm, and of all other his Highneſs Dominions and Countries, as well in all Spiritual or Eccleſiaſtical things or cauſes, as Temporal, and that no Foreign Prince, Perſon, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath or ought to have any Juriſdiction, Power, Superiority, Prehominence or Authority Eccleſiaſtical or Spiritual, within his Majeſty's ſaid Realms, Dominions and Countries.

2 That the Book of Common Prayer, and of Ordering of Biſhops, Prieſts and Deacons containeth in it nothing contrary to the word of God, and that it may lawfully be uſed, and that he himſelf will uſe the Form in the ſaid Book preſcribed in publick Prayer, and Adminiſtration of the Sacraments, and none other.

3. That he alloweth the Book of Articles of Religion agreed upon by the Archbiſhops and Biſhops of both Provinces, and the whole Clergy in the Convocation holden at *London* in the Year of our Lord God,

God, one thouſand five hundred ſixty and two; and that he acknowledgeth all and every the Articles therein contained, being in Number nine and thirty, beſides the Ratification, to be agreeable to the Word of God.

To theſe three Articles whoſoever will ſubſcribe, he ſhall, for the avoiding of all Ambiguities, ſubſcribe in this Order and Form of Words, ſetting down both his Chriſtian and Sir-name, *viz. I* N. N. *do willingly and* ex animo *ſubſcribe to theſe three Articles above mentioned, and to all things that are contained in them.*

Well ſworn young Parſon.

Canon 141. Brings up the Rear by excommunicating Depravers of the *Sacred* Synod (*as they ridiculouſly call it.*)

The King, highly elevated with the Conceit of the Performances of his *Sacred* Synod, and the fine Number of Canons they had made him; conſidering alſo his Title of *Defender of the Faith*, thought himſelf ſufficiently impower'd by Divine Authority to ſpread his Church of *England* Religion as far as the Apoſtles did Chriſtianity. He therefore, to begin at home and drive the Work before him, *ſends divers learned Divines into* Scotland *to promote an Uniformity of Religion.* Baker.

And now for *Holland*, to grapple with *Vorſtius*; *whom the States*, ſays *Baker*, *determin'd to entertain for publick Profeſſor of Divinity in* Leyden: *But he, knowing him to hold many Erroneous Opinions*, &c. *earneſtly ſolicited the States, by his own Letters, and by his Leiger, Sir* Ralph Winwood, *by no means to admit the ſaid* Vorſtius *into that Place*, &c, *which, after much ſoliciting, his Requeſt was granted, and* Vorſtius *expell'd.*

The next he ſet upon was *Arminius* and his Doctrines in the Synod of *Dort* in *Holland.* That Synod *conſiſted*, ſays *Baker*, *of learned Divines ſent from the Count Palatine of the Rhine, from* Haſſia, *from* Switzerland, Geneva, Bern, Embden, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Frieſland, *and other Provinces. Some alſo*

a ſo were ſent from England, *as* George *Biſhop of* Lan[illegible] *daff.* *J. Davenant*, *Sam. Ward*, *Thomas Good*, and *Wal[illegible] ter Belcanquel a Scot. Which Synod was aſſembled to ex[illegible] amine and determine the Doctrine of* Arminius *which wa[illegible] at laſt rejected, as alſo that of* Vorſtius, &c. *The Papiſts made ſo little Reckoning of* this Synod, *that one of them, in Scorn, made Eccho cenſure it in this Diſtick.*

Dordraci Synodus? *Nodus.* Chorus integer? *Æger.* Conventus? *Ventus.* Seſſo Stramen? *Amen.*

The next Deſign they ſet on Foot
Was a prodigious Powder-Plot;
Plot that had ſure enough undone 'em,
If't had blown Houſes down upon 'em;
Or blown 'em up, I think the rather
I ſhould ſay, tho' no matter whether;
For the Inventer of the Plot
Deſign'd it ne'er ſhould come to that;
And yet it did not miſs the End
For which it was at firſt deſign'd.

The King at that time kept beſide him
(*a*) One, who out witted all that try'd him;
Deep Oracle was all he ſaid,
Like that of *Bacon*'s Brazen-head,
An old Serpentine Machivilian,
Not one more crafty in a Million.
His Politicks did ever tend
To ſome miſchievous wicked end:
Religion he had never any,
Yet, like his Dad, profeſs'd as many

An

(*a*) This Sir *Robert Cecil* was made Secretary of State under Queen *Elizabeth* before his Father, Sir *William Cecil*, died, continued in that Office in King *James*'s Time, and upon his good Service in the Plot was made Treaſurer.

As came to Hand, provided that
They firſt were owned by the *State*.
But whatſoever he profeſt
He was a Foe to all the reſt;.
Yet had a greater Spite at none
Than Catholick Religion;
Nor any by him more moleſted
Than thoſe good Souls that ſtill profeſs'd it.

This was the Man that did invent
The Plot that ſcar'd the Parliament:
Which to the Papiſts Charge he laid,
Like *Nero*, who in Story's ſaid
To have himſelf ſet *Rome* on Flame,
Then charg'd the *Chriſtians* with the ſame.

Yet *Cecil*, for ſo hight the Man
That this Contrivance carry'd on,
Thought it his beſt not to begin
'Till ſome looſe Papiſts were drawn in;
Such as the Name, but little more
Than this, of that Religion bore.
For from the Guilty his Intent
Was to defame the Innocent.

The Plot (ſays the Author of the *Catholick Apology*) was deſigned to make the Policy of a great States-Man, (*meaning* Cecil) p. 399. Edit. 3.

Father *More*, in his *Poſthumous Hiſtory of the* Engliſh *Province*, ſays, There was no light Suſpicion of a Peer's knowing the Conſpiracy long before its Diſcovery, who cunningly pretended Ignorance, that more might be involved. See *Hiſt. of the Society*, p. 310.

San-

Thus bold unthinking buſie Fools,
Are Politicians working Tools.

Under the *Senate* Houſe there were
Deep Cellars made for *Ale* and *Beer*:
But empty then as *Vacuum*,
Or hollow Belly of a Drum:
And theſe they fill with Thirty-ſix
Gun-Powder-Barrels and dry Sticks:
The Billet-wood above they throw
To hide the Powder ſtow'd below.

Well, having thus prepar'd the Vault,
And all things ready for Aſſault,
To heave the *Senate*, at one Blow,
Higher than e'er they meant to go.
The next great Piece of *Cecil's* Care
Was to diſcover this Affair So

Sanderſon, a Proteſtant, intimates the ſame, when he tells us that the *Jeſuits* had a Note of *Cecil's* Name in their Regiſter; not as a Day-Labourer, but as the Maſter Workman; whoſe foreign and domeſtick Engineers wrought in the Mine of Diſcovery. *Sand.* p. 334.

And the ſaid Charge (ſays the *Ca. Apology* out of *Sanderſon*) *Cecil* himſelf owns, by making this Anſwer to the Complaint of the Catholicks, *That even ſo*, Nero *ſet* Rome *on Fire, and after laid the Blame upon the* Chriſtians. *Sand.* p. 336; *Ca. Ap.* p. 413.

Osborn, a Proteſtant, in his Hiſt. of K. *James*, p. 36. calls it *A neat Device of the Treaſurer's*. *Cecil* was made Treaſurer immediately after the Diſcovery.

So cunningly, that nought of this Ill
Might seem to be contriv'd by *Cecil*,
But only by those Papists who
He had procur'd to work below.

Cecil, to bring his Plot to light,
Does to the Lord (*b*) *Monteagle* write
A Letter without Date or Place,
Or Name to know from whence it was.
Monteagle was a Papist Lord,
Just, Loyal, Noble; and abhor'd
Conspiracies, or any thing
Against his Country, God, or King;
Who op'ning this surprizing Letter,
Was struck with Wonder at the Matter:
For you must know the Mystick Scrawl,
Like to *Belshazzar*'s on the Wall,
Seem'd at the first strangely mysterious,
But on Consideration serious
He dreaded something might be in't
Relating to the Government;
And therefore does the Letter bring
To *Cecil*; *Cecil* to the King.

The King looks seriously upon't
Reads o'er a Line and studies on't;

And *Sanderson* says, he was made Earl for his Service in this Business, p. 306.

And King *James* himself (who spake not without thinking) usually call'd the fifth Day of *November*, Cecil's *Holy Day*. Ca. Ap. 432.

(*b*) *Cecil* contriv'd the strange Letter that was sent to the Lord *Monteagle*. See *Cath. Apol.* p. 405.

And then another Line reads o'er,
And pores on't as he did before;
Lifts up a Lugg, caſts down an Eye,
From it's firſt Corner looks, to try
If he the Depth on't could eſpy.
At laſt through oblique Nerve of Sheep's-Eye,
Into the Bottom of it peeps he,
And told his Courtiers what it meant,
I ſee, ſays he, *Gunpowder* in't,
By which a Blaſt is to be given
To blow the Parliament to Heaven.
To this Senſe of his Majeſty
The Council Table did agree,
Only to *Cecil* the whole Letter
Seem'd Nonſenſe, or but little better;
He ſtill pretending to admire
They could find Powder in't, or Fire;
Or any thing that in a Minute
Could up, or down, blow Houſe of *Senate*.

Thus he ſeem'd not to underſtand it,
Leſt ſome might think he had a Hand in't;
Or elſe perhaps might ſpoil his Plot
By the purſuing it too hot,
For he to light would have it brought
Juſt as 'twas fit for breaking out;
And therefore ten Days after ſtaid
Before that any Search was made.

'Till on the Eve, before the Sitting
Of Parliament, he thought it fitting
To ſearch the Cellars, where he found
The *Powder Barrels* under Ground.
For as in well contriv'd Romances,
And Stories made to pleaſe Folks Fancies,
Each grand Adventure muſt break out
In nick of Time, elſe't ſerves for nought.
So *Cecil*, timing things aright,
Did in fit Moment bring to light

The

The Powder in Infernal Grot,
And then cry'd out, *A Popiſh Plot.*

He ſends Poſt-haſte the Tidings down,
And Bells rung out in ev'ry Town;
Great Joy was thro' the Nation made,
And *Violins* and *Bag-pipes* plaid,
Wine into Streets they bring, and Ale,
Some in Black-Jacks, ſome in a Pail,
Which ſet before the Swiniſh Rabble,
They ſwill their Guts whilſt they are able,
And with loud Curſes rend their Throats
Againſt the Pope and Popiſh Plots.
Guns from the Tower and the Forts,
Eccho the *Baccanalian* Sports.
And Squibs and Crackers fly about
With Huzza's, and confuſed Shout.

Thankſgivings, mix'd with backward Prayers,
Flew from all Churches to the Stars.
In their Enthuſiaſtick Raptures
The Parſons open'd hidden Scriptures,
In which they found this Plot foretold
By ancient *Seers* in Days of Old;
As they pretended to make good
From Scriptures writ before the *Flood*
By *Sep'tagints* in Rolls of Vellum,
And Folks believe what e'er they tell 'em,
The rankeſt Nonſenſe, and what not,
Is bleſſed Preaching up of Plot.

Thus the ſuppos'd Delivery
Of Nation in Epitome,
Was celebrated every where;
And hence it is that once a Year
The People *Powder-plots* remember.
And all run mad the fifth Day of November.

The King himſelf, if ſome gueſs right,
Knew all before it came to light;
And Why and how it was begun,
And wink'd at *Cecil's* carrying't on:
Whence 'twas for him an eaſie Matter
T' unriddle that myſterious Letter.
But this I leave to ſuch as know
How far State policy may go.
A certain (*c*) Writer I have ſeen,
If all be true that paſs'd his Pen.
The King wanted no Wit, nor Skill,
Nor Conſcience in Plotting ill.

However this is plainly known,
That at his coming to the Crown
He promis'd Foreign Princes, that
The *Penal-Laws* he'd abrogate;
And that this (*d*) Plot prov'd the Pretence
To keep them up for his Defence.
If to this End it was invented;
Or if, or no, the King conſented,
Or knew on't, I determin not;
It was, 'tis certain, *Cecil's* Plot;
As will appear to him that liſt
To read the Learn'd Apologiſt.

No more of *Cecil* and his Plot:
Here's now another Trick of Note,

That

(*c*) The Book is entituled, *The Court and Character of King* James. By Sir *A. W.* Printed in 1650.

(*d*) The Reader is referr'd to what the Earl of *Caſtlemain* hath judiciouſly writ of this Plot, in his *Catholick Apology*.

That Biſhop *Abbot* and *Frank Maſon*
Reſolve to put upon the Nation,
Here's a young *Regiſter* on foot,
An aukward Thing comes ſtalking out,
And cries (*e*) *Parker* was Biſhop made
At *Lambeth*; not at the *Nagg's-Head.*

Their Dialogue concerning this,
He that's no Conjurer may gueſs
To be at leaſt to this effect,
If not the ſame in each reſpect:

Come, Maſter *Maſon*, you whoſe Cares
Diſturb your Sleep 'bout Church Affairs.
To you, who Secrets can conceal,
I have deep Matters to reveal,
Quoth *Abbot*, and I do declare
'Tis what deſerves our greateſt Care.

Papiſts, you know, in Diſputation
Do urge our Want of Conſecration;
And tell us, *we* are only *ſent*,
And *Biſhops made* by Parli'ment:
And that we neither have *Vocation*
Epiſcopal, nor *Conſecration*;
Nor *Miſſion Apoſtolical*,
In ſhort, nor any Power at all;
If we affirm we have. You ha't,
Say they, from the Lay-Magiſtrate:
But Laity, tho' King or Queen,
Had never Power to *Ordain.*
And 'tis a Maxim, that *no Man* can
Give what he has not to another Man.
Briſtow, and *Harding*, *Stapleton*,
Allen, and Doctor *Kelliſon*,

Have

(*e*) The pretended Records and Regiſter of *Matthew Parker's* Conſecration at *Lambeth.*

Have often urged us to ſhew
When Where, by *Whom*, the manner *How*
We were made Biſhops? But ſuch Queries
Want Anſwer yet, tho' many a Year is
Paſt over ſince they firſt in Print,
Were to old *Horn* and *Jewell* ſent.
For my part, as I am a Man, Sir,
To theſe Demands I cannot anſwer.
Tho' I, my ſelf paſs for a Prieſt,
And of the Biſhops the Archeſt;
Yet how this Power Spiritual
Comes down to me, I cannot tell;
Nor can I prove our Orders from
The Prelates of the Church of *Rome*.
And if from thence they do not ſpring,
Quoth *Frank*, they are not worth a Pin.
For true Succeſſion there is none
But what by *Rome* is handed down.
Why took not *Parker* better Care
At firſt of all in this Affair?

Parker did what he could, poor Man,
To compaſs Conſecration,
And all the Popiſh Biſhops try'd;
But was by ev'ry one deny'd,
Quoth *Abbot*; Therefore to a Prieſt
Hight *Scory* he himſelf addreſt:
Who at the *Nagg's-Head-Tavern* laid
His *Tyndal* Bible on his Head.
Which (I may ſay to you) at beſt
Was but an idle drunken Jeſt,
And wiſer Men are ſince aſham'd
To hear the Character ſo ſtain'd.

But had not *Parker*, quoth *Frank Maſon*,
Some better ſort of Conſecration?
No, No, ſays *Abbot*, there is none
By any Record can be ſhewn.

For my Part I have ſought the Breves,
And every Scroll in the *Archives*:
At *Lambeth*: but *the De'il-a-Letter*
Find I relating to the Matter.
Whereas had he been Conſecrated,
The thing had ſurely been related,
And Regiſter'd as others are,
That were before made Biſhops there.
It is a great Miſhap my Lord,
Quoth *Maſon*, that there's no Record;
But how to help't we do not know.
Yes, *Frank*, I'll tell thee what we'll do,
Says *Abbot*, we'll ſuch Records frame,
In honeſt *Matthew Parker*'s Name,
As ſhall declare him Conſecrated,
And fifty Years ago be dated.
Then will we ſlur them on the Nation,
To authorize his Conſecration.
This may do well for Evidence,
But what avails a vain Pretence?
Says *Frank*, it gives no Character.
Quoth *Abbot*, if Folk think we are
True Biſhops, and eſteem us ſuch,
For Character I care not much.
Tho' we are not by *Right Divine*
Made Prieſts and Biſhops; I deſign
To make the World believe we are
Stamp'd with that Sacred Character.
And who will doubt our being ſo
When we our *Lambeth* Records ſhow?
'Tis true, quoth *Frank*, find they us thus
In Curia de Arcubus,
It will in Ages yet to come
Make Folk believe we ſprang from *Rome*,
And have our Prieſthood from the Chair
Of *Peter*'s great Succeſſor there.
Nay, in Proceſs of Time, ev'n *We*,
Our ſelves, ſhall of this Judgment be,
Forgetting quite our *Nagg's-head* Pedigree.

This

This is the furtheſt we can wiſh;
A bleſs'd Concluſion! quoth Archbiſh.
To work goes *Abbot*, and Man *Frank*,
Study, Contrive, and Write, and Drank,
Compare their Notes, conſult each other;
For both ſat at a Desk together,
Till in few Days, by careful heeding,
The Records paſs'd a *ſecond Reading*.
Some few Corrections were made after
Of Moment little, more of Laughter;
Such as the cautious noting down
Tap'ſtrey, Red Cloth, and Woollen-Gown.
Then a third Time they were read o'er,
And both conclude they need no more:
But place them in the *Archives*, where
Records of ancient Biſhops are.
Then *Maſon* ſpeaks, with Prudence mighty;
We have contriv'd this Matter weighty,
And to as fair a Paſs have brought it
As *Parker* could, had he fore-thought it.
But what avails a Regiſter,
If no Man knows that it is here?
And therefore what muſt next be done,
Is to let People know there's one,
Without the leaſt Suſpicion that
It was contriv'd or *forg'd* of late.
Quoth *Abbot*, how muſt this be done,
My Lord, ſays *Frank*, let me alone,
An't pleaſe your Grace to give Conſent,
I will put out a Book in Print,

M

Entituled thus,

Of the Conſecration of Biſhops in the Church of Eng land, *with their Succeſſion, Juriſdiction, and oth things incident to their Calling*, &c. wherein I clear them *from the Slanders of* Bellarmin, Sande Briſtow, Harding, Allen, Stapleton, Parſons, Kell ſon, Eudemon, Becanus, *and other Romaniſts.*

My Book ſhall prove our Orders right
In all our Enemies Deſpite ;
For *Parker*'s Regiſter I'll cite ;
And tell 'em, if they pleaſe to mind it,
Go but to *Lambeth* and they'll find it.

In Troth the Project's excellent,
Quoth *Abbot*, but be ſecret in't,
And get it done as ſoon as may be.
My Lord, all other things I'll lay-by,
Says *Frank*, and to my ready Pen
Betake my ſelf and get it done.

Away goes *Frank*, and 'twas not long
'Ere out flies Book among the Throng,
Surprizing the amazed Nation
With an unheard of Conſecration.
Till ſixteen hundred and thirteen
This Regiſter was never ſeen ;
Nor was there made the leaſt Pretence
To any *Lambeth-Evidence*,
For more than one and fifty Year
That *Maſon*'s Writings did appear.

When this wiſe Man firſt ſet his Book out,
And *Lambeth* Records dar'd to look out,
The Learn'd (f) *Fitzherbert* ſaw the Cheat,
And found the Point they levell'd at:
Declar'd the Regiſter a new One,
Unknown before, ſo not a true One.
You'll ſee his Words put down below,
And thoſe of other Writers too.

Champney the *Sorboniſt* more fully,
To *Maſon*'s Grief and Melancholly,

An-

(f) This Father *Thomas Fitzherbert* wrote that excellent Book; Entituled, *Policy and Religion*. He was a Man of great Learning and Holy Life.

Anſwer'd his Book, expos'd the Cheat,
And prov'd his *Records* counterfeit.
Jewell and *Horn* were ſet upon
By *Harding*, and by *Stapleton*;
And urged mightily to ſhew
Letters of Orders, alſo *Who*
Had Conſecrated them? And *How*?
Yet in Reply we do not hear
That *Lambeth* Records mention'd were.
Yet certain 'tis, if ſuch had been,
They muſt have *needs* produc'd 'em then,
Becauſe they could for their Defence,
Have had no better Evidence.
For theſe had anſwer'd all thoſe Queries,
And ſilenced their Adverſaries.

The great Hiſtorians of our Nation
Name *Pool's* and *Tonſtal's* Conſecration;
And that of others, yet nought's ſaid
By either *Stow* or *Hollinſhead*,
Of *Parker's*, tho' they lived when
The Regiſter ſuppos'd it done.
But if by them it had been known,
Why alſo was not it put down
As other Conſecrations were,
That in their Chronicles appear?
Why did ſuch careful Men neglect
The *FIRST Archbiſhop of their Sect?*
They ſhould have honour'd him much more
Than all that ever went before:
Becauſe he was the only Man
That *Beſſy's* Prelacy began,
(g) *Maſon* from *Lambeth*-Records, ſays,
Parker Elected Biſhop was

About

(g) Mr. *Maſon*, from his *Lambeth Regiſter*, writes thus of *Parker's Election. Now the See of* Canterbury *continued void 'till* December *following, about which*

About beginning of December :
Yet on the Ninth Day of *September*
Biſhop Elect he's ſtil'd ye know
By *Raphael*, *Hollinſhed* and *Stow*.
And *Heylyn* on the Firſt of *Auguſt*
Speaks him *Elect* ; ſo that there's No-truſt
To *Maſon*'s Record can be had,
A four Months Error's very bad ;
And ſtabs to th' Heart the Story's Credit,
Murders the Cauſe of thoſe that need it,
Conge-de-lire was ſent down
To Dean and Chapter from the Crown ;
A Prelate muſt be *choſe* by that,
And the *Election* fell on *Mat*
According to the ancient Cuſtom,
Say Records : But you muſt not truſt 'em,
Becauſe that ſort of Writ we know
Was long before made void in Law
By *Statute-Parliamentary*,
Made in the Days of Old King *Harry* ;
And has ſince that revived been
In the firſt Year of *Beſs* the Queen.
So that to ſend *Conge-de lires*
Had broke her *own* Laws and her Sire's ;

which Time the Dean and Chapter having received the Conge-de-lire, *Elected Maſter Doctor* Parker *for their Archbiſhop, proceeding in this Election according to the ancient Manner, and laudable Cuſtom of the aforeſaid Church, anciently uſed and inviolably obſerved.*

Here the Records have deceiv'd *Maſon* in two remarkable Paſſages : the one is the *Time of Election*, the other is his being Elected by *Conge-de-lire* ; both which are falſe. For, *Firſt*, If he was not Elected till *about December*, How came the Queen to ſend a *Commiſſion* for his Conſecration, dated on *September the Ninth* ? Certainly ſhe would not have him Conſecrated before his Election. Either therefore the

Re-

A *Letter-Miſſive* in it's ſtead
Was to be ſent by Church's Head.
A Letter-Miſſive is a Writ
That *Names* what Man the King thinks fit,
And *only* he is choſe by it.
Where to elect, there is but one,
'Tis Hobſon's *Choice; take that or none;*
Whereas *Conge-de-lire* gives 'em
More Choice; and to a *Free Election* leaves 'em.
This was the *ancient Cuſtom*, but
Mat could not then be choſe by that.
Hence 'tis our Learned Writers reckon
The *Lambeth* Regiſter miſtaken.
Since this is falſe, the reſt may be
Preſumed all groſs Forgery.

Mat now *Elected*, out there came
Commiſſion in her *Highneſs* Name,
Him Biſhop for to conſecrate;
September the Ninth was it's date,
To *Tonſtal*, *Bourn*, and *Pool* 'twas ſent,
And Old *Landaff* was named in't;
Story and *Barlow* too were there,
A baſe *unconſecrated* Pair.

The

Records are falſe as to *this Commiſſion*, or as to the *Election* in *December*, doubtleſs in both.

Dr. *Heylyn* is ſo far from crediting *Maſon's December Election*, that he poſitively affirms, *that the moſt Reverend Doctor* Matthew Parker *was Elected to the See of* Canterbury *on the Firſt of* Auguſt. *The Conge-de-lire*, (as he, following *Maſon*, ignorantly calls the Letter-Miſſive) *which open'd him the Way to this Dignity, bears Date on the Eighteenth Day of* July, *within a few Days after the Deprivation of the former Biſhops* thus, *Heylyn*, p. 291.

Secondly, As to the pretended *Conge-de-lire*, *Maſon*, the Recorder, brings it out *about December*, but

Heylyn

The Three firſt named of the Six,
Were of *the ancient Catholicks*,
Deprived of their Biſhopricks
Two Months before; as you may read
In *Heylyn*, *Stow* and *Holinſhead*,
Becauſe they would not ſwear that *Beſs*
Was Church's *Head*, or *Governeſs*.

Beſides their Deprivation, they,
As Priſoners, confined lay
Some hundred Miles from one another,
Too far to come ſo ſoon together:
Bourn was to *Exeter* reſtrain'd;
At *Peterborough Pool* remain'd.
Tonſtal was *Parker*'s Priſoner
In *Lambeth* Houſe, and died there.

All which conſider'd, could the Queen
Preſume thoſe Biſhops, who had been
Thruſt out, and us'd at ſuch a rate,
Would her new Changlings Conſecrate,
Who were, they knew, ſworn *Schiſmaticks*,
And obſtinate proud *Hereticks*.

Heylyn dates it on the 18th Day of *July*; but in real Truth there was no ſuch *Writ*, as a *Conge-de-live*, at that time, in being; King *Harry* 8. having aboliſhed it by an Act of Parliament, Stat. 25. *H.* 8. (revived in Stat. 1. *Eliz.* 1.) wherein it is Enacted, *That at every Vacancy of any Archbiſhoprick, or Biſhoprick, the King ſends a* Letter Miſſive, *containing the Name of the Perſon which they* (the *Dean and Chapter*) *ſhall, with all Speed, in due Form, Elect and Chuſe the ſaid Perſon named in the ſaid* Letters-Miſſive, *to the Dignity and Office of Archbiſhop*, &c. and *none other.*

Or could ſhe ever once imagine
Thoſe *Prelates* of *the Old Religion*
Wou'd make a *Primate* of the Nation
Without the *Pontiff's* Approbation?
Or ever ſeat ſuch impious *Elves*
In *Chairs* belonging to themſelves?
Beſt. and her Council, ſure were wiſer
Than overſee ſuch Slips as theſe are.
In fine, it runs beyond Suſpicion
That this is but a *forg'd* Commiſſion;
And if one Part be forg'd, then all
Will under the ſame Cenſure fall.

Out comes, ſome three Months after this,
A new Commiſſion from *Dame Beſt*;
December the ſixth Day 'tis dated,
Mat. muſt by this be Conſecrated:
And now the time draws on apace
To acquire what yet he wanted, *Grace.*
For in *December*, Records ſay,
From *Bath and Wells* the Sev'nteenth Day,
Mat. drank his o erflowing Cup
Of *Grace* and *Conſecration* up.

By

King *Edward* 6 Enacted Stat. 1. *Edw.* 6. That no *Conge-de lire*, ſhould be granted, *&c.* and in the ſaid Act declares, that a Writ of *Conge-de-lire* ſerves to no purpoſe, but is derogatory and prejudicial to the King's Prerogative Royal.

Now, Candid Reader, I leave you to judge, whether *Parker* could be Elected by the Old Catholick Writ of *Conge de lire, according to the ancient Manner and laudable Cuſtom of the Church of* Canterbury, *anciently uſed, and inviolably obſerved.* Election by Conge-de-lire, *according to the ancient Cuſtom*, cannot poſſibly be meant of any Proteſtant Cuſtom;

By *Bath and Wells* you muſt conceive
An old unconſecrated Knave,
Call'd *Barlow*, who a while before,
To theſe, as Biſhop, Title bore.
A lewd fall'n Prieſt that had a Wife,
But ne'er was Biſhop in his Life:
Nor is there found in any Nation,
The leaſt Scrowl of his Conſecration.
And this was *Parker*'s Conſecrator,
Scory was next, and hang the better.
The Third was whining *Coverdale*,
Two fall'n Prieſts that lov'd Women well,
But never roſe to the Degree
Of Conſecrated Prelacy;
Yet ſtole the Name of Biſhops, when
There was no *Form* left to *Ordain*.
Hodgskins the laſt, yet Writers can
Hardly agree about the Man:
Some ſay two Suffragans were there,
But tell you not, who made the Pair;
Or whether *Dover* was, or *Thetford*,
The Place of Reſidence, or *Bedford*.
Wiſe Men, who things with Care diſcuſs,
Conclude he liv'd in *Nubibus*.

ſtom; becauſe no Proteſtant was ever Elected to the Church of *Canterbury* before *Mat Parker*. Even *Cranmer* himſelf, tho' thruſt in by the King, yet was Elected by *Conge-de-lire* after the Catholick Manner: For the *Conge-de lire* was not aboliſhed till a Year after *Cranmer*'s Election, nor the Letters-Miſſive Enacted; he being Elected 24. of *H.* 8. and the Letter-Miſſive Enacted in the 25. of his Reign.

Maſon himſelf, where he ſpeaks without regard to his Records, owns freely, *That the King grants a Li-*

The Regiſter is trimly pen'd,
I mean to Character and Hand,
And put in decent Form, till't looks
Like what boys draw in Copy-Books,
When they are minded to appear
More skilful than their Maſters are.

Anno 1559. *Mat. Park. Cant. Conſ.* 17. *Decem. ex Regiſt. Mat. Park.* Fo. 1. *f.* 2. & 10. by { William Barlow. John Scory. Miles Coverdale. John Hodgskins.

Tell me, old Biſhop, prithee tell,
If in theſe Matters thou haſt Skill,
Could *Parker Lambeth-Houſe* poſſeſs,
And ſit Lord of the Dioceſs,
Be ſtiled Biſhop, have Reſpect,
Without Reſtriction of Elect?
Could he before his Conſecration
Paſs for Lord Primate of the Nation;
And Biſhop act in each Reſpect,
While yet no more but bare Elect?
If ſo, *Election* was enough,
And *Conſecration* needleſs Stuff
If not, he muſt be conſecrated
Before the Regiſter is dated.

Now

a *Licenſe to the Dean and Chapter, with a* Letter-Miſſive, *containing the Name of the Perſon which they ſhall Elect and Chuſe.* He cites *Anno* 25. H 8. c. 20, Which Statute (as is ſaid above) was repeal'd by Queen *Mary*, but revived by Queen *Elizabeth* in the firſt Year of her Reign, before *Parker's* Election. So that he could not otherwiſe poſſibly be elected than by the *Letter-Miſſive*, and not by *Congé-de-lire, according to the ancient Cuſtom of that Church*, as the Regiſter falſly and ignorantly ſays.

Now, as this Regiſter is dated,
Parker (you ſee) was conſecrated
The Seventeenth Day of *December*;
But on the Eighteenth of *November*,
By *Heylyn*, and by *Holinſhead*,
He is ſtil'd *Biſhop*. And we read
That *Lambeth-Houſe* was then his Place,
By Conſequence the *Dioceſs*.
And being thus inſtalled there,
Tonſtal was made his Priſoner.
But *Tonſtal* dy'd, thoſe Authors ſay,
November on the Eighteenth Day.
So that he's Biſhop here before
The Regiſter a Month or more.
And where could he be Biſhop made,
Unleſs before at the *Nagg's-Head*?
In fine, behold what bonny Gear
Sets off our *Lambeth* Regiſter:
The Chappel's Eaſtern End, we find,
With *Turkiſh* Tapeſtry was lin'd,
And on the Chappel Floor was ſpread
A Webb of *Kerſey* dyed red;
(A Colour never ſeen before,
In *Advent* on a Chappel Floor.)
There was a *Sermon* (as was meet)
Great Flocks of Folk fill'd ev'ry Street,
From Shop and Garret out they run
To ſee the Conſecration;
And the moſt Godly of the Herd
Brake Bread together at God's Board.
In woollen Gown, that reach'd his Heal,
Comes out the Fool *Miles Coverdale*,
Girt round his Loins with woollen Liſt,
And lays on *Parker's* Head his Fiſt:
For *Mat.* could get from him no *Miſſion*
In Robes that ſmell'd of *Superſtition.*

The

The (*a*) Queen her *Spies* ſends cloſely out.
Here one, and there another *Scout*,
I think in all ſome five or ſix
Arch quirking *Lawyers*, ſkill'd in Tricks,
Who were to mind if Things were done
To Rights in Conſecration.
As if the *Conſecrator Barlow*,
And three Aſſociates, that there lay
Their Hands on *Parker's* Head, were Fools,
And the Elected duller Souls.
In ſhort, it ſhews ſhe thought their Worſhips
Had little Skill in making Biſhops.
These Lawyers watch all Motions made,
Who Hands impoſed, and who pray'd,
What Garbs Canonick they had on,
And who it was that wanted one.
All finiſh'd, they return to Queen,
Relating what they'd heard and ſeen;
Concluding, that all Things went well,
Save only that *Miles Coverdale*
Wou'd not be counſell'd to leave off
His old Grey Gown, for Sacred Stuff;
But this they very wiſely thought
Of Moment ſmall, or next to nought.

Yet

(*a*) How circumſpectly the Queen proceeded (ſays *Maſon*) may appear by this, that her Letters Patent were ſent to divers Learned Profeſſors of the Law, that they might freely give their Judgment: And all of them jointly confeſſed, that both the Queen might lawfully authorize the Perſons to the Effect ſpecify'd; and the ſaid Perſons alſo might lawfully exerciſe the Act of Confirming and Conſecrating in the ſame to them committed, whoſe Names, ſubſcribed with their own Hands, remain in Record as followeth; *William May*, *Robert Weſton*, *Edward Leeds*, *Henry Harvey*, *Thomas Yale*, *Nicolas Bullingham*. He cites in his Marg. *Ex Regiſt.* Mat. Park *fol.* 3.

Yet counſell'd *Beſs*, to ſhun Offence,
With his *Sheeps-Cloathing* to (*b*) diſpence.

(*b*) *Brambal* ſays, *Coverdale's* ſide woollen Gown was Uncanonical, and needed a Diſpenſation.

Some remarkable Notes collected out of the Writings of the moſt Learned and Intelligible Authors of thoſe Times, concerning this Affair.

To begin then in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, five or ſix Years after *Parker* had got thruſt into the See of *Canterbury*, *Jewel* into *Salisbury*, and *Horn* into *Wincheſter*, &c.

The Learned Dr. *Harding*, in his *Confutation of* Jewel's *Apology*, fol. 57, 58. after having diſprov'd *Jewel's Succeſſion*. demands how he came to be Biſhop, thus. 'Therefore to go from your *Succeſſion*, 'which you cannot prove, and to come to your '*Vocation*, how ſay you, Sir? You bear your ſelf 'as tho' you were Biſhop of *Salisbury*. But how 'can you prove your *Vocation?* By what Authority 'uſurp you the Adminiſtration of Doctrine and Sa-'craments? What can you alledge for the Right 'and Proof of your Miniſtry? Who hath laid Hands 'on you? By what Example hath he done it? How, 'and by whom, are you conſecrated? Who 'hath ſent you? *After Abundance of* Jewel's *Eva-'ſions, wide from the Purpoſe, Dr.* Harding *replies 'thus.* 'But you were made, you ſay, by the Con-'ſecration of the Archbiſhop [*Parker* he means] and 'other three Biſhops. And how, I pray you, was 'your Archbiſhop himſelf conſecrated? What three 'Biſhops in the Realm were to lay Hands upon 'him? Your *Metropolitan* who ſhould give Authori-'ty to all your Conſecrations, had himſelf no law-'ful Conſecration.' To this Mr. *Jewel* anſwer'd not one Word, but paſs'd all over in Silence.

Dr. Sta-

Dr. *Stapleton*, in like manner, urges *Horn* to this Purpose. 'To say Truth, you are no Lord of *Winchester*, nor elsewhere, but only Mr. *Robert Horn*. 'Is it not notorious, that you and your Collegues 'were not Ordain'd according to the Prescript, I 'will not say of the Church, but even of the very 'Statutes? How then can you challenge to your'self the Name of the Lord Bishop of *Winchester*? '*Counter. Blast.*

And again, in the same *Counter. Blast*, fol. 301. 'You are, says he to *Horn*) without any Consecra'tion at all of your Metropolitan [*Parker*,] himself, 'poor Man, being no Bishop neither.

Again, Dr. *Stapleton*, in another Place tells them. 'You have taken upon you the Office of Bishops 'without any Imposition of Hands, without all Ec'clesiastical Authority, without all Order of Canons 'and Right. I ask not who gave you Bishopricks, 'but who made you Bishops? See *Stapleton's Return of Untruths*, fol. 130. and his *Challenge to Mr.* Jewel *and Mr.* Horn, touching their Consecration.

Note, That Dr. *Harding's Confutation of* Jewel's *Apology* was printed in the Year 1565, and Dr. *Stapleton's Return of Untruths* in the Year following.

Dr. *Bristow*, *Motive* 31. 'Consider (says he) what 'Church that is, whose Ministers are but very Lay'men, unsent, uncalled, unconsecrated, holding 'therefore amongst us, when they repent and re'turn, no other Place but of Lay-men, in no Case 'admitted, nor looking to minister in any Office, un'less they take Orders, which before they had not.

Mr. *Reynolds*. 'There is no Herdsman in all '*Turkey*, who hath not undertaken the Government 'of his Herd upon better Reason, and greater 'Right, Order, and Authority, than these your 'magnificent Apostles and Evangelists can shew for 'this Divine and high Office of governing Souls, 'reforming Churches, &c. *Vid. Calvino Turcis, lib. 4. cap. 15.*

Those

Theſe and ſeveral others, as *Saunders*, *Howlet*, the Tranſlators of the *Rhemiſh Teſt*, &c. that wrote againſt them, lived in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, when the *Lambeth* Records of *Parker*'s Conſecration muſt needs have been freſh in the Memories of both Parties, if any ſuch Regiſter or Records had been in being, and muſt have as certainly been produced by *Jewel* and *Horn* in their own and *Parker*'s Defence.

Indeed *Whitaker* and *Fulk*, who alſo wrote in that Queen's Time, were a great deal more ingenuous, than to pretend to any Conſecration or Orders at all from *Rome*. The quite contrary.

'I would not have you think (ſays *Whitaker*) 'that we make ſuch Reckoning of your Orders, as 'to hold our own Vocation unlawful without them. 'You are highly deceived (ſays *Fulk*) if you think 'we eſteem your Offices of Biſhops, Prieſts, and 'Deacons, better than Lay-men.' (And in his *Re-* '*tentive*;) 'With all our Hearts, we defy, abhor, 'deteſt, and ſpit at your ſtinking, greaſy and Anti-'chriſtian Orders. *Vid. Contr. Dureum*, p. 821. and *Anſwer to a Counterfeit Catholick*; and Dr. *Champney*, p. 121. If theſe two, the moſt Learned Proteſtants in *England* at that Time, could have derived their Orders ſucceſſively from Catholick Biſhops and produc'd Records at *Lambeth* for it, would they, to the Diſgrace of the whole pretended Church of *England* and it's Biſhops, ſo contemptuouſly have deny'd all Ordination, and ſo ſpitefully treated the Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons, in the Church of *Rome*, as to reckon them no more than Lay men?

Thus much, before the World ever heard of *Parker*'s Regiſter at *Lambeth*; but in King *James*'s Time. 1613, out it comes, in a Book of Mr. *Maſon*'s: It ſo ſurpriz'd the amaz'd World that the Noiſe of it quickly flew as far as *Rome* it ſelf, where the excellent F. *Thomas Fitzherbert* ſaw the Forgery, and immediately detected it in publick Print. His Words are as follow, taken out of the *Appendix* to his

his Book entitled, *An Adjoinder to the Supplement of Father* Robert Parſon's printed 16.3.

'This *Adjoinder* being printed, it was my Chance 'to underſtand that one Mr. *Maſon* hath lately 'publiſhed a Book, wherein he pretends to an'ſwer the Preface to F. *Parſons* his *Diſcuſſion*, eſpe'cially concerning one Point treated therein, *viz.* The Conſecration of the firſt Proteſtant Bi'ſhops in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and fur'ther, that he endeavours to prove their Conſecra'tion by a Regiſter teſtifying that Four Biſhops 'Conſecrated Mr. *Parker*.

'Underſtand, good Reader, that this our Excep'tion touching the lawful Vocation and Conſecra'tion of the firſt Proteſtant Biſhops in the late 'Queen's Days, is not a new Quarrel lately raiſed, 'but vehemently urged divers Times heretofore 'by Catholicks many Years ago, yea, in the very 'beginning of the late Queen's Reign; as, name'ly, by the Learned Doctors, *Harding* and *Stapleton*, 'againſt Mr. *Jewel* and Mr. *Horn*, whom they preſ'ſed mightily with the Defect of due Vocation and 'Conſecration, urging them to prove the ſame, and 'to ſhew *how*, and by *whom*, they were made Bi'ſhops.' Here he quotes the Words of *Harding* and '*Stapleton* at large, as I have ſet them down, 'Then proceeds thus.

'And what, trow ye, was anſwer'd thereto? Was 'there any Biſhops named who had Conſecrated 'them? Were there any Witneſſes alledged of their 'Conſecration? Was Mr. *Maſon*'s Regiſter, or any 'other authentick Proof thereof, produced, either 'by *Jewel* or *Horn*? No truly: For, as for Mr. *Horn* 'he never reply'd; and Mr. *Jewel*, tho' he took 'upon him to anſwer it, yet did it ſo weakly, 'coldly, and ambiguouſly, that he ſufficiently for'tify'd and juſtify'd his Adverſary's Objection.

Then he ſets down *Jewel*'s Anſwer, which being nothing but ſhuffling Evaſions, I think it not worth tran-

tranſcribing, only this is to be obſerv'd, that he neither names *Parker*'s Conſecration, *who* Conſecrated him, any *Lambeth* Regiſter, or anſwers directly to any one Queſtion Dr. *Harding* propos'd. I omit (for Brevity-ſake) a great deal more of *Fitz-Herbert*'s Writings, alſo the Account he gives of their Conſecrating one another at the *Nagg's-Head*, becauſe enough is ſaid of it in the Second *Canto*.

In the Year 1617, the Learned Sorboniſt, Dr. *Champney*, publiſh'd his Treatiſe of the Vocation of Biſhops and other Eccleſiaſtical Miniſters, proving the Miniſters of the pretended Reform'd Churches in general to have no Calling, againſt Mr. *Du Pleſſis*, and Dr. *Field*. And in particular, the pretended Biſhops in *England* to be no true Biſhops, againſt Mr. *Maſon*.

Tho' *Cranmer* was rightly and lawfully Conſecrated, (*which yet is not granted, conſidering his impious Oath and villainous Perjury committed by him at his Conſecration, which may be ſeen in* Maſon, Heylyn, *and* Burnet,) yet by his Schiſm and Hereſy *he loſt the lawful Uſe of his Orders before his Death*. And that he was an impious *Heretick* and wicked *Schiſmatick*, is publickly declar'd under his own Hand, in his Recantation.

Secondly, He proves thoſe pretended Biſhops, made in King *Edward* the Sixth's Time, to be no true Biſhops at all; not only as being Hereticks, but the Manner alſo of their Calling, and pretended Conſecration, being in it ſelf invalid, and null, for want of a valid Form of Ordination to Conſecrate them by: Two of them being never Conſecrated by even this new Form.

Another convincing Argument againſt them (noted alſo by *Champ.*) is, That whoever have at any time taken Orders according to that new deviſed Form, have never been owned for Biſhops by the Catholick Church. But when any of them happen to be converted, they eſteem themſelves no more

than meer Lay-men; and if they will become Prieſts or Biſhops in God's Church, it muſt be by Catholick Ordination: Which were damnable Sacriledge to do, if the Church were not certain that their Proteſtant Orders are null and inſignificant in all Reſpects whatſoever; it being as much Sacriledge to Re-ordain, as to Re-baptize.

When Dr. *Brooks*, Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, was to degrade *Ridley*, *Hooper*, and *Farrer*, who were of King *Edward's* making; he told *Ridley*, *That they were to degrade him only of the Prieſthood, for they did not take him for a Biſhop.* But when *Cranmer* came, they degraded him as a Biſhop, becauſe they knew him to be Conſecrated. Dr. *Champ.* p. 166. He cites *Fox's* Acts.

It is alſo recorded in the Books of Law-Caſes that the Leaſes made by Biſhops Conſecrated in King *Edward's* Time, tho' confirm'd by the Dean and Chapter, were not eſteem'd available: And the Reaſon, given, *Becauſe they were never truly Conſecrated, and therefore were not Biſhops.* The Judge's Words are theſe. *It is ſaid, That Biſhops in King* Edward *the Sixth's Days were not Conſecrated, and therefore were not Biſhops: And therefore a Leaſe for Years made by them, and confirmed by the Dean and Chapter, ſhall not bind the Succeſſor; for ſuch were never Biſhops. Contrariwiſe, a Biſhop deprived, which was Biſhop in Fact at the Time of the Letting (the Leaſes) and Confirmation made by the Dean and Chapter.* And in the Margent *Diverſity of Leaſes made by Biſhops not Conſecrated, and Biſhops Depriv'd.* So that it appears by the Judgment, as well of the Civil as Eccleſiaſtical Magiſtrates, that they were no true Biſhops, for want of Conſecration. Thus Dr. *Champ.* He quotes *Brooke's Novel Caſes, Placito* 463, *fol.* 101. Printed 1604, by *Thomas Wight*, with Priviledge.

More remarkable than this, is the Caſe of Biſhop *Bonner* againſt *Horn* of *Wincheſter*, in which the Proteſtant Judges themſelves were forc'd to grant, that they

they were not Biſhops; therefore by an Act of Parliament in the Eighth Year of the Queen's Reign, they were declar'd and enacted Biſhops; which the Judges and Laws of *England* could not ſay they were before. Of this ſee more in *Canto* 2.

Coming now to the Conſecration of *Parker* himſelf; he firſt proves *Barlow*, his chief Conſecrator, never to have been Biſhop at all; and ſo of the two next, *Scory* and *Coverdale*: Of which he writes thus. 'They were found, even by the Judges of 'the Realm, to be no true Biſhops (*as is ſaid.*) And 'this is further evidently prov'd out of Mr. *Maſon*'s 'own Records and Teſtimonies; for *Maſon* ſaith, 'they were Conſecrated on the Thirtieth of *Auguſt* 1551, to wit, Five Months before the new 'Form of Conſecration was ſet forth or allow'd. 'For the Parliament of the 5th and 6th of *Edward* the Sxth, which authoriz'd and ſet forth this new 'Form, did not begin till the 13th of *January* 1551, 'that is Five Months after the pretended Conſecration of *Coverdale* and *Scory*. It is evident therefore, that they could not be Conſecrated by the 'new Form, which was not then in being. Nor 'could they be Conſecrated by the Ancient, Catholick, Ordinal or Form; for that, as *Maſon* confeſſes, was abrogated in the Parliament of the 3d 'and 4th of *Edw.* 6, as appears by the 12th Statute of that Parliament. So that it is clear that 'theſe two Conſecrators themſelves were never 'Conſecrated at all, neither by one Form nor other. '*Champ.* p. 199.

As to *Hodgkins* the Suffragan, he brings great Grounds of Doubt whether ever there was any ſuch Man there. 'It is to be obſerv'd (ſays he) 'that *Maſon*'s Regiſters diſagree with thoſe that 'Mr. *Goodwin* uſed in his Catalogue of Biſhops, 'ſometimes in the Day, ſometimes in the Month, 'and ſometimes in the Year; as is manifeſt in the

'Conſecrations of *Poynet*, *Ridley*, *Coverdale*, *Grindal*, '*Horn*, *Gueſt*, *Piers*. Which neceſſarily proveth Fal-'ſity in the one, with Suſpicion of Forgery in both. 'Again, *Maſon*, *Sutcliffe*, and *Butler*, do all differ one 'from another in naming *Parker's* Conſecrators: 'For *Maſon* ſays it was done by *Barlow*, *Scory*, *Co-'verdale* and *Hodgkins*. *Sutcliffe* ſays, beſides the 'three firſt, there were two Suffragans. *Butler* ſays, 'the Suffragan of *Dover* was one of the Conſecra-'tors; who notwithſtanding is not ſo much as nam'd 'in the Queen's Letters Patent for commiſſionating 'them to conſecrate *Parker*, p. 187, 188.

After all this he goes on and ſtill proves, by undeniable Arguments, that *Parker* and his Followers were never Biſhops: And, in fine, utterly confutes *Maſon*, and proves his pretended *Lambeth* Regiſter a meer vain and impudent Forgery.

Maſon has the Confidence to tell us that *Parker's* Regiſter was publiſhed in Print even in his own Time. But this Dr. *Champney* detects for a groſs Untruth.

Bramhal ſays, that *ſome Prieſts and Jeſuits, then Priſoners, were call'd to ſee the Records, and give their Opinion of them, who, upon diligent Inſpection, declar'd they believ'd them Authentick.* This is ſo far from Truth, that, on the Contrary, thoſe Fathers went away diſſatisfy'd, without making any Anſwer to the Point, till they had yet a ſecond Review of them, which could never after be granted. The Author of the *Nullity of the Prelatick Clergy* detects this for a villainous Lye, has expos'd abundance more of *Bramhal's* Fictions and Forgeries, and in ſhort, clearly diſproved and confuted whatſoever *Bramhal* wrote on this or the *Nagg's-head* Affair. I refer the Reader to the Book it ſelf.

If

If *Parker*'s Conſecrators be
No Biſhops, then no Biſhop he;
He none, then you may truly ſay,
Not one in all the World have they.
Now that the *Lambeth*-Story's done,
Judge what you pleaſe, and let's go on
To *Charles* the Firſt's unhappy Reign,
Where *Prayer* and *War* compoſe the Scene.
Death, who devours every Thing,
Makes but a Morſel of a (*a*) King,
And has as many Ways to ſwallow
As there are Accidents that follow.
By Sickneſs, Wounds, and other Harms,
By War, Plague, Famine, Fire, and Storms,
Sometimes he takes away Man's Life.
So a *chaſte Biſhop* and his *Wife*
Were both in Bed together ſlain,
In the late dreadful (*b*) Hurricane.
Thus rudely ſometimes he falls on us,
And ſometimes ſlily ſteals upon us,
In ſubtile manner creeping in
Under the Cloak of Medicine,
None can forſee by what Diſaſter
He'll die, or when: Death by a (*c*) Plaiſter
Seiz'd *James* the Firſt, as Authors think.
(Poiſon's not always given in Drink.)
But whether by that Means or no,
In ſhort, he died: And let him go.
He left his *Omnia* to his *Heir*,
Amongſt the reſt a fatal Prayer,
In Sheets of which was for his Son
A Death bound up, he dream'd not on.

(*a*) Of King *James* the Firſt.

(*b*) This happen'd to Dr. *Kidder* (Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells* (and his Lady, in the Year 1703.

(*c*) A black Plaiſter was laid on his Breaſt, which is reported to have poiſon'd him. See *Myſtery of Iniquity yet working*, P. 7.

This (*d*) *James* the First, Sirs, you muſt know,
When he had little elſe to do
Bethought him ſometimes of his Pray'rs,
As Pious People do of theirs.
Conns Common-Pray'r-Book o'er, till he
Takes Keck at *England's* Liturgy,
(Tho' in his *Canons* he before
Had Authoriz'd it o'er and o'er,)
He muſters all his Wits about him,
Conſults 'em, and at laſt bethought him
Of making up another Tract
Of Pray'r, more Godly, more Exact,
Which he deſign'd to introduce
Amongſt the *Scots*, for Pious Uſe.
Soon as reſolv'd, he to it fell
With Pen and Ink, and little Zeal
It ſeems, for 'ere he got it fit,
By putting in and out of it,
Devotion tepid grew and dry;
Till tir'd at laſt, he flung it by
Into a Corner, where it lay
Mouldy, till that unhappy Day,

'That

(*d*) *Clarendon's History of the Rebellion*, printed at *Oxford* 1702, tells us, that 'The whole Nation of '*Scotland* ſeem'd, in the Time of King *James*, well 'inclined to receive the Liturgy of the Church of '*England*, which the King exceedingly deſired.

That the King deſired they ſhould have a Liturgy, of ſome ſort, no Body doubts: But that the *Scots*, (who he owns a few Lines before were all Presbyterians) ſhould be ſo *well inclin'd*, and ſo fond of an *Engliſh* Liturgy, is a meer Fiction: For if this had been true, what could have hinder'd their receiving it, when (as this Author tells us in the ſame Place) 'the King's 'principal End of going his Progreſs into *Scotland*, 'was the bringing it to paſs, tho' he return'd 'without making any viſible Attempt in that Affair,

That *Charles*, in rummaging old Lumber,
Awak'd it from Worm-eaten Slumber,
And with the ready Lap of Coat
Bruſh'd it from Duſt, till one might know't
To be a Book, that very Prayer,
Which *James* his Father had flung there.
Unclaſping it, he reads and prays,
And pores upon't for divers Days,
Not in the leaſt ſuſpecting Harm,
(Poor Innocent) when lo a Swarm
Of Miſchiefs flew out of it's Belly,
As by and by I mean to tell ye.
So once a curious King of *Spain*,
Imagining there might be lain
Vaſt Treaſure in the fatal Grott,
Forc'd Iron Gates, Found nothing, but
Prophetick Images of Moors,
That quickly turn'd him out of Doors;
Poſſeſs'd his Land, and what was good,
And ſtain'd the Brood with *Mooriſh* Blood.
The King took ſo much liking to it
He ſends for Biſhop *Laud* to view it,
Who, having well perus'd the Book,
Thus to his Majeſty he ſpoke.

My

But he needed not have return'd without ſo much as attempting what he went for, if the *Scots* had been *ſo well inclined*. Beſides, the *Scots* objected to King *Charles*, the corrupt and falſe Tranſlations of the Pſalms, Epiſtles, and Goſpels in the Common-Prayer-Book, which they deſired might be corrected; but *Laud* would not conſent to it: 'For he 'knew (ſays *Clarendon*) how far any Enemies to 'Conformity would be from being ſatisfy'd with 'theſe *ſmall* Alterations, *&c.*' You ſee, in the Proteſtant Worſhip of God, corrupt and falſly tranſlated Scripture is counted but a *ſmall* Matter, and the *Alteration* of it ſo *ſmall* that they never deſign

to

My Leige, from this I eas'ly gather,
That the Intention of your Father,
Was to eſtabliſh ev'ry where,
Thro' *Scottiſh* Kirk, this Common-Pray'r.
It differs, in ſome Things, I ſee,
From this our preſent Liturgy.
And muſt be further yet amended,
Before your Majeſty can ſend it.
Well, ſays the King, do you inſpect it,
And when 'tis thorowly corrected,
Then ſhall it be to *Scotland* ſent:
Laud took it, and away he went,
And in a Year or two, or ſo,
He got it fitly trimm'd to go.
How far from *England's* Common-Pray'r
'Twas changed, it plainly does appear
From what the *Scot* was pleas'd to write
Againſt it when it came to light.
What he imagin'd was amiſs,
He bitterly expos'd in his
Laudenſium Autocatacriſis,
A Book, that takes it all to Pieces.'

In

to correct it. *Clarendon* ſays, 'There had never 'been any Thoughts, in the Time of King *James* 'and King *Charles*, but of the *Engliſh* Liturgy. But this is a Miſtake, as appears from his own Words in another Place, which are as follow. 'It was towards the Year 1633. when King *Charles* 'return'd from *Scotland*, having left it to the Care 'of ſome of the Biſhops there, to provide ſuch a 'Liturgy, and ſuch a Book of Canons as might 'beſt ſuit the Nature and Humour of the better 'ſort of that People.' (*Note here, That the Proteſtant Way confeſſedly is to fit and frame their Religious Worſhip of God to the People's Fancies, right or wrong. And this only to humour the Great ones; Let the Little ones go to the Devil.*) He goes on, 'As faſt as they 'made

In ſhort, his final Cenſure was,
This is almoſt an Engliſh *Maſs*;
And not that *Engliſh* Common-Prayer
Your ſelves have us'd ſo many a Year.
From this *Scotch* Writer you may reckon
That *Clarendon* is much miſtaken,
When he affirms, 'twas never meant
That any other ſhould be ſent,
But only that ſame Common-Pray'r
Practis'd in *England Fourſcore Year.*
If this were true, they needed not
Have been two Years in moulding it:
Nor had their Canons authoriz'd it,
Before their Block-heads had devis'd it,
And forc'd their Clergy to ſwear to't
A Year before it's coming out.
The Truth is this, *Laud* could not brook
The *Scotch* ſhould mend the *Engliſh* Book;
Cauſe 'twould have hinder'd this to paſs
Which he had fram'd; *his Baſtard Maſs.*
Yet ſome *Scotch* Biſhops of his Faction
Were (for a blind) put firſt to Action
To frame the *Prayer* and *Canons*; then
To ſend them up to *Him* and *Wren*, And

'made them ready, they ſhould tranſmit them to 'the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, to whoſe Aſſiſtance 'the King joined *Juxton* Biſhop of *London*, and *Wren* 'Biſhop of *Norwich*, a Man very Learned, and par-'ticularly verſed in the old Liturgies of the *Greek* 'and *Latin* Churches.' A Sign that they deſign'd to make this Liturgy reſemble thoſe *old Liturgies*; and ſo it really did in many Things, as the *Scotch* Author of *Laudenſium Autocatacriſis* makes plainly appear.

'It was (ſays he) now two Years before the Bi-'ſhops in *Scotland* had prepared any Thing to offer 'to the King towards their intended Reformation: 'And then they inverted the proper Method, 'and firſt preſented a Body of Canons to preceed

'the

And *Juxton*, who muſt overlook
And give the laſt Strokes to the Book.
And ſo it may, without miſtaking,
Be call'd a Book of *Laud*'s own making.
And ſo the *Scots* are pleas'd to ſtile it,
When they with Tongue or Pen revile it.
It is to be obſerved too,
The *Scottiſh* Nation never knew
What *Laud* and *Juxton* were about,
Till theſe ſtrange *Canons* firſt came out,
Which authoriz'd the Prayer-Book 'ere
The Book appear'd above a Year.
And by theſe *Canons*, Old and Young
Were bound to ſtand to't, right or wrong;
Nay, tho' they knew not but it might
Not have one ſingle Word in't right.
Oh! Bleſt Reformers, you may boaſt
Th' Aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt,
As once your Predeceſſors ſpoke
On like Occaſion. But miſtook.
Laud having done what could be done to't,
And Pſalms in *Engliſh* Meetre bound to't,
'Twas made the publick Liturgy
Of *Scotland*, by Authority.

But

' the Liturgy, which was not yet ready. After *Laud*,
' *Juxton*, and *Wren*'s Peruſal of them, and ſome Al-
' terations made, His Majeſty iſſued out his Procla-
' mation for the due Obſervation of them in the
' Kingdom of *Scotland*. It was a fatal Inadvertency,
' that the Canons, neither before nor after they were
' ſent to the King, had been ever ſeen by the As-
' ſembly or any Convocation of the Clergy, who
' were ſo ſtrictly obliged to the Obſervation of them,
' nor ſo much as communicated to the Lords of the
' Council of that Kingdom. But it was the un-
' happy Craft of thoſe Biſhops (*Laud* and his Faction)
' to get it believ'd by the King, that the Work

' wou'd

But when th' abuſed People ſaw
It was eſtabliſh'd there by Law,
They angry grew as Waſps in Hole
When Boys thruſt in a burning Coal.
When it appear'd in *Edenborough*,
It's Entertainment was but rough.
For when at Kirk the City met,
And People in their *Pews* were ſet,
Expecting what prodigious Birth
The teeming Mountains wou'd bring forth.
And Dean himſelf in Desk had put,
Like old *Diogenes* in *Butt*,
Compos'd his Face in Rev'rend Faſhion,
And look'd devout to Admiration,
Not doubting but an Holy Man
They wou'd eſteem him. So began
To read his Prayer, But Oh! What chanc'd
'Ere he was thrice three Lines advanc'd?
Jane Gaddis, a Virago jolly,
Who ſat on Stool in midſt of Alley,
Steps boldly up, and takes upon her
To ſtop his Mouth, but in rude manner.
Out thou faus Thief, (quo' ſhe) *thou Hog*,
Say'ſt thou thy Maſs at my awn Lug?

The

'wou'd be grateful to the moſt conſiderable of the 'Nobility, the Clergy, and the People, in order to 'the obtaining His Majeſty's Approbation and Au-'thority to it; and ſo they durſt not, in Truth, ſub-'mit thoſe Canons to any other Examination than 'what the King ſhould direct in *England*, (which were only them three.) 'It was, in the next Place, 'as ſtrange, that Canons ſhould be publiſhed before 'the Liturgy was prepared, which was not ready 'in a Year after, or thereabouts, when three or 'four of the Canons were principally for the Ob-'ſervation of, and punctual Compliance with the 'Liturgy, which all the Clergy were to be ſworn to

'ſubmit

The Foe-Fein click away thy Tongue:
And at his Head her Stool ſhe flung.
By other zealous Female Souls
'Twas follow'd by a Shower of Stools;
And (e) Sticks and Stones, and *Bibles* flew;
Whatever came to Hand they threw,
Till ſilly Dean was batter-fang'd
Like *Hudibras*, by *Trulla* bang'd.
But when his Grace, the Biſhop, who
Sat trembling in his Pew below,
Had call'd his Spirits from Surprize,
He lifted up his Voice and Eyes,
And crying loud, that all might hear,
Conjur'd his Dean to diſappear.
Gladly the Priſoner broke looſe
Out of his little Pulpit-houſe;
And left it empty for his Grace,
Who nimbly ſtept into the Place;
Not doubting but they would regard
His Graceful Look and Rev'rend Beard:
But neither heeded they his Face,
Nor if he had, or wanted Grace;

But

'ſubmit to, and to pay all Obedience to what was 'enjoyn'd by it, before they knew what it con-'tained. One of the Canons defin'd, 'That no 'Clergyman ſhould conceive Prayers *extempore*, but 'be bound to pray only by the Form preſcribed 'in the Liturgy, (*which, by the way, was not yet made*)

It was in the Year 1637 that the Liturgy, after it had been ſent out of *Scotland* and peruſed by three Biſhops in *England*, then approved and confirmed by the King, was publiſhed and appointed to be read in all Churches.

(e) A Shower of Stones, Sticks, and Cudgels were thrown at the Dean's Head. The Biſhop went up in the Pulpit, but he found no more Reverence,

But ply'd him, now their Hands were in,
Worſe than before they did his Dean;
With Stools and Staves he was ſo maul'd,
That on all Fours down he crawl'd.
But as from Pulpit he made Salley,
He meets *Lord Chancellor* i'th' Alley,
Come to aſſiſt him with a Guard
Of Musketeers, for Fight prepar'd:
The beaten Biſhop taking Heart,
Reſolves on making good his part,
Seizes *Jane Gaddis* by the Neck,
And gives another Whore a Kick,
And briskly dares the Mob to Battle;
Who hearing *Bandaleers* to rattle,
Thought ſafer 'twas to fly than fight,
Where nought could be expected by't
But broken Heads, and Legs, and Arms,
And, ten to one more deadly Harms.
Out of the Kirk in Heaps they throng,
The *weaker* Sort bore up the *Strong*,
For thoſe, be'ng trodden under Foot,
Till theſe went off, could not get out.
At laſt the Kirk from Rabble clear'd,
The Biſhop (freed from what he fear'd)
Calls to his Dean, who all the while
Sculk'd in a Hole i'th' Northern Iſle.
Where dreading ſtill another Mauling,
Wou'd ſcarce come out at ſecond Calling:
But when he heard it was his Grace
That call'd him, he creeps from his Place.
Bleſs'd be the Time, ſays *Biſh*, Sir Dean,
That my Lord Chancellor came in;
For had he not, we'd into Quarters
Been pull'd, and ſent to *Fox* for Martyrs:

verence, nor was the Clamour and Diſorder leſs than before. The Chancellor commanded the Provoſt and Magiſtrates to deſcend from the Gallery and ſuppreſs the Riot. *Clarend*, Hiſt. Vol. I.

Pray let us now *give Laud and Praiſe*
For the Peace given in our Days.
Can you tell where we left off Pray'r,
That we again may fall to't there.
For I love nothing, I am ſure.
Leſs than to ſay a Prayer twice o'er.
To Chancellor, who then ſtood by,
He turns, and thanks him heartily:
Soldiers, I alſo ſpeak to you,
Says he, take ev'ry Man his Pew;
And, in Requital of your Care,
My Dean ſhall read the Common-Prayer,
And beg a Bleſſing on your Weapons;
That Hens, and Geeſe, Young-Piggs, and Capons,
May never 'ſcape-ye where you come,
But follow to the Beat of Drum.
And you, my Lord, whoſe happy Care
Engag'd you in this Holy War,
When Maſter Dean gives o'er to pray,
Give all your Soldiers leave to play:
It's lawful on the Sabbath Day,
For (*a*) Plays and Games, of any ſort,
Are ev'ry Sunday us'd at Court;
And Court Example's a Juſt Byaſs,
You know, for every Man that's Pious.
Beſides, to put it out of doubt,
The King has ſent a Licenſe out
For any Man to play on Sundays,
As well as work, or eat, on Mondays.
I do not think that Spirit holy
That makes Folk always melancholly;
Nor is there any harm, I think,
Sometimes to take an hearty Drink;
I mean

(*a*) The King thought good (ſays *Parker*) to ſet forth his Declaration, for tolerating Sports on the Lord's-Day in the Afternoon.

Which the Parliament afterwards charged home upon his Account.

I mean a Quart or two, or ſo,
When out of Kirk they ſleepy go.
Sleep is th' Effect of Common-Pray'r,
And ſo is Mirth of good ſtrong Beer.
This Exhortation being made,
The Dean took to his Desk and pray'd,
While pious People gave Attention
To this new Prayer of *Laud*'s Invention.
The Rabble, that they had ſhut out,
Were buſie all this while without,
In ſending now and then a Shower
Of Stones againſt the Church's Door,
And making all the Windows clatter,
Till not a Glaſs was left to batter.
Nor was't in *Edenborough* alone,
The like in other Kirks was done.
'Gainſt Biſhops, King, and Common-Prayer,
Arm, Arm, and ſo began the War:
And all run mad a cutting Throats
'Tween *Exeter* and *John-a groots*.
Thro' three whole Kingdoms, like a Flood,
It rowl'd, and drench'd the Earth in Blood.
Unnat'ral War! When in the Field,
The Sons the Blood of Fathers ſpill'd;
Fathers ſlew Sons, Brother kill'd Brother,
And Neighbours (*b*) butcher'd one another.
In Blood of Lords, Slaves waſh'd their Hands,
Raviſh'd their Ladies, ſeiz'd their Lands;
Slew helpleſs Children when they mourn'd
For Parents ſlain, and Houſes burn'd.
Young Virgins forc'd, and when they'd done,
Swords thro' the raviſh'd Damſels run;
Robb'd Sacred Altars; Prieſts they ſlew;
Abus'd their own profane Kirks too;
Nor Gray-hairs ſpar'd, or Sucking-child,
Fury became at laſt ſo wild,

(*b*) A Book call'd *Mercurius Ruſticus* records many lamentable Examples of their inhuman Cruelties.

They'd tear the Infant from the Breaſt,
And daſh it's Brains againſt a Poſt,
And new-born Babes mount in the Air
Impaled on the Point of Spear,
The tender Mothers ſtanding by
Spectators of the Tragedy.
And when the Infant's Life was gone,
Their Pikes thro' dying Parents run.
The *Engliſh* great *Long-Parliament*,
Minding at firſt how Matters went,
Reſolv'd t' aſſiſt the *Scottiſh* Kirk
In carrying on the Godly Work;
And with the *Covenanters* joyn
For Presbyterian Diſcipline,
And carrying on the *Good Old-Cauſe*,
'Gainſt King, and Biſhops, Lords, and Laws.
The Earl of *Strafford* was the Man
With whom that Parliament began;
A Noble and Heroick Knight,
Ever victorious in Fight,
In Council ſage, wiſe his Advice,
Reſolv'd, but never reſolv'd twice;
Faithful, his Loyalty unfeign'd,
I grieve to ſay, *his Conſcience ſtain'd*
With Tyranny, and unjuſt Tricks
Againſt the (c) *Iriſh* Catholicks.
For theſe he us'd as if they'd been
Wild Infidels, not Chriſtian Men.
But this I leave. In ev'ry thing
He was moſt faithful to the King;
And certainly, if he had ſtood,
The King had never loſt his Blood.

This

(c) See *Ireland's Caſe briefly ſtated*. Printed 1695, p 18. When he came down into *Yorkſhire*, dignify'd with the Title and Office of *Lord Preſident of the North*, he deſired his Kinſman and Friend, Sir *Walter Vavaſor*, to leave his Catholick Religion and become Proteſtant;

This Lord above the King they dreaded,
As being much the deeper headed;
And ſo againſt him drew a Charge;
(Malicious it was and large)
And to the Bar of Parliament
He's call'd to anſwer what was in't,
Tho' his Defence was good and plain
Againſt the Charge, yet all in vain,
For they'd reſolv'd before to Vote,
In downright Terms, to cut his Throat:
And ſo drew up the bloody Bill;
Charles ſign'd it; but *againſt his Will*:
For he, who knew him innocent,
Could not in Conſcience give Conſent
To take his Life; and therefore ſends
For *Ghoſtly Council* to his Friends;
And calls his Biſhops for Advice
About this Caſe of Conſcience nice,
Whether he could an Innocent
Behead, to pleaſe his Parliament?
They did not long debate the Matter,
For they were *Caſuiſts* by Nature;
That into Good could turn all Evil,
(Fitting *Confeſſors* for the Devil)

teſtant; for I (ſays he) am reſolv'd utterly to extirpate Catholick Religion out of all my Government in the *North*; to which Sir *Walter* reply'd thus: 'My Lord, There has been a more experienc'd Politician than you can pretend to be, about bringing the Extirpation of Catholicks to paſs, for now above this hundred Years, but he never yet could do it; ſo I believe your Lordſhip will fall ſhort in your Deſigns. At this the Earl ſeem'd ſtruck, and ask'd him, who this Politician was? To which Sir *Walter* anſwer'd, *It is the Devil.* This was related to me by a Perſon of Honour and known Candor. M. P. V. C. the Earl's Head was cut off not long after. Clarendon.

They told the King there was no Ill
To give Aſſent, and Sign the Bill.
Thus waranted by ghoſtly Guide,
Charles Sign'd the Bill, and *Strafford* dy'd.
Laud and the King, who thought they wou'd
Reſt ſatisfy'd with *Strafford's* Blood,
Perceive their Error but too late
To ſhun their own approaching Fate.
The Lower Houſe grew High and Mighty,
And Trifles paſs for Matters weighty;
They want a thorow Reformation
Of Government, thro' Church and Nation.
The more the King with them complies,
Still greater Differences ariſe;
Till their Deſign grew evident
Of ruining the Government;
Remonſtrances, to this Intent,
O'er all the Nation fly in Print,
On purpoſe by the Commons ſent,
To villifie the Government.
The giddy Rabble are call'd down,
From every Corner of the Town,
Arm'd with good Clubbs, and Truncheons truſty,
Old Swords, Half-Pikes, and Daggers ruſty;

And

Clarendon has this Note in his Margent; *The Privy Council, and ſome of the Biſhops, adviſed the King to paſs the Bill* And in his Hiſtory he goes on thus: *His Majeſty told them, that what had been propoſed for him to do, was directly contrary to his Conſcience.* The Archbiſhop of *York* told him, that there was a private and a publick Conſcience: That his publick Conſcience, as King, might not only diſpenſe with, but oblige him to do that, which was againſt his private Conſcience, as a Man.

And that the Queſtion was not, whether he ſhould ſave the Earl of *Strafford*, but whether he ſhould periſh with him, &c.

By

And with *Petitions* more pernicious
Than all their Edge-tools: Theſe Seditious
Cry out, *O make the Nation eaſie,*
By freeing't from Epiſcopacy.
Let not thoſe Prelates, diſaffected
To *Good-Old-Cauſe*, nor Lords ſuſpected
Of Popery, have any Vote,
But for *Malignants* turn 'em out,
And brand their Names with *Delinquency*,
A blacker Crime than *Necromancy*.
Thus let the Low-Houſe purge the Upper
From Members rotten, and improper.
Thus the wiſe Mob's Petitions ran,
And each *paſs'd* for a Godly Man:
The Houſe of Commons did atteſt
Vox populi Vox DEI eſt.
And, *For the Lard's-ſake*, freely grants
All ſuch Petitions of the Saints,
And pack the Biſhops out of Houſe,
As Tools of none or little uſe.
The King thus finding things go ill,
And all drive on againſt his Will,
Thinks it the ſafeſt way for him
To abdicate the *Sanhedrim*.
At *Huntington* ſome Days he ſtay'd,
Then down to *York* his Progreſs made,
Where Common-Prayer, and Parſons meet him,
And Northern Gentry come to greet him,

And

By ſuch unprelatical ignominious Arguments, in plain Terms, they adviſed him even for Conſcience ſake to paſs that Act; tho' the Biſhop acted his Part with more prodigious Boldneſs and Impiety; (yet) *others of the ſame Function did not what might have been expected from their Calling and their Truſt.*

(Thus he) which is to ſay, they were all of the Biſhop of *York*'s Mind, and gave their Aſſent to what

And guard his Perſon, as was fit,
From Danger that attended it.
Yet badly arm'd, for almoſt all
Want *Powder*, ſome want *Guns*, ſome *Ball*,
So that, tho' Men of Reſolution,
They could do little Execution.
At *Hull* there was a Magazine,
That could ſupply ten thouſand Men
With *Powder*, *Guns*, *Ball*, and *Buff-coats*,
And Inſtruments for cutting Throats;
Thither his Majeſty repairs
To get Utenſils for his Wars;
But all in vain, tho' it was full,
For (*d*) *Hotham* barr'd him out of *Hull*.
This wicked Traitor, and his Son,
Open Rebellion firſt begun,
And Storms, that long had been a brewing,
Broke out at *Hull* to *England's* Ruin.
And now the Drums begin to rattle,
And Parli'menteers arm for Battle;
To Field rebellious Armies come,
Headed by (*e*) *Eſſex* and *Black-Tom*,
The Parli'ment ſeize the ſtrong Forts,
The Magazines, and the Cinque-Ports.
Get the Militia and Train'd-bands,
And Royal-Fleet, into their Hands,
On t'other Side the King prepares,
And Arms his Loyaliſts for Wars:
At *Nottingham* the *Standard-Royal*
Sets up, to ſhew he will employ all,

That

what he advis'd the King. *Silence gives Conſent.*
Brave Proteſtant Guides.

See how the King laments for this in his *Eikon Baſilike.*

(*d*) Sir *John Hotham*, then Governor of *Hull*, the firſt profeſs'd Traitor.

(*e*) The Earl of *Eſſex*, and Sir *Thomas Fairfax* of *Denton*;

That dare come venture Life and Limb
For Biſhops, Common-Prayer, and *Him*;
And run the Riſque of Ax, and Halter,
For *Railing-in a Table Altar.*
Standard no ſooner was ſet out,
But to it marches Horſe and Foot:
Such Loyaliſts, and Men of Worth,
Came from all Quarters of the North,
As had a Mind to die in Fight
For Altar, Prayer, and *Charles*'s Right.
The *Papiſts*, who were ever Loyal
To Government, and Perſon Royal,
Send in their *Forces* to aſſiſt him,
But he in zealous Scorn diſmiſt 'em:
For Biſhop *Laud*, whoſe very Nod
The King obey'd, as Man of God,
Sent as old Prophets were, to bring
Celeſtial Tidings to the King:
This little black (*f*) *Lord of a Fly*,
Who hated Papiſts mortally,
Blew into *Charles* his Head a Maggot,
That turn'd him to ſo vain a Biggot,
As t'think, ſhould he a Papiſt Liſt,
'Twould bring a Curſe on all the reſt.
Laud thought the Papiſts Swords would blunt
The Edges of Swords-Proteſtant,
And turn 'em all as ſoft as Lead,
By occult Charm in luckleſs Blade.
The (*g*) King, dreading this dire Prediction,
Obeys the *Seer*'s ſage Direction,
And out a Proclamation ſends,
That Papiſts (tho' his trueſt Friends)

Should

(*f*) The firſt Proteſtants in their Scripture Language called *Belzebub*, (the Devil) *The Lord of a Fly.*

(*g*) His Majeſty declared by his Proclamation, *That no Papiſt Recuſant ſhould ſerve in his Army.* Micro-Chroni. *Anno* 1642.

Should quit his Armies and from thence
Never draw Sword in his Defence.
Happy they, had he been ſo kind
As never to have chang'd his Mind.
But ſad Experience taught him better
Than his Prophetick Fools of Letter;
For being bang'd from Place to Place,
And by the Rebels kept in Chaſe,
Till out of Breath his Men were grown,
As hunted Stags are when run down;
Then, tho' too late, he found he needed
The Help of thoſe he fondly dreaded:
And gladly gives them now Commiſſion,
Without the Fear of Superſtition.
Reſentment they have none or Spleen,
But to his Aid bring all their Men.
Their Duty they as much expreſs'd,
As if he ne'er had murder'd Prieſt,
Nor ſhewn his Malice ſo intenſe
As not t' accept of their Defence:
Which at the firſt, if he had done,
He would have ſav'd both Head and Crown.
But, poor unhappy Prince, *His Fate*
Was to do all he did too late.
When all was loſt, the King was forc'd,
With a ſmall Party, meanly Hors'd,
To fly from *Oxford* to the *Scots*,
A deſperate way to ſave their Throats;
For Covenanters as ye ken,
Are treacherous perfidious Men.
The *Scots*, who then at *Newark* lay,
Gladly ſecure the Royal Prey,
In hopes, by way of Merchandize,
To fill their Satchels by the Prize;
Send out their *Cryer* with his Bell,
Wha'll buy a King? He's here to ſell.
The Parliament (for ſuch a *Gem*
Could not be purchas'd but by them)

Bid for him; and the Bargain ſtruck,
The King is *Liver'd, with ill Luck.*
An hundred thouſand Pounds they pay,
The *Scots* ſnap't up, and ſneak away.
And now the King, a woful Sight,
Is Priſoner kept in th' Iſle of *Wight*,
Where he's detained for a while,
Then brought to *London* from the Iſle.
They charge him with an Heap of Treaſon,
On pure Deſign to cut his Weaſon,
And call him up to anſwer for't
At Bar of *Self-Commiſſion'd-Court.*
Thoſe that accus'd him at the Bar,
And Evidences that were there,
Were Jury, and his Judges too.
A baſe ignoble impious Crew
Of *Independents*, late ſprung out,
Slips from a *Presbyterian* Root;
And Presbyterians mix'd with them,
Compos'd the Bloody *Sanhedrim.*
Bradſhaw, a Pettifogger, ſent
From Hell, was made the *Preſident*;
Next him ſat *Cromwell* at the Board,
Firſt let us ſeek (ſays he) the Lord,
To know what he wou'd have us do;
We dare not act in't till we know:
For what we do, it muſt be done,
Juſt as the Spirit leads us on;
And thus to ſeek the Lord, he fell
To Cant and Pray, with Tears at Will,
Till Purple Noſe, well drench'd in theſe,
Look'd like an Orange dipt in Greaſe,
Our Hearts, O *Lard* (And thus they pray,
As Witches do, the backward way)
With Godly Council fill and wholſom,
And to our Sores put *Gilead*'s Balſom,
By cutting off the *Evil-Doer*,
Whom thou haſt put into our Power,

As thou gav'ſt into *Joſhua*'s Hand,
The wicked Kings of th' Holy-Land,
To hang 'em upon Trees (O Father!
Pruis'd be thy Name) by Fives together.
The Wicked, as the Scripture ſays,
Shall ne'er live out half his Days;
Aſſiſt then what we are about,
And let his Kingdoms ſpew him out.
But yet on t'other Side, O *Lard*,
If thou rememb'reſt, *David* fear'd
To touch the Lord's Anointed, all
The Harm he did to wicked *Saul*,
Was cutting off the Skirt of's Coat;
This makes us fear to cut the Throat
Of our anointed King. We pray,
O *Lard*, thou'lt put us in a Way
How we may take his Life, and yet
Be innocent in doing it.
Or elſe, *Lard*, if thou art content
To take our homely Counſel in't;
We think it may be brought to paſs
Juſtly enough, let's do it thus:
Firſt we'll diſtinguiſh and divide
Charles from the (*b*) *King*; let *Charles* be try'd:
We'll only *Charles* to Judgment bring,
But ſhall not meddle with the *King*,
Pray let it, *Lard*, be thus appointed,
To free from Blood of thine Anointed
Thy Holy People, who ſit here
Crying to thee in frevent Prayer.
Thus on they pray'd, till well (*i*) inſpir'd
Took all for granted they deſir'd;

And

(*b*) They fired in the Face of the *King* for the Safety of his *Perſon*, ſays the Author of *Perſecutio Undecima*, p. 2.

(*i*) The *Presbyterians* kill'd the King, and the *Independants* murder'd *Charles Stuart*. Vindicat. of the *Eng.* Cath. &c. againſt *Oates*'s Narrat. p. 2.

And with a joint Conſent they bring
Charles Stuart Traitor to the *King*,.
And *Bradſhaw*, as the Mouth of Court,
Pronounc'd his Sentence in this ſort.
Thy Head Charles Stuart, *ſhall be ſtruck*
Off from thy Shoulders on a Block.
This ſaid, the bloody Butchers lead him
To Execution, and behead him.
The King thus murder'd, *Charles* his Son
Secur'd by pious *Huddleſton*
A Popiſh-Prieſt, the Rebels ſeek
Thro' all the Land, thro' every Creek;
Yet by good Providence that bleſs'd him,
Where e'er they ſought they almoſt miſs'd him.
By the two *Pendrills* he was fed,
A Tree his Palace and his Bed,
Hid in the Hollow of an Oak,
Secure he lay from fatal Stroke;
Till at the laſt, by happy Chance,
They got him ſafe convey'd to *France*;
Where *James* the Duke of *York*, his Brother,
Was alſo baniſh'd, and his Mother;
For this indeed, was their Deſign,
To murder, if they could, the Royal Line.
And now that Forty-eight is run,
Let us return back and go on
With Altars, Sacrifice, and Prayer,
And things call'd Prieſts, who many a Year
Had help'd the Biſhops in the Brewing
This bloody Cup to all their Ruin.
Perhaps the Railing in their Table
Came from Queen *Beſs*'s private Chappel;
But that's no matter, for my Rhime
The Story tells (*ſometimes* the Time.)
The Biſhops, as they ſtile themſelves,
A Sort of buſie luckleſs Elves,
That in Reforming never yet
Knew where, or what they would be at;

Brought on at firſt this bloody Work,
By painting th' outſide of their Kirk,
To make it ſeem like that of *Rome*,
At leaſt as nigh as it could come,
And not in *Subſtance* be the ſame,
Nor have from thence it's *Faith* and *Name*.
Now *Sacrifice* they'll have, and *Prieſt*,
And Table like an *Altar* dreſt;
And a ſtrange ſort of *Real Preſence*,
Without *Reality* or *Eſſence*.
For *Laud*, that Ape, would imitate
The High-Prieſt's Faith in *Peter's* Seat;
But bungled it as Monkies do,
And took a falſe Faith for a true:
And the ambitious Fool had hope;
To make himſelf the Weſtern Pope;
And from the *Belgick* Ocean rule
Beyond *Hibernia* and *Thule*.
God's Board is what they firſt reform,
Which never mov'd but brought a Storm:
From midſt of Choir they thought it good
To place it where the *Altar ſtood*
Before the Days of little *Ned*,
When true Religion flouriſhed;
And Altar-wiſe they needs muſt ſet it,
Cloſe to the Wall as they could get it;
Where they preſum'd to *Rail it in*,
As if a *real* Altar it had been:
Nor would they call it now God's-Board,
But *Holy Altar of the Lord*.
But Oh, the (*k*) Parſon was to ſtand
At this New Altar's *Northern End*.

To

(*k*) The Rubrick in their Liturgy commands the Parſon to ſtand at the North *Side* of the Table when he officiates: But having got their Table ſet Altar-wiſe againſt the Eaſtern Wall, then it's Sides ſtood Eaſt and Weſt and it's End North and South; ſo that

To ſuch as are diſpos'd to laugh,
The Thing's ridiculous enough,
To ſee the Vicar offering up,
At Altar's *End*, his Bread and Cup.
But prithee why ſo merry, Friend?
Their new-ſhap'd Altar has no *End*,
But only *Sides*; 'tis *Side* all o'er
Two long, two ſhort, in Number Four.
Tho' every thing, if Proverb's true,
An End has, and a Pudding Two.
By calling thus it's *End* it's *Side*,
They got their *Rubrick* ſatisfy'd:
Unlucky *Rubrick*, that bids ſtand
At North *ſide*, not at it's North-*end*.
Vicar of Grantham was the Man
That with his Table firſt began;
The firſt, I mean, that fell to work
About it in a Country Kirk;
For he, in every Godly Thing
Reſolv'd to imitate the King
And Biſhops, who cloſe to the Walls
Had ſet 'em in the Cathedrals:
And in the Royal-Chapel't ſtood
Much like an *Altar*, but of Wood.
And this he thought a Pattern fit
To imitate, ſo follow'd it.
No ſooner had he mov'd his Board,
But all the Herd of Wild-Beaſts roar'd.

that if the Parſon ſtand North, it muſt of neceſſity be at the North *End*. The Author of *The Coal from the Altar* p. 23. thus preſs'd, could find no way to ſolve this Difficulty, and to make his Altar agree with his Rubrick, but by calling it's Ends Sides. It is *plain*, ſays he, *that if we* ſpeak according *to the Rules of Art, every Part of it is a Side. When therefore he that miniſtereth at the Altar ſtands at the North-End of the ſame, as we uſe to call it; he ſtands, no queſtion, at the North-*

The *Alderman*, and all the Town,
Ruſh'd in to pull his Altar down.
The *Vicar* minding well good Man)
The dangerous Riſque his Altar ran,
Click'd up a Rail, that they had broke,
And to cloſe Battle him betook;
Deals round his luſty Bangs among
The very thickeſt of the Throng,
Till Leggs and Arms of divers Men
Fell to repent their coming in;
And from the Danger of the Fray
Made haſte they cou'd to get away:
Till in good time the *Alderman*,
Who flying made the Rear the Van.
Facing about in midſt of Alley,
Make Head, cries he my Boys and rally,
Why ſhould we be afraid and run
Like Cowards, when we are Ten to One? He

North-ſide thereof, as in Propriety of Speech we ought to call it. The Author of *the Holy Table, Name and Thing*, (ſuppos'd to be *William* Biſhop of *Lincoln*) Ridicules this fond Conceit, at a comical Rate, for 5 or 6 Pages together, p. 50, to 57. 'It is not without a great 'deal of Reaſon (ſays he) that Dr. *Cole* thus triumphs 'to have found, by his rare Invention and Study in 'Geometry, four Sides in a long Table, nor without ſome hope of having one Day an Altar and a 'Sacrifice for Joy of this Diagram, and ſurely well 'may he deſerve it, if at a Table that hath no *End*, 'he can officiate at the End of the Table. (he goes 'on) If your *Eve*, Sir, was taken from your Side, (but 'ſhe was not taken from every Part of a Man) tell 'her, that ſhe was taken from your Heels, and you 'ſhall quickly find her (if ſhe be mettled) about 'your Ears. So when you officiate at the *End* of the Table, you may officiate at a Part, but you cannot officiate at that Part of the Table; to which, by the *Rubrick*, confirmed by Act of Parliament, you are literally directed and appointed.

Go on, but first let's arm our selves
With Benches broken Stalls, and Shelves;
Pluck up, and take whate'er you light on,
Then let us boldly go and fight on,
He said, and from the *Magazine*
Of *Stall* and *Pew* he arm'd his Men;
Who in close Body all assail
The angry *Vicar* and his Rail;
Who by this time had wisely got
His Gown cast off, for he was hot,
And in a little nimble Vest
That reach'd a Neiffe beneath his Wast,,
Upon the Steps the Sable Knight
Takes up his Stand, resolv'd to fight;
By the Advantage of the Steps
He laid approaching Foes in Heaps.
The Valiant Chief, that led them on
Was an *Inn-keeper*, fat as *Brawn*;
A busie Fellow, grim and tall,
But an unwieldy Animal.
The *Alderman* brought up the Rear,
Lieutenant like, but came not near;
For he resolv'd not to be slain
Till *Vicar* first had kill'd his Men.
Their Captain bravely leads 'em up,
Till they had forc'd the second Step;
When *Rail* of (*l*) *Vicar* by good Chance,
Pushes the *Chiestain* on the Paunch;

(*l*) *The Holy Table, Name and Thing*, tells us that when the *Vicar* fell upon removing of the Communion Table from the upper Part of the Choir to the Altar Place, as he call'd it, Mr. *Wheatley*, the Alderman, questioning him thereupon, what Authority he had from the Bishop? Received this Answer, That his *Authority was this, He had done it, and he would justify it.* Mr. *Wheatley* commanded his Officers to remove the Table to the Place again, which they did accordingly,

Who backwards falling, rudely catches
Two of his Party by the Breeches;
And being heavy, down go all,
And Three behind 'em with the Fall.
Thus Six at once, by lucky Thruſt
Of Rail, the Vicar laid in Duſt.
At the firſt Onſet, thus defeated.
Some Paces back the Foes retreated;
As wiſely dreading farther Harms,
And beg Ceſſation of Arms
Might for an Hour or ſo, be made,
Till they had carry'd off their Dead,
For they believ'd their *Chief*, and Five
That fell in Fight, were ſcarce alive.
But to their Comfort, when they come
To lift at *Leader's* weighty Bum,
They by his Praiſes, and Thankſgiving
For Life and Limb, found he was living.
All Hands to work, they get the Top-
End of him rear'd directly up,
And both his nether Limbs ſet right,
Which like two Pillars bore the Weight.
He try'd to go, and found he went,
And that his Belly was not rent,
Only a Bruiſe nigh to it's Porthole,
Got by the Fall, but was not Mortal.

Courage

cordingly, but not without *STRIKING*, much Heat and Indiſcretion, both of the one Side and the other.

The Vicar ſaid, he cared *not what they did with their old Treſſel; for he would make him an Altar of Stone at his own Charge, and fix it to the old Altar Place, and would never officiate at any other.* The People replying he ſhould ſet up no Dreſſer of Stone in their Church. Mr. *Wheatley*, the Alderman, writ to the Biſhop of thoſe Paſſages, as alſo of his light Geſtures in Bowing at the Name of *Jeſus*, ſo as ſometimes his Book fell down, and once himſelf, to the Deriſion of others, &c.

This was about *July* 1627.

Courage he takes, and with the *Vicar*
Reſolves a ſecond time to bicker:
He brandiſhes his *Sword of Stall.*
And breathes out Vengeance for the Fall.
Thus big with Valour, ſounds to Battle,
Commanding all his two-legg'd Cattle
To fall on with a Stomach eager,
And *Vicar*'s Fort of Steps beleaguer;
Who vigouronſly his Wall defends:
But, as he could not at both Ends
And in the Middle be at once,
His Fort they ſtorm by Conſequence.
A bow-legg'd *Taylor* that was there,
None look'd upon him fit for War,
Nor did the *Vicar* ever mind him,
Till the ſly Raſcal got behind him,
And butting, with his Head, the Hips
Of *Vicar*, puſh'd him from the Steps
So rudely that he fell among
The very middle of the Throng,
Who ſeize upon him and his Rail,
And ſtoutly thraſh his *Coat-o'-Mail*;
And had he not call'd out for Quarter,
He'd been his Altar's Porto-Martyr.
Thus having laid the *Vicar* ſtill,
That he could do no further Ill,
The *Alderman*, by Help of Rabble,
Brought from the Wall *Communion-Table*;
Below the Steps he plac'd it, where
It ſtood before, in midſt of Choir.
The Miniſter (another Jeſt)
Muſt now, forſooth, be call'd a *Prieſt*;
And ſo a *Sacrifice* they muſt
Procure, or all their Labour's loſt:
For wanting this, they ſaw 'twas plain
That *Prieſt* and *Altar* were in vain.
But what this *Holocauſt* muſt be,
They never yet could all agree,
Commemorative-Sacrifice
One holds, another this denies.

The

The Biſhop and their Doctors grave
Will needs a *Real Preſence* have;
But this muſt neither be by *Con-*
Nor *Tranſubſtantiation.*
But by ſome other ſort of Way,
Yet *What.* or *How*, they could not ſay.
The Presbyterian Party pleaded
That Sacrifice no other needed,
Than offering up *Themſelves* and *Praiſe*
And *Prayers* and *Thanks* in Goſpel-Days;
And that there needed not for ſuch
Material Altars in the Church:
For Hearts were Altars, Ev'ry Man
Bore one about to offer on,
And to himſelf could ſerve for *Prieſt.*
This Doctrine pleaſed not the reſt,
For e're they would an Altar want,
And *Sacrifice* to offer on't,
Their *Bread* and *Wine* they did at laſt
Conclude to be the *Holocauſt*,
And muſt be call'd (for they were wiſe)
(*a*) *Commemorative Sacrifice.*
The Presbyterians anſwer this:
Hold, Sirs, you take the Thing amiſs,
Your *Homily* it ſelf denies
Commemorative-Sacrifice.
Indeed you can no further paſs
Than to *Remember that o'th'Croſs.*
And this you may do ev'ry Day,
Tho' *Prieſt* and *Altar* were away.
The *Memory* of Sacrifice,
Moſt certainly can never riſe
To be the Sacrifice it ſelf.
This ran them on another Shelf;

This

(*a*) The Church allows of a *Commemorative Sacrifice* for a perpetual Memory of Chriſt's precious Death, of that his full, perfect, and ſufficient Sacrifice, ſays *The Coal from the Altar*, p. 8.

And made them think their Sacrament
Muſt need's retain Chriſt's Preſence in't,
To make the ſame a fit Oblation;
And this muſt be from Conſecration;
Yet will not have it underſtood
As if *Chriſt's Body and his Blood*
Were (*b*) *Really* there: For this will be,
Say they, no leſs than Popery;
From which it's fit we keep as far
As rigid Presbyterians are.
And therefore, Brethren, let's be-all
For *Preſence*, but not *Preſence-Real.*
Thus off and on their Senſes vary
From *Real* to *Imaginary*,
Yet not *Imaginary* neither,
Nor *Real*, ſometimes both together,
And other whiles they knew not whether;
Till their *Non-Real-Real-Fiction*
Ended in *real* Contradiction.
Which ſubtle Presbyterians heeding,
Thus ridicule their mad Proceeding:
Ye have got a Prieſt and Altar, but
The (*c*) *Sacrifice appeareth not.*
An Holocauſt, *compleat and full*
You have it ſeems, but it's a Bull.

Con-

(*b*) After Dr. *Pocklinton* has, by Catholick Arguments and Authorities of the Holy Fathers, ſufficiently proved the *Real Preſence*; fearing to be accuſed of teaching Catholick Doctrine, he explains what ſort of Preſence was meant, out of a Crew of Proteſtant Authors; whoſe Teſtimonies, tho' he has the Confidence to pretend them for it, utterly deſtroy and bring it to a meer imaginary Chimera See his *Altare Chriſtianum*.

(*c*) The *Holy Table*, &c. ridicules 'em thus; *Behold the Fire and the Wood, but where is the* Lamb

for

Concerning Prieſt and Sacrifice,
And ſetting Tables Altar wiſe
Books, *Pro* and *Con*, fly out in Print,
Like Leeches gorg'd with Argument:
(*d*) *Grantham*'s ſtout Vicar ſcarce had got
His Board in Place of Altar ſet.
When out there comes a peeviſh *Letter*
To charge him for an Innovator;
Writ, as ſome Authors ſhrewdly gueſs,
By th' Biſhop of the Dioceſs.
Others report it writ by *Cotton*.
(By whom, it matters not a Button)
It ſhed, indeed, a Stock of Gall
On *Table-Altar* at the Wall.
Th' Vicar and his Altar-Party,
Stout Paper-Combatants and hearty,
Reſent in higheſt ſort th' Affront,
And vow Revenge whate'er come on't,
Which in this manner was effected;
One of 'em, like a Man diſtracted,
Starts up, and to the Altar goes,
Catches from thence a (*e*) *Coal*, and throws

Full

for the Burnt-Offering? &c. But ſays the *Coal* again, *The Church admits of a Commemorative Sacrifice.* The *Table* anſwers, *I do confeſs the Man hath found a Sacrifice* (*a true and real Sacrifice,*) *but it is a* Bull. Taurum Neptuno, Taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo. *Vir. Æneid.* A very ſtrange and hideous *Bull*, which this *Calf* makes the Church to ſpeak unto her People in her *publick Homily.* But the Church, in her *Homily*, and other publick Writings, never ſpeaks a Word of any *Commemorative Sacrifice*, but of the *Memory only* of a Sacrifice. See the *Holy Table, Name and Thing.*

(*d*) A Letter to the Vicar of *Grantham*, about ſetting his Table Altar-wiſe.

(*e*) In Anſwer to the Letter, comes out a Book call'd, *A Coal from the Altar.*

Full-drive at their pernicious Writing,
And all the *Table-Men* 't could light on.
But, Sirs, behold the ſcorching Brand
Was ſcarce deliver'd from his Hand,
When from the Table Party came
The (*f*) *Quench-Coal* out, to choak the ſame.
But *Quench-Coal*, being but a dull
Inſipid Lump of Nonſenſe full,
Did little Harm, or none at all
To the victorious *Altar-Coal*.
But to it's Aid came the moſt able
Buffoons about Communion-Table,
And in a ſpiteful Laughter fall,
By way of Horſe-play on the Coal,
Throw *Canons* and *Injunctions* on it,
And muſty *Rubricks* heap upon it,
With *Fox's Acts*, and Lying *Jewel*,
And *Homilies* contriv'd to *do ill*;
With theſe, upon the Coal, they fling
(*g*) *The Holy Table, Name, and Thing.*
This was a mighty Piece of Stuff,
Brim-full of Banter; Droll, and Scoff,
By which, no doubt, the *Table-Members*
Had daſht the *Coal* into dead Embers,
If (*h*) *Pocklinton* had not reſtrain'd 'em
By his *Altare Chriſtianum*,
A Learned Book, where *Coal* and *Altar*
Found for a time, ſufficient Shelter,
Expell'd the Venom, dull'd the Sting
Of *Holy Table, Name, and Thing.*

The

(*f*) In Reply to the *Coal*, comes *The Quench Coal* out.

(*g*) Againſt the *Coal* alſo, *Williams* Biſhop of *Lincoln* writes his Book, entituled, *The Holy Table, Name, and Thing.*

(*h*) Dr. *Pocklinton's Altare Chriſtianum.*

The (*i*) Vicar dies; and, you muſt know,
He ſaw (it ſeems) from Grot below
His Altar in a Danger great,
And few that pleaded well for it:
Takes up his Pen, and falls to plead
For's Altar, tho' a Twelve-month dead.
Who doubts but all the Damn'd below,
And Devils, know what Sinners do?
Tho' 'tis a Crime to him that dares
Affirm that Saints hear Juſt Men's Prayers.
Scarce was a Pen but what was try'd,
And Books flew out on every Side,
Till every Fop ſet up for Wit,
And *Laud*, and *Hall*, and *Heylyn* writ,
And ſo did *White*, and *Montague*,
And *Shelford*, *Couſins*, *Watts*, and *Dew*,
Laurence, and *Forbis*, and a Crew
Whoſe Names wou'd ſurfeit *Me* and *You*.
Nor was the Presbyterian Side
Leſs learn'd, leſs fierce, leſs occupy'd,
That is, in pulling down from Top
To Bottom, what the reſt ſet up,
And ſpoiling th' Image of a Kirk
That coſt Prelaticks ſo much Work.
For out comes (*i*) *Autokatakriſis*,
And dings their Altar all to Pieces,
Puts out their *Coal*, and quite deſtroys
Their *Shadow* of a Sacrifice,
Expos'd the Prelates and their Prayers,
And rais'd the *Mob* about their Ears.
This Book was writ about the Year
That *Laud* impos'd his Common-Prayer
Upon the *Scots*. It helped on
The War *Jane Gaddis* had begun,

And

(*i*) *The Dead Vicar's Plea.* Thus the Book's entituled.

(*k*) *Laudenſium* Αὐτοκατακρίσις.

And put an end to Gooſe-Quill Fight,
But not to Malice, Rage, and Spite.
Both Sides, in full Spring-Tide of Wrath,
But in the loweſt Ebb of Faith,
Fall on with Gun, and Sword, and Pike,
And ſhoot, and puſh, and ſlaſh, and ſtrike,
And hang, and head, and burn, and kill,
With all their Power to people *Hell.*
Thus for *Religion* both run mad.
When not a Grain on't either had.
Old *Laud*, who by this War had Hope
Of ſetting up himſelf for Pope,
Was by the *Hatchet* ſhorter made,
By half the Neck, and the whole Head.
His Fellow-Prelates, three times four,
(I care not whether leſs or more)
The Parliament ſent to the Tower;
Where they lay ſweating for a while,
And then were baniſh'd from the Iſle.
'Thus to the Presbyterian Rage and Zeal
'A Sacrifice thoſe buſie Biſhops fell,
'And their Reformed Church was overthrown
'By it's own Prop, the Reformation.
'For by the Rule that they Reformed *Rome*,
'By that ſame Rule they were Reform'd at home.
'All Sects in *England* have the ſelf-ſame Plea
'To Reform Them, as They the *Roman* See.
The *Wolves* at laſt thus laid to Sleep,
Up *Tygers* riſe to keep the *Sheep*,
And rule, without Controul, the *Herd*,
By Force of *Spirit* and the *Word*,
Two *Furies*, which a-main drive on
To further Reformation:
For Reformation never ends,
More it reforms, the leſs it mends.
In Place of former Liturgy,
They frame a ſtrange (*l*) *Directory*,
In which was neither *Pſalm* nor *Prayer*,
Nor *Creed*, nor *Pater-noſter* there

More than you'll find in *Ezra-Pater*,
Yet highly valu'd for its Matter,
And reverenc'd in *English* Kirks,
As *Alcoran* among the *Turks*.
This Book was made to teach the Way
Of Diſcipline, and *how* to Pray
Not by Set Form, but Inward Light;
By Length of Prayer they knew when right,
It's Efficacy, Truth, and Strength,
Conſiſting all in Cant and Length.
Tho' Form of Prayer thoſe (*m*) Men have none,
Yet Form of Viſage they put on,
And by the Twine of Mouth and Forehead
Knead upan Aſpect damn'dly horrid,
And ſhape their Faces to the Faſhion
Of their Decree of Reprobation.
In ſhort, a Sign of all that's baſe,
Sinful, and wicked's in his Face,
So by the outward Mark is gueſt
The inward Nature of the Beaſt.
On *Sundys*, when he leaves his Houſe
To go to Kirk, a thouſand Bows
He makes, and cringes in the Street
To ev'ry Hobby-horſe he meets,
Twiſting with little Scirks his Face,
To ſhew his Stock of inward Grace,
And be admired and reſpected
For Saint Eternally Elected
But when he comes in Kirk, he goes
As if cloſe ſwaddl'd in his Cloaths,
To God he will not bow his Knee,
Like an old *Agonyclitee*.
Mounting his Desk, a while he ſits
In Silence, and his Eyes he ſhuts,
Thrice yawns, to ſuck the Spirit in,
That is, to operate within; Then

(*l*) *The Presbyterian Directory*, ſet out when they cry'd down the *Common Prayer*.
(*m*) A Presbyter or Preaching Elder.

Then a deep Groan, and out he brays
Such odd Extemporary Prayers,
As theſe that are recorded ſince
In (*n*) *Presbyterian Eloquence.*
Ending his Prayer, his Mouth he ſhuts,
And tunes the Organs of his Guts,
So do the reſt, till all perceive
Their Tune-big Paunches fall to heave,
And rumble thro' their droaning Pipes
A full Blaſt from the Bag of Tripes.
Throats thus ſet up, and Mouth wide ope,
Bob Wiſdom's Pſalm 'gainſt *Turk* and *Pope*
They ſing, or ſome *Geneva*-Jiggs,
Not much unlike the Squeak of Piggs,
By *Knox* compos'd, and ſuch as fled
From *England* at the Death of *Ned.*
I'll give an Inſtance here of one
By *Knox* ſet out; and thus ſings *John.*

(*n*) 'Lord Souſe 'em, Lord Douſe 'em in the Pou-
'dering-Tub of Affliction, that they may come out
'Tripes fitting for thy Table.' See *Cit and Bumpkin* by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange.*

'Lord, give us Grace; for if thou give us not
'Grace, we ſhall not give thee Glory; and who
'will gain by that, Lord? *Huſton*'s Prayer in *Scotch Presb. Eloq.*

Borland's Prayer. 'Lord, when thou waſt electing
'to Eternity. Grant that we have not got a wrong
'Caſt of thy Hand to our Souls. *Presb. Eloq.*

Another Elder prays, 'Lord, thou haſt ſaid, that
'*he is worſe than an Infidel that provides not for his own*
'*Family.* Give us not Reaſon to ſay this of thee,
'Lord, for we are thine own Family, and yet have
'been but ſcurvily provided for of a long Time.
See the *Scotch Presb. Eloquence*, where you will find
Plenty of like ſort.

Then Jezebel, *when she grew fat.*
Then she began to sing.
She's fat, she's fair, she's Finger fed,
Her Paunches down do hing.

Thus come at last to End of Psalm,
And all the Blasterers grown calm,
The *Elder*, in his frantick Heats,
Falls on with Fist, and Pulpit beats.
His Text he takes from Sacred Letter,
For Holy Gospel he knows better
Than any of the four that writ 'em,
And with their native Sense can fit 'em,
As well as dexterous Baboon
A Fiddle can, or Bag-pipe tune.
As soon as Words of Text are spoke,
He shuts up Notes and Bible-Book,
To show 'tis not from Learning Human,
Or painful Study, but from Demon,
That dictates to him what he preaches,
And every Paradox he teaches.
For whatsoever he pretends,
He has his Proofs at Fingers ends,
Or stor'd in Scull, 'gainst Time of Need,
As Witches knot up Wind in Thread.
It't chance, as often't does, a Word
Escapes *blasphemous*, or absurd,
At Heels on't Scripture comes to back it;
He'll forge a Text before he'll lack it.
For's black Decree of *Reprobation*,
For *Cheating*, *Lying*, and *Oppression*,
For *Incest Rape*, *Rebellion*, *Murther*,
He has his Texts in proper Order.
For cutting off the *Heads of Kings*
Scripture Authority he brings.
That God is *Author of all Sin*,
He finds the Proofs his Bible in.
Nothing flies from his impious Jaws
But what leaps out in Bible-Phrase.

When

When in the Heat of his Diſtractions,
Strangely ſurprizing are his Actions,
One Fit he'll ſeem all *Saint*, and civil,
Then on a ſudden turn a Devil;
Sometimes he'll ſmile, and then he'll weep,
Then cloſe his Eyes, as if aſleep,
When on a ſudden from his Dream
He'll ſtart, and Fury like exclaim
'Gainſt *Pope* and *Prelate*, *King* and *Prieſt*,
Of theſe he forms his *Antichriſt*,
And paints him in a Figure horrid,
With ten huge Horns on ev'ry Forehead,
And with a Septi-fronted Scull:
With this his monſtrous butting Bull
He frights the Women into Fits,
And ſcares the Men out of their Wits.
But when he ſets his Face to whine
(Strange Force of Sympathetick Twine)
The People writhe up ugly Faces,
As outward Signs of inward Graces.
Who does not this, by all the reſt
Is deem'd a *Reprobate* at beſt.
It is a main part of his Care
To (o) preach 'em all into *Deſpair*.
Horror, and deſperate Dejection,
Are his chief Signs of free Election.
When from the Kirk Folk go away,
To one another thus they'll ſay,
Ah! *Lard*, what Pains (good Man) he took?
He all this while preach'd without Book,
Yet made, bleſt Man, a Godly *Sermon*,
His Countenance is ſweet and charming,
For from each Twine of Mouth, or Frown,
One might perceive *Grace pouring down*.
Thus they extoll, and think him even
A very Angel dropt from Heaven.
Well, be it ſo, then I can tell
That he ſlipt down when Satan fell.

(o) *Scotch Presb. Eloq.*

Such gifted Elders kept the Steeple
For ſundry Years, and taught the People,
From Myſtick Senſe of Holy Word,
The Godly Uſe of Pike and Sword,
And all the Myſteries of War
'Gainſt Prelate, Prince, and Common-Prayer.
Till at the laſt their Church, alas!
Was brought to ſuch a warlike paſs,
That when it's Foes were overcome,
It fought on ſtill, and kill'd at home.
Elder with *Elder*, *Saint* with *Saint*,
Fought thro' their whole *Church-Militant*,
Till *Independent* got the better,
By Cant, and Sword, of the Presbyter.
But ken ye not what's *Independency*? Mind Sirs, I'll tell ye then,
It's Proteſtancy twice refin'd,
As every Body has a Mind,
And Juriſdiction wreſted from
The Pope, and cut in bits at home,
For ev'ry Man to have his Share.
(Equal Partition's very fair)
Thus each Man is a Pariſh-Prieſt,
Juſt to himſelf, not to the reſt.
A Red Nos'd Ruffin called *Noll*,
Lord-Independent of them all,
Steps boldly up, and ſets him down,
Not in the *Throne*, but *on the Crown*.
He cut that Gordian-Knot in two,
Which *Charles* himſelf durſt never do,
That is, into the Houſe he went,
And turn'd out the *Long-Parliament*,
Then, under a Pretence of Zeal
For Publick Good, rul'd Common-Weal.
He took for's Title *Lord-Protector*;
R[illegible]l'd divers Years: At laſt the Hector,
[illegible] huge Hurricane was hurl'd
[illegible]ng into another World.

Noll in a Whirlwind blown away,
And *Dick*, his Son, not like to ſtay,
Folk ſober grew, and well content
To call again from Baniſhment
Their injur'd Land-Lord, and reſtore
The Farms they drove him from before.
They having ſpent both Blood and Treaſure,
Monk quietly brings in Great *Cæſar*.
The Exil'd King again reſtor'd,
In ſwarm the Biſhops and the Word;
Not that ſame Word which out they carry'd,
But a *new* Faith is now declared.
Religion takes another Frame,
It never ſtood two Reigns the ſame.
The *Real Preſence*, which before
So many taught, is held no more;
Nor is there any further Noiſe
Of *Altar*, *Prieſt*, or *Sacrifice*.
Charles, that ſo long, by Force of Arms
Had been kept from three goodly Farms,
And Biſhops drove from Dioceſes,
That had ſo long liv'd on their Greaſes,
Were glad, it ſeems, at any Coſt
To re-poſſeſs their Livings loſt;
And can ye blame them? for judge you
What Bangs and Hunger will not do,
Eſpecially with thoſe whoſe *Belly*
Is all the *Deity* they value.
Juxton (*p*) and *Sheldon*, *Wren*, and *Coſin*,
And other ſuch, about a Dozen,
Together met, after the Faſhion
Of Upper-Houſe of Convocation,
Calling their *petty Clerks* together,
Who, of the Houſes, made the Nether.
Hark Brethren, ſays old *Juxton*, hark,
We're got again to *Helm* of *Bark*;
Let's not forget how *Laud*, our Brother,
Miſguided, in his Time, the *Rudder*,

Till

(*p*) *Common-Prayer* again corrected.

Till over-ſetting in the Flood,
The Kirk was drown'd in Waves of Blood;
The Shelves on which he fondly run,
I pray, good Brothers, let us ſhun
By mild Compliance with *Diſſenters*,
And ſtretch no more their Faith on Tenters.
Why ſhou'd we, Sirs, make all this Din
About the Railing Tables in,
Or getting them ſet Altar-wiſe,
When Prieſt we want and Sacrifice?
I'd rather have us quite diſclaim
All our Pretenſions to the ſame.
  There was a *Rubrick*, many a Day ſince,
Contriv'd againſt the *Real Preſence*,
And ſet in *Edward*'s Second Book,
But ſhortly after out was took
And flung away in Reign of *Reſt*;
Can any o'-ye tell where 'tis?
I have it by me, quoth *Ben. Laney*,
With other Pieces a great many,
That now are old and out of Uſe.
Go, bring it hither to the Houſe,
Says *Juxton*. Not ſo faſt, quoth *Wren*,
Let's never meddle with't agen.
It is a Piece of impious Stuff,
Without a Word of Scripture-Proof,
But quite againſt the Sacred Letter;
Well, well, quoth *Juxton*, that's no matter;
We muſt not ſtand on things ſo nicely,
But for our Intereſt act things wiſely;
Unleſs we take that *Rubrick* in,
We cannot pleaſe the *Puritan*,
And *once* provoke thoſe Presbyters,
They'll fly again about our Ears;
For they're a waſpiſh ſort of Cattle,
That will for Trifles move to Battle,
  His Talk Old *Juxton* ſtill had held-on,
Had he not thus been ſtopt by *Sheldon*.

My Lord, I never, while I live,
To this the leaſt Conſent can give:
I'll never proſtitute my Faith
For fear of *Puritanick* Wrath;
'Twill ſtain th' Eccleſiaſtick State,
That we our ſelves, who but ſo late
For Real Preſence, and for Altar,
Were in fair way to ſtretch an Halter,
And baniſh'd from our Dioceſſes,
Should own a *Rubrick*, ſuch as this is,
That has no Preſence in't at all,
Nor Real, or Eſſential.
Whereas we all believe (ye know)
Chriſt preſent, tho' we know not how.
At this the Blood of Biſhop *Juxton*
Began to boil like (*a*) *Anne o' Buxton*;
He rowls his little Eyes about,
And thus in Words his Thoughts broke out.
Think you, Sirs, I am ſuch a Buzzard
As t' loſe my Biſhoprick, and hazard
The want of Wine, fat Beef and Bread,
If not the cutting off my Head,
Or being truſs'd upon the Gallows,
By vexing of thoſe fiery Fellows?
You know how they have bang'd our Coats,
And cut whole Thouſands of our Throats;
Beſides Beheading of our King,
And all about this very thing;
Is't fitting then that we provoke 'em?
No! Rather cheriſh 'em and ſtroke 'em.
Beſides the King, tho' dear he buy it,
Will ſtick at nought to purchaſe Quiet.
'Tis not a (*b*) *Rubrick* we muſt ſtand on.
Well, ſince our Faith we muſt abandon, 'Tis

(*a*) A hot Bath not far from the *Peak* in *Derbyſhire*.

(*b*) See K. *Edward*'s Rubrick at large in Canto 2. p. 78; a Part of which I ſhall put down here.

We

'Tis good to uſe a little Canning,
And do it prudently, ſays *Gunning*.
Where *Real* and *Eſſential* ſtand,
We'll put the Word *Corporeal*, and
Blot out the other Two; by this
The Change, perhaps, may be the leſs;
For pious Chaplains, that have preach'd
To the late King from Scriptures ſtretch'd,
Have taught Chriſt's Body truly there,
Yet at the ſame time did declare
That Bodily he muſt not be,
Where yet his Body's *Really*;
So we may ſet our *Rubrick* off
Againſt *Corporeal* well enough,
Yet in our own Minds we may all
Hold *Real* and *Eſſential*
No ſooner ſaid, but all in this,
For ought we ken, did acquieſce:
For, alter'd thus, that *Rubrick* took
It's Stand in the Communion Book.
It ſeems thoſe Metaphyſick Noddies,
'Twixt *Real* and *Eſſential* Bodies
And Bodies that *Corporeal* are,
Could tell the Difference to an Hair,
Like *Hudibras*, who could divide
T' a Hair 'tween South and South-weſt-ſide.
Some other little Changes were
Beſides made in the Common-Prayer,
But ſcarcely worth the noting down,
Setting aſide this needleſs one

To

We do declare, that it is not meant thereby (*by* Kneeling) *that any Adoration is done, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread and Wine there Bodily received, or unto any Real or Eſſential Preſence there being of Chriſt's Natural Fleſh and Blood.* Thus K. *Edward's Rubrick*, but K. *Charles's* Biſhops have changed the Words *Real and Eſſential Preſence* into *Corporeal Preſence*.

To wit, their Litany's defect
They, like great Sages, now correct,
And (c) *Schism* and *Rebellion* add,
Words which before it never had,
Judging that this *Petition* there,
For Folk to beg in Common-Prayer,
Would keep them in Obedience
To Church and State, to Priest and Prince;
But what Effect *this* had one might
See, who liv'd since in Eighty Eight.
True Proteſtancy in it's Nature
Compos'd is of no other Matter
Than Schiſm, Hereſy and Treaſon,
Rebellion too, on all Occaſion.
The Common Prayer was ſcarcely done,
When farther *Buſineſs* come on?
And it was this. Grave *Biſhop* (d) *Hacket*
Pulls a ſmall Book out of his Pocket;
Come *Spick and Span New* from the Preſs,
Againſt their *Ordination* 'twas,
Proving the *Forms* thereof *invalid*
By Arguments ſo ſtrong and ſolid,
That they were deem'd unanſwerable
By all about the thoughtful Table.
It's Title was *Eraſtus Senior*;
Reach me the Book, ſays *Biſhop* (e) *Skinner*,
I'll read aloud, that all may know
What's in't; ſays (f) *Juxton*, prithee do.
When over 'twas diſtinctly read,
To deep Conſult went ev'ry Head,
Both in the high and lower Hutt,
For *Form's* Defence, but found it not.

Juxton

(c) From Rebellion, Hereſie, and Schiſm, *Good Lord deliver us.*

A vain and needleſs Petition and Hypocritically added, becauſe the very *Eſſence* of all Proteſtancy is Schiſm, Rebellion and Hereſie.

(d) *Biſhop of Coventry* and *Litchfield.*

Jewton, who Matters duly weigh'd,
Utter'd his Voice, and thus he ſaid;
I gather, by my Skill in Reading,
That Reformation's firſt proceeding
Was grave, and went on by ſlow Steps,
And jumpt not to the Top by Leaps.
Firſt, *Harry* th' Eight the Pope deny'd,
Yet aid with no Reformer tide,
But under young King *Ned*, his Son,
The *Zuinglian* Goſpellers began,
Who in a five or ſix Years Work
Built up a ſort of (g) *Zuinglian* Kirk,
Theſe held the Pope for *Antichriſt*,
The Biſhops for the *Horns* o'th' *Beaſt*
And Prieſts for leſſer Limbs at leaſt;
Diſowning all the Character,
That Conſecration could confer;
Therefore both Forms (*b*) aboliſhed,
That Biſhops might no more be made,
Nor Prieſts, and then *deviſed* two
Unuſeful *Forms*, that we have now;
Which Forms were not for *Conſecration*
Of Biſhops, nor for *Ordination*
Of Prieſts deſign'd, nor is the Name
Of Prieſt or Biſhop in the ſame,
(As I have often ſaid before,
You'll think on't better th' oftner o'er)
Which plainly ſhews *Ned*'s Church ne'er meant
To have a Prieſt or Biſhop in't.
The End for which thoſe Forms were made,
Was only that it might be ſaid,

This

(*e*) Biſhop of *Oxford*, expell'd.
(*f*) Biſhop of *Canterbury*, expell'd from *London*.
(*g*) The Character of King *Edward's Zuinglian* Church.
(*h*) Their Aboliſhing the Ancient Catholick Ordinal of *Conſecrating* and *Ordaining* Biſhops and Prieſts and *Deviſing* new Forms for *Electing* of them.

This is the Man that's pitcht upon
For Elder, by Election;
And was deputed to that Honour
In ſolemn-wiſe and formal manner;
Thus, if a *Lay-man* was but choſen
By's Fellow *Lay-men* half a Dozen;
Such Choice was held for good Vocation,
Without a farther Ordination,
And qualify'd him to be ſent
To preach and give the (*i*) Sacrament,
With Power enough to labour hard
In the *New Vineyard* of the Lord:
Thus they held on all *Mary*'s Reign,
At *Frankfort* choſe, and choſe again,
And the Elected held the Chair
Of Presbyter but for his Year,
Then to another gave it o'er,
And turn'd a *Lay-man* as before.
But afterwards, when *Beſs* the Queen
Came to the Eighth Year of her Reign,
She had a Mind to have them bear
The Prieſts and Biſhops Character,
And ſo had they: To this Intent
They humbly ſue the Parliament
To make them Biſhops, and by Act
Confer the Character they lackt.
The Parliament grants their Petition,
And, by a Statute, gives 'em Miſſion,
Enacts 'em to be Prieſts and Biſhops;
And that the *Forms*, us'd by their Worſhips,
Were good enough for Ordination
Of Prieſts, and Biſhops Conſecration,
And that ſuch as, in time to come,
Should be Ordain'd by either *Form*,
For Prieſts and Biſhops ſhould be taken,
To be as good as *Rome* could make 'em.

(*i*) See the 23d of the 39 Articles, and the *Biſhop of* Sarum's *Expoſition on it.*

Now to conſider let us go,
If they be valid, Ay or No.
At this to work went ev'ry Head;
Eraſtus o'er again was read,
And all the Arguments were brought on,
For, and againſt that could be thought on;
Till by and by ſpeaks (*k*) *Ironſide*,
The thing muſt thorowly be try'd,
For 'tis of great Concern and weighty,
The Enemy's expert and mighty,
And therefore muſt have no occaſion
To ſay we argue without Reaſon.
I grant, at firſt, the *Forms* were made
Only for *Chooſing*, as is ſaid,
And that they neither can confer
The Prieſts, or Biſhops Character:
Perhaps to this ſome may object,
The Queen ſupply'd this ſad Defect,
So did the Parliament, by Act.
To this I anſwer, that's a Dream,
Which from the *Ivory Poſtern* came;
To think States Temp'ral can by Act
Supply a Spiritual Defect.
That Act is Null, as if it was not;
For *who can give the Thing he has not?*
'Tis certain not one Word of Chriſt's
Impower'd Lay-States to make Prieſts;
Beſides the Forms being really Null,
To ſpeak 'em good's a monſtrous Bull,
Or, what is worſe, a Contradiction;
(*This Age cannot be gull'd by Fictions.*)
The Arguments of this *Eraſtus*,
Should we pretend to ſolve, would laſt us
Till Thread of Life grew out of Nock,
Yet leave unanſwered the Book.
Beſides, this Book's ſo publick now,
That maugre all that we can do,

(*k*) Biſhop of *Briſtol*.

The World will ſee our ſad Defect,
And hold us but for bare Elect;
And here he ſtopt. Quoth Biſhop (*l*) *Sheldon*,
I judge it would be very well-done
To leave thoſe *Forms*, and make us *new Ones*,
Such as the World muſt own for true Ones;
And then by theſe *Ordain* hereafter;
At this (*m*) *Stern* burſt into a Laughter.
Admit we make *new Forms*, ſays he,
Pray what ſhall we the better be,
Unleſs we able were to uſe 'em?
All we can do is to abuſe 'em,
Becauſe we are no *Biſhops*, nor
So much as *Prieſts*; therefore give o'er,
And never let me hear of this
Huſht! Huſht! Says *Juxton*, hold your Peace,
Think you the People will examine
Whether we Biſhops are, or *Lay-men*,
Provided that our ſelves we bear
As if we had the *Character*?
What's this, quoth *Stern*, and ſpake in Heat,
But at the beſt a pious Cheat?
I ſay, let's ne'er pretend to grant
To others what our ſelves do want;
It is more honeſty, by far,
To tell Folk plainly what we are.
Quoth (*n*) *Frewin*, ſuch Advice as this is
Will hazard all our Benefices,
And turn us out of Dioceſes.
Can we ſuppoſe Folk will allow us
Such Revenues, when once they know us
To be but Lay-men, like themſelves?
'Twill ſplit our very Church on Shelves;
For where no Biſhops can be found,
There can be no Church. This is own'd;

(*l*) Biſhop of *London* till 1663, then of *Canterbury*.
(*m*) Biſhop of *Carliſle*.
(*n*) Biſhop of *York*.

'Tis therefore fit we have regard
Unto our Dignity ſays (o) *Ward*
And keep the Name of Biſhop up,
Or elſe we're mad, ſays (p) *Bryan Dupp.*
What ſignifies, quoth *Stern*, a Name;
Where no juſt Right is to the ſame?
'Tis but aſſuming that among us,
Which in plain Terms doth not belong t'us.
Since People have ſo many Years
Call'd us Eccleſiaſtick *Peers*,
Few but will think it is our Due,
Let us be ſilent then, quoth *Frew*,
'Twere Madneſs, certainly if ever
We ſhould our Nakedneſs diſcover.
Let's meddle then with neither *Form*,
The changing of 'em muſt do harm,
And give Men Cauſe to think 'em null.
That's true, quoth (q) *Griffith*, ſo it will;
For changing them in any Faſhion
Will be their *tacit* Condemnation.
For if (they'll ſay) they were before
Sufficient *Forms*, what need we more?
But if we change 'em, then they'll ſwear
They're good for nought, nor ever were.
Brothers quoth *Juxton*, in a Huff,
You talk, but think not far enough.
'Tis this *Eraſtus* ſpoils their Credit;
I curſe the Author when I read it.
If it had never been ſet out,
Of changing them I'd never thought,
But, for the Reaſons that you ſhew,
Shou'd let 'em ſtand as now they do.
But he ſo teazes us about 'em,
That we had better be without 'em,
Than always be thus ſadly pelted.
The Day is hot, I'm almoſt melted;

Co

(o) Biſhop of *Exeter* in 1661.
(p) *Duppa*, Biſhop of *Winchester*
(q) Biſhop of St. *Aſaph*.

Come let us to the *Tavern* go,
And take a Glaſs of Wine or two;
It is too hard for us to think,
And talk ſo long without a Drink;
'Twill whet our Wits, and make us ſprightly,
As Men ſhould be that ſcan things rightly;
Indulging ſometimes with a *Can*
The *Outward*, helps the *Inward-Man*,
And by the Graveſt may be done,
Provided there's no Looker-on.
We'll be alone, none ſhall come nigh us,
Unleſs my *Landlady* be by us;
And ſhe's a merry harmleſs Woman,
Do what you will, ſhe'll tell of no Man.
This pleas'd 'em all, and out they ſally
To rinſe with Sack their Brains from Folly,
And waſh their Milts from Melancholly.
Scarce thrice the Glaſs it's Round had ran,
When *Juxton* thus again began;
For long Debates time will not laſt us;
In ſhort, who'll grapple with *Eraſtus*?
What ſay you to it, Brother (r) *Coſin*?
Not I, my Lord, I'm ſure a Dozen
O'th' learn'dſt Biſhops in the Land
Dare never take this Task in Hand.
I'm o' your Mind, I do proteſt,
Quoth *Sheldon*; this o'er-ſway'd the reſt.
Well then, quoth *Juxton*, there's no way,
But make *new Forms*. *Amen*, ſay they;
And now, good Brothers, let us ſee
How't muſt be done? They all agree,
That at ſuch time as Hands are laid
Upon th' Elected Party's Head,
Such Words be us'd, as can confer
On Prieſts the *Prieſtly Character*;
And Words that can make Biſhops, right as
St. *Paul* did *Timothy* and *Titus*.

(r) Biſhop of *Durham*.

Concluding thus they go away
To Convocation-Houſe, and pray,
Where for a while they ſilent ſit,
And on the Matter meditate,
Till they perceiv'd ſufficient Light
For wording their *New Forms* aright.
Then call a *Notary*, who ſoon,
As they did dictate, wrote them down
Juſt as they ſtand below, pray read,
And theſe compare with thoſe of *Ned.* Now,

The reſt of the Biſhops were, *Roberts* of *Bangor*, expell'd before in 42. *Pierce* of *Bath* and *Wells*, expell'd. *King* of *Chichester*. *Lucy* of St. *Davids*. *Wren* of *Ely*, expell'd. *Nicholſon* of *Glouceſter*. *Monk* of *Hereford*, *Morgan Owen* of *Landaff*, expell'd. *Sanderſon* of *Lincoln*. *Reynolds* of *Norwich*. *Ben. Lany* of *Peterborough*. *Warner* of *Rocheſter*. *Henchman* of *Salisbury*. *Morley* of *Worceſter*. *Walton* of *Cheſter*. *Barrow* of the *Iſle of Man*.

The Form of Ordaining Prieſts made by K. Charles *the Second's Biſhops after his Reſtauration.* Anno 1662.

Receive the Holy Ghoſt *for the Office and Work of a Prieſt in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the Impoſition of our Hands.* Whoſe Sins thou doſt forgive, they are forgiven; and whoſe Sins thou doſt retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful Diſpenſer of the Word of God, and of his Holy Sacraments. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt. *Amen.*

The Form of Ordaining Prieſts deviſed (*by ſix Clergy men, and ſix Lay-men, or the Major part of them*) in the Reign of K. Edward the Sixth.

Receive the Holy Ghoſt, whoſe Sins thou doſt forgive, they are forgiven, and whoſe Sins thou doſt retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful Diſpenſer of the Word of God, and of his Holy Sacraments, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt. Amen.

The Form of Conſecrating Biſhops, made in the Year 1662. by thoſe above-named.

Receive the Holy Ghoſt *for the Office and Work of a Biſhop in the Church of God committed unto thee by the Impoſition of our Hands; in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt.* And remember that thou ſtir up the Grace of God which is given thee by this Impoſition of our Hands: For God hath not given us the Spirit of Fear, but of Power, and Love, and Soberneſs.

The Form of Conſecrating Biſhops, deviſed under King *Edward* the Sixth (*by perhaps ſix Lay-men, and one Clergy man.*)

Take the Holy Ghoſt; and remember thou ſtir up the Grace of God, which is in thee, by the Impoſition of Hands: For God hath not given us the Spirit of Fear; but of Power, and Love, and Soberneſs.

Now, Reader, I muſt let you know,
Theſe *Forms* devis'd in Sixty Two,
Were never *authorized* yet
By *Article* or *Canon*. But,
To *Ned's Forms*, the Ordain'd till *now*
Are bound to Swear, and Swear they do,
If by (ſ) *Subſcription*, and *Aſſent*
Ex animo, an Oath be meant.
Yet what they ſwear to, they refuſe,
And *Forms* not ſworn to now they uſe.
Here's Perjury upon Record,
At Entering th' Vineyard of the Lord.
Charles (as is ſaid) reſtor'd again,
Things bode a long and peaceful Reign;
'Twas undiſturb'd for many Years,
Till *Jealouſies* began, and *Fears*,

Two

(ſ) They Subſcribe and Swear to the Old, but are Ordain'd by the New. See *Canon* 36, and *Art.* 36.

Two ugly *Scarecrows*, hatch'd of late
By *Knaves* to fright the *Fools* of State.
On Wings of Malice, for a while,
Theſe flutter'd up and down the Iſle,
But were by *Cæſar* little dreaded,
He lay at Eaſe, and nothing heeded,
Till all his People into Fits
Began to fall, and loſe their Wits,
For fear ſome griſly o'er grown Gyant,
Or *Gallick* King, a Monſter nigh-hand,
Should ſuddenly drink up the Sea,
And joyn the Land to *Picardy*,
And drive 'em from their Tenements,
And (t) Abbey Lands, and Churches Rents,
And bring 'em back again to *Rome*,
(*They go to Hell 'ere there they'll come.*)
At that time 'twas the Kingdom's Fate
To have a Miniſter of State
That hated mortally Great *Ceſar*,
And *James* the *Duke* beyond all Meaſure,
Hated the *Queen* and her Religion,
And all the Papiſts in the Region.
In ſhort, he bent his Malice at
The *Monarchy* of Church and State:
He was a little dapper Fellow,
And had a Hole bor'd in his Belly,
In which he wore a Silver Tap,
To let out his Hydropick Sap,
Deep was his Head profound his Wit,
No Man alive could Fathom it,
Till *Charles* himſelf (almoſt too late)
Out-reach'd this Monſter of the State.
In Turns of State he was an Ape,
Could take upon him every Shape;
A Loyaliſt till Forty-One,
And then an other Face put on,

Be-

(t) See the Impoſſibility of this in Dr. *Johnſton's Book of Abbey-Lands.*

Became a Canting Presbyterian,
And then a *Long-Parliamenterian*,
And after that an *Oliverian*;
And often, for his Master's Ease,
Would climb, and seek the Lord in Trees.
Nor wou'd the Secker leap to ground
Till *Noll* perceiv'd the Lord was found.
This Man, as soon as *Charles* came in,
Became a Loyalist again;
And by the King was made a Lord,
And placed at the Council Board;
In ev'ry Turn of State he met,
The Cat fell always on his Feet.
But why the King exalted this
Arch-Traytor, is not hard to guess;
He had a Mind to have well try'd
That Maxim taught by Gaffer (*u*) *Hyde*,
To wit, *To call to sit at Helm*
The greatest Rebels in the Realm:
For by this Means, your Foes you bring
To be good Subjects to the King.
Your Friends will always be your Friends,
So will your Foes, for their own Ends:
Those Rebels therefore, Sir, prefer,
And for your Friends, you not care.
This Council, villanous and base,
To the ungrateful King's Disgrace,
Chased from Court all honest Men,
And into Rule put Rogues in Grain.

Those

(*u*) I know the Publishers of *Clarendon*'s History endeavour to free him from this Imputation, but in vain; For, alas, the King's Friends knew too well the Truth, and too wofully experienced the Effects of that direful Council, ever to have it cancell'd out of their Memories by a bare Denial: And this Denial not from the Lord himself, but from Strangers that speak without Book.

Thoſe Villains, he ſo fondly made of,
Strove at the laſt to cut his Head off.
This (x) *Shaftsbury*, for ſo he's light
Since *Charles* to Earl exalted Knight,
Obſerving well how Matters went,
The Nation's Fears, and Diſcontent,
Their Jealouſies, and ſad Diſtraction,
By him fomented, and his Faction,
A Crew of hot-brain'd buſie Whigs,
As ever ſung *Geneva* Jiggs,
Improves th' Occaſion, as was fitting,
And ſets his reſtleſs Head a plotting
How the three Kingdoms might be rent
From *Charles*'s Royal Government.
How *James* the Duke to undermine,
And ſo cut off the Royal Line,
And drive out of the *Britiſh* Region
The Holy Catholick Religion.
He long revolv'd this in his Mind,
Rackt his ſtrong Wit, but could not find
In all the Labyrinths of Thought
What way i'th' World to bring 't about.
From Hiſtory he culls the Notes
Of *Cecil*'s, and of other Plots
That cunning Politicians mention,
To help thereby his own Invention;
Yet ſhort came all his Human Skill;
Such Plots as theſe are hatch'd in Hell.
In this Diſorder, to his Bed
He goes, to reſt his troubl'd Head,
Fitly diſpos'd, by ſuch Diſtraction.
For ſome Infernal Power's Enaction,
He dreams; and waking out of Dreaming,
In diſmal manner falls a Screaming;
What *Spectre*'s this that thus awakes me?
Oh ſtrange Effect of Fear! How't ſhakes me?
I mu

(x) Sir *Anthony Aſhley Cooper*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

I muſt confeſs, with Fumes 'ere now,
That from the Hypocondria flew
Up to the Brain in ugly Shapes
Of Serpents, Dragons, Devils, Apes,
I have been often in Diſtreſs;
But ne'er had ſuch a Dream as this.
Methought the Kingdom's *Cacodemon*,
Horrid, Deform'd, Blind, and a Lame-one,
Hell ne'er ſent out a worſe ſhap'd Devil
To tempt a Nation to all Evil,
Stood up, with threatning Look, before me,
As if in Pieces 'twould have tore me.
From the Grand-Seignior of Hell
I come, (ſays he) Tony, *to tell*
Thee, that our Empire will aſſiſt
Thy Undertakings. Do thy beſt.
Then lifting up it's Claw-ſhap'd Hand
In threatning manner, gave Command
That *I* and *Monmouth* (*Charles*'s Son)
And other *Chiefs* ſhould join in one,
To kill the King, the Duke, the Queen,
The Popiſh Lords and Gentlemen,
And then to give a ſtrict Command
To all the Rabble in the Land
To ſpare no Age, Sex, or Degree,
But quite extirpate Popery.
This ſaid, it cloſer on me preſt,
And ſpread a Claw upon my Breaſt,
And in it's other held a Bar
Of glowing Steel, three Inches ſquare,
Threatning me with ten thouſand Stripes,
And then to rive out all my Tripes,
If I obey'd not, out of Hand,
With all my Power it's dire Command,
In this Condition, you may gueſs,
'Twas not my beſt to promiſe leſs,
I therefore *plighted him my Troth*,
And he, on his Part, gave his Oath

To

To help us in the Undertaking.
While theſe Conditions were a making,
Flaſh'd round a Flame of ſulph'rous Blue,
In which away the Devil flew.
But why relate I this, when none
Is by? *Oat.* Miſtake not, here is one.
Shaft. Who in the Devil's Name art thou?
And how got hither, tell me how?
Oat. The Name is *Titus Oates* I bear,
And Church of *England's* Miniſter.
Shaft. Well, be it ſo; but by what Spell
Art thou dropt here i' th' Name of Hell?
The Doors are faſt; How got you thro'?
Tell me, in Name of Wonder, how?
And what's your Buſineſs, let me know?
Oat. My Lord, from *Fox-Hall* I am brought,
By ſomething ſwift, as any thought,
Which mounting me upon it's Back,
Like *Mahomet* on *Elborack*,
Thro' yielding Air we flew in haſte,
And down the ſooty Chimney paſt,
And hither, lo, my Lord I come
On great Deſign 'gainſt Church of *Rome*.
Shaft. I'm glad of that; tell me your Meaning,
And all without Reſerve or Feigning.
Oat. My (*y*) Father was a needy Fellow
Wrought on his Loom to feed his Belly,
Save now and then he got a Teſter
For Dipping of ſome holy Siſter;
But all his Life was kept ſo bare,
When I grew up, he'd nought to ſpare.
This made me ſet my Wits a Plodding,
How to get Beef, and Bread, and Pudding;
And being hopeful, 'twas not long
'Ere I was call'd by Doctor *Tong*,

Juſt

(*y*) *Oates's* Father was a Ribbon-Weaver, and a Dipper.

Juſt at the Time that he was Reading
Andrew Habernfield's Proceeding,
A feigned Plot, and charg'd upon
The *Jeſuits*, in Forty-One.
Quoth he, dear *Oates*, I ſee thou'rt poor,
Ready to beg from Door to Door;
But I'll relieve thy preſent Want,
If thou canſt Swear, and Lye, and Cant.
I can, ſaid I, for you muſt know,
My Dad from Cradle taught me how.
Quoth he, I'll try thee with a Trick,
Go feign thy ſelf a Catholick,
And outwardly the Look upon
Of a Devout and Godly Man:
Then to the *Jeſuits* apply
Thy ſelf, and beg moſt earneſtly,
That to St. *Omers* they will ſend thee,
When thou art entertain'd, apply
Thy ſelf to play the ſubtle *Spy*,
Take Notes of ev'ry thing you ſee,
Then back again return to me.
A Word's enough; I know your meaning,
Say I, ſo ſend me out a Gleaning,
I'll catch what 'ere they do, or ſay,
Their very Thoughts I'll ſteal away.
Reſolved thus to Cant, and Lye,
And play the Saint away went I.
O'er to (z) St. *Omers* firſt I went,
Thence to *Valladolid* was ſent,
Where I remain'd not long, before
That College kick'd me out of Door,

(z) The *Rector* of *Watton*, in his *Atteſtation of* Oates *his Behaviour at St.* Omers, ſays, that *Oates* was unknown to them till the Year 1677, and then he was received as a mere *Neophit* without any Language *&c.* wherefore they ſent him to *Valladolid*; he was turn'd away from thence after about four Months

For my bad Manners, I confeſs,
And one that had no Sign of Grace.
To *England* I return from *Spain*,
Tong ſends me over-Sea again,
Bring for my Negligence well chided,
For coming back ſo ill-provided
Of Obſervations, and good Notes,
From which to frame deſigned Plots.
I act, in outward Shew, the Saint,
And by my Hypocritick Cant
Prevail ſo far, they take me in,
And with my Studies I begin:
But, Study and a good Behaviour,
With my ill Nature ſuited never;
For preſently I fell to ſwearing,
Lewd beaſtly Tricks, and Domineering,
To Lying, Cheating, Cuffing, nay
To twenty ill Turns every Day:
So that, 'ere I was ſeated well,
The College drove me from my Cell,
For a profane lewd Rogue, and lazy,
And never, but in Miſchief, eaſy.
Thus ſlighted by the *Jeſuits*,
Who are a Sort of piercing Wits,
That are not long deceiv'd by Cheats;
My boyling Blood to Choler chang'd,
And I reſolv'd to be reveng'd.
But how to wreck my Malice on 'em,
And bring Deſtruction down upon 'em,
Ev'n for my Life I could not tell,
Without th' infernal Help of Hell. *I took*

Months Stay; yet by his Importunity and Promiſes of Amendment he got Admittance into the Seminary of St. *Omers*; where he was put to Study, &c. Some ſuſpected him to be a Spy, ſent by ſome Enemy to Religion. They were reſolv'd to diſmiſs him, being neither a good Chriſtian to God nor a good Subject to the King.

See alſo *L'Eſtrange*'s Hiſt. of the Times.

I took therefore a Reſolution
To pawn my Soul, for their Confuſion;
And ſo addreſs'd my ſelf, by Prayer,
To *Belzebub* and *Lucifer*.
When lo! at laſt came in an hobling
Monſtrous ill-ſhaped ugly Goblin,
Horrid, and dreadful to behold.
Tho' nat'rally I'm very bold,
Yet at the firſt Appearance on't,
A Trembling ſeized every Joint.
Gaſping a while, like one half dead,
I took my Bible up and read,
Till gath'ring Courage, thus I ſpake
(As I do now, my natural Squeak)
In Name of Satan, what art thou?
One ſent from *Lucifer* below,
Says he, and lo! I bring Directions
To thee, O *Titus*, and Inſtructions
To Doctor *Tong* at *Foxes-Hall*;
Go ſtreight to him, he'll teach you all:
Only I charge both *thee* and *Tong*,
Be rul'd by *Cooper* all along;
Swear all that he'll put in thy Mouth,
Whether it be, or be not, Truth,
As ſoon as ever it is Day,
Call up a Sculler and away.
He ſaid, and vaniſh'd to thin Air,
And I by Break of Day was there,
Where knocking, Doctor *Tong* came down,
Roll'd in his Rug for Morning-Gown,
And kindly led me in by th' Hand:
My Friend, ſays he, I underſtand
By that ſame active plotting Sprite
That ſpake to you but Yeſter-night,
How to revenge us, out of hand,
Of all the *Jeſuits* in the Land.
Nay, if you'll be advis'd by me,
And impudently ſwear and lie,
We'll clear the Land of Popery.

Swear! yes, said I, you need not doubt it;
Let's therefore briskly go about it.
We muſt, says he, a Plot invent,
I've *Habernfield's* for Preſident,
So 'tis not difficult to do,
Only ſome Notes I want to know,
The Names, i' th' firſt place write me down
Of all the *Jeſuits* you have known,
Either in *Flanders*, *Spain*, or here,
What Office, and what Place they bear,
And tell with *whom* they live, and *where*,
And what Tranſactions you have ſeen
'Mong that Society of Men.
To thoſe, ſome Noble Men put down,
The noted'ſt Papiſts in the Town,
The richeſt, and of greateſt Fame
Thro' all the Nation, let us name;
All which into our Plot we'll bring,
Conſpiring to deſtroy the King,
And ſet the Duke upon the Throne,
And pull the Church of *England* down.
We'll make 'em hold Intelligence
With the great Potentate of *France*,
By whom an Army ſhall be ſent
To overturn the Government;
All which, when vouched upon Oath,
The Parliament will take for Troth,
And loudly will proclaim our Merit,
And doubtleſs will reward us for it.
Beſides, the (*a*) *Wiſdom of the Nation*
Will be right glad on this Occaſion,
Under Pretence of which to work,
T' exclude the Popiſh *Duke of York*;

The

(*a*) The Parliament, at this Time, greatly affected the Title of *The Wiſdom of the Nation*; and dignify'd *Oates* with the Sir-name of *The Saviour of the Nation*.

The People too will all believe it,
We will ſo dext'rouſly contrive it.
When thus our Plot is made compleat,
Swear it before a Magiſtrate,
Swear you, your ſelf deeply to be one
Engag'd in this Conjuration,
So came acquainted with the Feats
Of Popiſh Lords and *Jeſuits*.
When thus we once have made the Breach,
We'll find enough who will Impeach
Well, well, ſaid I, do you prepare
The Plot; Let me alone to Swear.
At this we took an hearty Drink,
And then to work with Pen and Ink,
To frame a *Narrative* we haſte,
Tong dictated, I wrote as faſt,
Which finiſhed, I made no Stay,
But, mounting Waſt-horſe, ſprang away,
As ſwift as Witches when they ride
On greaſed Cowl-ſtaff's Back aſtride.
That what I ſay you may believe,
Read this. *Sh.* What is't? *Oat.* My *Narrative*.
Shaft. I'm ſatisfy'd from what you ſay,
That Hell has put us in a Way
To manage what you go about;
For my part, I ſhall help you out;
For when it's brought before the King,
See how I'll handle every Thing.
There's Evidence enough to hire,
To back you out in what you ſwear,
But let me charge you, maugre Grace,
To Steel your Conſcience hard as Glaſs,
That falſe Oaths make therein no Dint,
More than your Fingers can in Flint.
Oat. Doubt not, my Lord, I have a Conſcience
Can ſwear to Contraries, and Nonſence.
No Lie ſo great, but from my Mouth
Shall paſs, by Oath, for ſolid Truth.
Shaft. Upon my Soul, a bleſſed Youth!

This is, you ſay, your *Narrative*,
That *you* and *Tong* did late contrive.
Oat. Yes 'tis, my Lord, a rough drawn Draught.
Well, well, ſays *Shaftsbury*, and laugh'd;
Sit down, I'll read it o'er, and then
I'll tell what muſt be out or in,
And put it upon ſuch a Foot,
As may make out a currant Plot.
It was not long 'ere he had done;
Haſte back, ſays he, to Doctor *Tong*;
Let not a Minute be neglected,
But juſt as I have this corrected,
Bid him methodically draw
A *Narrative*, without a Flaw,
Which you muſt get by Heart, d'ye hear?
That you to every Thing may ſwear.
Oat. I ſhall my Lord, it's Time to go,
The Devil's come to fetch me now.
Shaf. I do not ſee him. *Oat.* Look, he's here.
Shaf. What makes you pale? *Oat.* A ſort of Fear,
That damned Villains do inherit
At the Appearance of a Spirit.
At this a Voice was heard, and ſhrill,
Haſte, *Oates*, The Morning-Air I ſmell;
Come, Mount: For lo, methinks I ſpy
On Eaſtern Hills a paler Sky,
And Shades that dwell in gloomy Night
Cannot endure the Rays of Light.
Come, quickly come, the Day does break.
Oat. D'ye hear, my Lord, the Goblin ſpeak?
Shaf. Yes, fare-ye-well, be not afraid,
Oat. I go. And ſo he diſappear'd.
Mounted upon the Back of Air,
To *Tong*, at *Fox-hall*, does repair;
Where *Tony*'s Notes upon the Plot
They into proper Method put.
The *Narrative*, thus made compleat,
Oates ſwore it 'fore a Magiſtrate,

Whoſe

Whoſe Name (if at full length it paſs)
Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* 'twas.
Before this Juſtice, *Tong* and *Oates*
Thus made Diſcovery of their Plots.
A *Bible's* tender'd, for ye know,
Things muſt be done in Form of Law.
On *Prophets* and *Evangeliſts*
Oates lays his Sacrilegious Fiſts,
Changes the Colour of his Face
To ghaſtly Black (ill Sign of Grace)
Gnaſhes his Teeth; foams like a Boar,
And chill'd with trembling Horror, ſwore.
For yet remain'd in Humane Nature
A certain Horror at the Matter.
But maugre Nature, and what can
Be thought left in him yet of Man,
Malice prevail'd; The Monſter ſwore
Such Lies as ne'er were heard before.
Which the amazed Juſtice hearing,
And the ſtrange manner of his Swearing,
Believ'd that from the Villain's Mouth
Came not one Syllable of Truth,
And therefore fear'd to act in what
He'd heard relating to the Plot.
I'm ſure (thinks he) the Villain lies,
His Oaths are horrid Perjuries;
My Conſcience tells me, if I be
Concern'd, I ſin as well as he.
Sure it is better all Things wave,
And, for his Lying, check the Knave.
But then again, on t'other Hand,
Thoſe of his Sacrilegious Band
Will ſay, my ſlighting of the Thing,
Is Treaſon in me, 'gainſt the King.
Toſt by contrary Thoughts, the Man
Reſolv'd, and un reſolv'd again,
Till tir'd; his undulating Mind
With, and 'gainſt Conſcience inclin'd;

Some-

Sometimes on Side of Juſtice bent,
Then to contrary Side it went;
And here it ſtop'd, by Thoughts that he
Acted, tho' ill, yet *Legally*.
Reſolv'd at laſt, away he goes,
And tells the Council all he knows;
Leaves *Oates's* Depoſitions there,
And home returns, but in Deſpair.
The Atoms that flew from his Spleen
Jumpt into Shapes of murther'd Men,
And wander'd up and down his Brain,
Already ſeeming to complain,
We're by your Plots unjuſtly ſlain;
Fore-boding, as he deem'd, what was
From *Oates's* Plot to come to paſs.
Nor was he eas'd in Sleep, for when
A ſeeming Slumber ſhut his Eyen,
Strange Spectres ſeem'd, to haunt his Dreams,
And ſtartle him with diſmal Screams.
Thus burthen'd with huge Heaps of Thought,
He dragg'd himſelf a while about,
Till, at the laſt, born down with Weight,
Reſolv'd to (*b*) die, and force his Fate,
His Body to a Ditch bequeath'd,
And in his Guts his Sword he ſheath'd.
A Mile from Town, on *Primroſe-Hill*,
It was, where on his Sword he fell,
The *Hilt* his Breaſt preſs'd to the Ground,
The Blade ſeem'd growing thro' the Wound:
And thus for divers Days he lay,
Tho' he was ſought for ev'ry Day;
During which Time roſe a Report,
By *Cooper* ſpread thro' Town and Court,
That by the Papiſts he was ſlain,
Tho' none knew *how*, or *where*, or *when*;
But being found, the wiſer ſort
The Malice ſmelt of this Report. *Cooper*

(*b*) See Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange's Hiſtory of the Times*, Part III. on the Death of Sir *Edm. Bury Godfrey*.

Cooper, who ſaw he could not warrant
It's Truth, to make it paſs for currant,
Without an Oath, or two, or three,
And ev'ry one a whisking Lie,
Fully reſolves to ſpare no coſt,
In bribing wicked Knights o'th' Poſt,
Proclaims, of (*c*) Gold a good round Sum
For any one, that wou'd but come
And let the Council underſtand
How *Godfrey* dy'd, and by what Hand.
One *William Bedloe*, *Captain* hight
From being engag'd by Whores to fight
In Baudy-houſes as their Bully,
To drive away ſome drained Cully,
Soon hears of this, and haſtes to *Tony*,
In hopes, by Swearing to get Money.
Welcome he was, and with old *Cooper*
Was honour'd to ſit down at Supper,
Where Table-talk of Doctor *Oates*
And Things relating to his Plots,
Between 'em paſt, and now and then
Bedloe his own Exploits brought in;
His Duels bragg'd, and Tankard-Wars,
And, to his Credit, ſhew'd his Scars.
Cooper, ſcarce pleas'd with his vain Clatter,
Drew on more cloſely to the Matter:
Shaf. Captain, I know that you can fight,
But can you ſwear? We've Things of Weight,
That want an Oath, What ſay-ye, Man?
Bedl. Swear can I? Ay, By G— I can,
Provided that I like my Pay.
Shaf. What will you have? *Bed.* Ten Pounds a Day,
To be continu'd for a Year,
Or longer, if I longer Swear.

Shaf.

(*c*) There was a Proclamation iſſued out, and a Reward of Five hundred Pounds promiſed, and *William Bedloe* was the firſt that leap'd at the Bait. *L'Eſtrange's History of the Times.* Part III. p. 95.

Shaf. Oaths, at that rate, are dearly bought
Bed. D'ye think that I'll be Damn'd for nought?
Shaf. No, here's Five hundred Pounds in Gold
Shall down upon the Nail be told,
For Ten or Twelve great Oaths ſworn ſtoutly.
Bed. Dam'-me, for that I'll ſwear devoutly.
But what's the Matter? Tell me ſoon,
Or elſe the Money firſt lay down;
For, on my Soul, I'm very needy,
Shaf. Thou'lt heard of *Oates*'s Plot already,
And of Sir Juſtice *Godfrey*'s Death?
Bed. *Godfrey* did nought to me bequeath,
It therefore troubles not my Head
Whether he be alive or dead.
Shaf. But prithee, Captain, leave thy Banter,
And grow more ſerious: Dare you venture
To charge on Papiſts *Godfrey*'s Murther?
Bed That's nothing, I dare venture further.
Shaf. Well, after this, then join with *Oates*
In Evidencing all his Plots.
But, to Sir *Edmund*'s Death, let's hear
How you'll contriv't, and how you'll ſwear.
Bed Th' Invention I'm afraid you'll laugh at,
I'll ſwear they hang'd him in his *Cravat*,
In *Somerſet-Houſe*, one Night when late,
And kept him there five Days in State:
His Lodging was beneath the *Altar*.
At laſt they looſ'd his Muſlin Halter,
And on an Horſe back ſet aſtride,
To *Primroſe-Hill* they made him ride;
His Feet bound faſt beneath the Belly,
Behind him ſat a ſturdy Fellow,
And on each Side there marched one.
Thus all the Way they propt him on
Till having got him out of Town
A full long Mile, they threw him down,
And thro' his Body thruſt his Sword.
All this I'll Swear: Will't do, my Lord?

D'

D'ye think the Matter well contriv'd
To be by th' Council board believ'd?
Shaf. The Board is temper'd well enough
To take for currant any Stuff;
They ſwallow *'Tis*, and *It is Not*,
So one Side do but own the Plot.
Bed. But when all this is done, I know,
One ſingle Witneſs will not do;
I'm ſure there ſhould, at leaſt, be two,
Shaf. Well, Captain, leave all that to me,
I'll get you Seconds two or three,
Here's *Prance*, the Goldſmith, ſhall be one.
Bed. Poor Caitiff, he's as good as none,
He dare not damn his Soul, I fear.
Shaf. I'll have him *tortur'd* till he Swear;
I'll make old *Richardſon* torment him
In *Newgate*, for I've thither ſent him,
Until he ſwear what Doctor *Lloyd*
Shall teach him, whom I have employ'd
To go, and ſee him ev'ry Day
And tell him what to ſwear and ſay;
And *Richardſon* has promis'd me
To torture him to that degree,
That he ſhall yield to ſwear and Lie,
Or, under Weight of Torments, die.
Thus far, for *Godfrey*'s Death. But what
Further relates to *Oates*'s Plot,
Swear as you find Occaſions offer,
Or as new Circumſtances differ,
Sometimes to *this*, ſometimes to *that*,
For 'tis a daily growing Plot,
In ſhort, attend to my Direction.
Bed. I ſhall: But get me a *Protection*:
For my revealing of the Matter
Muſt alſo prove my ſelf a Plotter;
And it wou'd be a merry Jeſt,
Shou'd I be hang'd in good earneſt.
Shaf. I'll get a Pardon from the King,
Then you may ſwear to any thing.

All

All this was done as they agreed,
And *Bedloe* Swore, and *Tony* Feed.
But now to *Oates*. Before the King
He came, and (*d*) Swore to ev'ry thing
That in his *Narrative* was found,
And ten times more than there is own'd.
He ſwore he ſaw ſtrange Letters writ
By this and t'other *Jeſuit*,
And all about Seditious Things,
As raiſing Armies, murd'ring Kings.
He Swore that *Pick'ring* ſhould, with Gun-ſhot,
Have kill'd the King himſelf at One-Shot;
But juſt as he was taking Aim,
Came *Chance*, a nimble-finger'd Dame,
And, as he did his Tricker pluck,
Whips me his Flint out of the Cock
He Swore that *Groves* was alſo buſy
A King-fowling with per'lous Fuzee,
Till one Day having in the Park
In a fair Sight the Royal Mark;
Of murd'ring Muſquet, fill'd with Powder,
He claps the Butt-end to his Shoulder,
Shuts his Left Eye, and with his Right,
Like dex'trous Gunner, takes his Sight;
When, juſt as he was taking Aim
In happy time to Memory came,
That yet he had not loaded Gun
With Bullet, as he ſhou'd have done;
The counter-charming *Silver* Bullet
He ſearches for 'tween Lips and Gullet,
(For in his Mouth he'd wiſely hid-it
To have it ready when he needed)
But found it not: For lucky *Chance*,
Which ſtill preſerv'd the Sovereign Prince,
Had, none knows how, convey'd it thence.
This Bullet, as Learn'd *Titus* ſaid,
Was of the Lunar-Metal made,
'Cauſe

(*d*) *Oates* his Oaths.

'Cauſe champed Silver kills Stone-dead
Such as are Muſquet-Proof 'gainſt Lead.
He Swore that *Wakeman*, skilful Knight,
From *Night-Shade*, *Hemlock*, *Aconite*,
From Galls of *Dragons*, *Adders*, *Aſps*,
From baneful *Mercury Sublimate*,
And Things, more poiſonous than that,
All mixed with *Lycoctonon*,
And putrify'd in Horſe's Dung,
Drew out a virulent Extraction
The Quinteſſence of Putrefaction,
So mortal, that above a League
It's Smell would poiſon, like the Plague.
This *Katy* was to give the King;
But *Phœbus*, who abhorr'd the Thing,
Having his great Elixir by-him,
Came in the Night, when none could ſpy him.
And, by a Drop infus'd therein,
Turn'd baneful Doſe to Medicin;
Which *Wakeman* knowing, when 'twas Day,
The Bottle brake, and threw't away.
He ſwore that he had private Holes
Under the Ground, like other Moles,
And that he wander'd too and fro
Beneath, as Men above Ground go,
To make Diſcoveries below:
And had in divers Places found
Huge Popiſh Armies under Ground,
Well diſciplin'd, and fit for Work,
As e'er drew Sword againſt the *Turk*.
He ſwore he ſaw, in dead Men's Tombs,
Granadoes, Fire-balls, likewiſe Bombs.
He ſwore, he liv'd, in honeſt Rank,
A Penſioner in *Salamanc*;
By any in the School unſeen,
Yet took Degrees, as if he'd been
As viſible as other Men;
Till he became more a Divine
Than any *Scotus* or *Aquine*.

He told the King, he had the Honour
To entertain *Don-John* at Dinner:
And being asked; What a one
He was? He swore *a Tall-black-Man*;
At which the King and Courtiers smil'd,
To see fond *Titus*, thus beguil'd.
He swore the Pilgrims of St. *James*
Would sail from *Spain*, and fill the *Thames*,
Transported in their scallop Shells,
And Forty thousand good *black Bills*
Were ready made, that, when they landed,
They might not long stand empty-handed,
But each grasp hold of trusty Bill,
And make what haste he could to kill;
But, that those Bills might not be found,
The Papists hid 'em under Ground.
He swore he took the *Sacrament*,
Before the *Jesuits* would consent
That he should of their Council be,
And swore an Oath of Secresie,
By which means he fish'd out their Plots
And dark Intrigues. *Oh*, *Cunning* Oates!
He swore the *Jesuits*, 'ere we mind 'em,
Steal in unseen, that none can find 'em,
And cut our Throats, and burn our Houses,
And stop our Wind-pipes in close Nooses,
As Country Farmers strangle Hares,
And hurtful Pole-cats catch in Snares.
He swore, with flaming Faggot-sticks,
In Sixteen hundred Sixty-six,
They thorow *London* took their Marches,
And burn'd the City down with Torches:
Yet all invisible they were,
Clad in thin Coats of *Lapland*-Air.
'That sniffling Whig-Major, *Patience Ward*
'To this damn'd Lie had such Regard,
'That he his Godly Masons sent
'T' ingrave it round the *Monument*.

They

'They did ſo; but let ſuch Things paſs,
'His Men were Fools, and he an Aſs.
I did, ſwears *Oates*, fly once between
St. Omers and the *Strand* unſeen,
And with ſtrong Pinions cut the *Welkin*
As ſwiftly as a *Norway-Falcon*,
Till o'er the *White-Horſe* in the *Strand*
On hov'ring Wing I made my Stand,
And prying o'er the Roof of Houſe,
As Sparrow-Hawk for Titty-Mouſe,
I ſpy'd a little Chink between
Two Tiles, that had ill joined been:
At which I clos'd my Wings and fell,
As *Lucifer* did once to *Hell*,
And, darting full butt at the Hole,
Paſs'd thro' the Cranny in the Wall,
And taking thro' the Rooms my Round,
All fill'd with Jeſuits I found;
For there, in deep Conſult, they met
About the managing the Plot.
I minded ev'ry Thing they did,
And went their Errands, when they bid,
For their Debates were ſent by me
From Company to Company.
Tho' thus officious, yet none ſaw me,
Nay not a Man of them did know me,
Nor knew they that themſelves were there,
Nor did they to the *Inn* appear;
And, what is ſtranger yet, not one
Knew at *St. Omers* they were gone,
For there they ſtill their Places bore,
And acted as they did before.
The ſelf-ſame Time my Shape they ſaw
Move at *St. Omers* to and fro,
As I was wont, it ly'd and ſwore,
And cuff'd the Boys, as't did before.
While I was at *Valadolid*,
I was the ſame Time at *Madrid*,

Altho' an hundred Miles aſunder:
At my *Ubiquity* you'll wonder.
I to the Biſhop ſpake of *Tuam*,
Tho', I can ſwear, I never knew him,
Nor ever ſaw that Prelate me,
Yet we convers'd familiarly.
Thus *Titus* ſwore, and *Oates's* Pay
For Swearing was Eight Crowns a Day,
Settled on him by *Senate's* Vote,
Paid by th' Exchequer to a Groat;
With daily Preſents ſent him down
From the *Whig* Party of the Town;
No doubt but from the Country too;
All took for Chriſt this perjur'd *Jew*,
And put a Gown upon his Back,
And Doctor's Scarf about his Neck,
To make him ſeem, in Eye of Rabble,
More God-like, and more venerable.
The Party, more to authorize
This Villain's Oaths and wicked Lies,
Entitl'd him, by Declaration,
The Bleſſed *Saviour of the Nation*,
And ev'ry Word of *Oates's* Mouth
They voted for a *Saving* Truth,
And who the contrary ſuſpected,
Were held for *Popiſh'ly affected*.
Nor was it *Oates* alone, and *Bedloe*,
That thus they waged: but a Medloe
Of Knaves and Fools of ev'ry ſort
Flock'd from all Quarters to the Court,
Where they were liſted into Pay
Of, at the leaſt, two Crowns a Day,
In Name of the *King's Evidence*,
Tho' neither *Truth* they ſpake, nor *Senſe*.
Mowbray, and *Smith*, and *Bolron* ſwore,
Tag-Rag and-Bobtail, divers more,
As *Dugdale*, *Dangerfield*, and *Prance*,
And Sholes of *Iriſh Evidence*
Follow'd *Mac-Duffe*, alſo *Mac-guire*,
To get Preferment *by the Sweare*.

Cooper

Cooper, who kept the Swearing-Office,
Inſtructed wiſely ev'ry Novice
In what concern'd the Swearing Art,
The blockiſh Teagues were leaſt expert,
Yet he allow'd of all they ſaid,
For all the blund'ring Bulls they made,
And at that Day *Cooper's* Report
Was Oracle to Town and Court,
So far, that all the groſſeſt Fictions,
Nonſenſe and Bulls and Contradictions,
If countenanc'd by him, paſs'd currant
For *Truths*, as if on Scripture Warrant.
Tho' nought thoſe Villains ſwore was true,
At ev'ry Oath an Halter flew
About ſome harmleſs Neck, nor miſt,
Where e'er 'twas aim'd, tho fatal Twiſt.
Five Holy *Jeſuits* drawn and quarter'd,
Viſcount *Stafford* was alſo martyr'd;
Coleman, and *Langhorn*, Reverend *Thwing*,
Groves, *Hill*, and humble *Pickering*,
Fell all within the Reach of String,
Archbiſhop *Plunket* loſt his Head,
And Father *Ireland's* Blood was ſhed,
Nor ſpar'd they Father *Poſket's* Blood,
A Reverend + Prieſt, devout and good,
Whoſe ſpotleſs Life in Length was ſpun
To Eighty Years and three times One,
Sweet his Behaviour, *grave* his Speech,
He did by good Example teach,
His *Love right bent*, his *Will reſign'd*,
Serene his Look, and *calm* his Mind;
His *Sanctity* to that Degree,
As *Angels* live, ſo lived he.

+ His Cell was upon a lingey Moor about two Miles from *Mulgrave-Caſtle*, and five Miles from *Whitby*: an *Exciſe-Man*, in hopes of getting twenty Pounds (which he never did) apprehended him at *Whitby*, he was condemn'd at *York*, where he ſuffer'd, not as a *Plotter*, but only as a *Prieſt*: I knew him well.

A Thatched Cottage was the Cell
Where this Contemplative did dwell,
Two Miles from *Mulgrave Caſtle*'s ſtood,
Shelter'd by Snow-drifts, not by Wood;
Tho' there he liv'd to that great Age,
It was a diſmal *Hermitage*,
But God plac'd there the Saint's Abode
For *Blackamoor*'s far greater Good.
The Holy Lives of thoſe bleſs'd Saints ſhould I
Preſume to write, and had a Thought could fly
Beyond the Limits of the Vaulted Sky,
Yet would my Verſe ten thouſand times fall ſhort
Of their due Praiſe. Let Angels in Conſort
Sing all their Virtues on Celeſtial Lyres,
They are exalted to thoſe peaceful *Quires*:
Stop then, my Pen, and to this Period come,
God ſaw them worthy of a Martyrdom.
Beſides the Blood that thus was ſpill'd,
All Priſons in the Land were fill'd.
Five Noble Lords did long endure
A cloſe Confinement in the Tower:
Powell, and *Arundel*, and *Petres*
And *Bellaſis*, remain'd in Fetters,
And happy *Stafford*, unto whom
God gave the Crown of Martyrdom.
The Mob ran round the Town in Swarms,
Under Pretence to ſearch for Arms;
Headed by ſome *Right-worſhipful*,
That to the Peace bare no good Will:
For Inſtance, one Sir *William Waller*,
A Whig made up of Zeal and Choler,
Would with his Rabble enter Chambers,
And break up Cheſts and Trunks with Hammers,
And what he lik'd devoutly ſtole-ye,
Under Pretence that it was holy,
And bleſs'd for ſuperſtitious Uſes,
I take 'em to prevent Abuſes,
Cants he; and then the *Crucifix*
And *Chalice* from the *Altar* clicks.

They'll

They're bleſs'd, ſays he, *for Uſe in Maſſes*,
Be't Bowl, Salt, Tankard, ſtill it paſſes;
Guineas are Medals, or Pope's Heads,
And Necklaces of Pearl are Beads.
This *Waller*, 'mongſt his other Tricks,
Stamp'd underfoot a *Crucifix*,
As *Hollanders* are wont to do,
When on *Japonian* Shore they go,
To ſhew they utterly deteſt
All Chriſtianity and Chriſt.
By this time, thoſe that lov'd the King,
And ſaw the Bottom of the Thing,
Convinc'd him that a Turn of State
Was what falſe *Cooper* aimed at;
And that he ſet the Plot on Foot,
As the beſt Means to bring't about.
Charles ſaw it was no longer fit
To ſeem inſenſible of it,
Begins to ridicule the Plotters,
To ſlight the Plot, and it's Abettors;
Releaſes from the Tower the Lords,
And Papiſts treats with gentle Words.
All Priſon Doors fly open, and
He frees the reſt thro' all the Land,
Diſgrac'd the Plotters, and their Plots,
And kickt out *Shaftesbury* and *Oates*.
Old *Tony*, griev'd to ſee his Coſt
And Fruits of his Invention loſt,
Reſolves that yet another Plot
Should hit, what he had miſs'd in that;
And this was, by th' Help of *Senate*,
To bring about Deſigns he then had;
He and his Whigs move round the Town,
As buſily as Bees in *June*;
And o'er the Nation Letters ſend,
To put in Motion ev'ry Friend,
That hated *Cæſar* and his Laws,
And wiſh'd well to *The Good Old Cauſe*.

Num'rous

Num'rous they were, and inſolent,
Revil'd the King and Government;
Poiſon'd the Country, and the Town,
And drew Affections from the Crown.
They got a Houſe of Commons packt,
Three Parts in four, o'th' Whiggiſh Sect.
A Parl'ament, much ſuch a one
As that which ſat in Forty-One.
They vote at firſt the Tolerating
Diſſenters, and (*a*) *Aſſociating*
All *Sects* and *Schiſms* in the Land;
This you may gueſs a Loyal Band.
They Vote to have the Martial Bands
And Guards turn'd o'er into their Hands;
That they for One and Forty Days
Might Rule the Nation as they pleaſe.
That wicked Whiggiſh Parliament
Was ſo maliciouſly bent,
To vote, that if the King ſhould die,
Whate'er the Cauſe of it ſhould be,
(Tho' Chance or Sickneſs ſtopt his Breath)
To charge the Papiſts with his Death;
And take from that Pretence occaſion
To murther them thro' all the Nation;
Tho' at the ſame time, thoſe damn'd Elves
Deſign'd to murther him themſelves.
Another Piece of Senate's Work,
Was to exclude the *Duke of York*,
And force his Brother to declare
The Baſtard *Monmouth* for his Heir.

Treaſon

(*a*) They joined in an expreſs League of Aſſociation, to take up Arms againſt the King himſelf, and to lay violent Hands upon the Government; did all they could to ſtop the Command of his Militia, and the Choice of his Officers. *L'Eſtrange's Hiſt.* p. 147, and many other Places.

They

Treaſon they voted it, for any
To *lend* or *help* the King with Money,
Tho' he ſhould ſtand in greater need
Than poor *Jane Shore* did once of Bread,
In hopes, by Starving and Defiance,
To hector him into Compliance,
And make him ſign the Bills they made,
Which when he did, they promis'd Aid,
A *Tax* by Act of Parliament,
That bravely ſhould relieve his Want,
And would pour down their Gold in Showers
For his Relief, and all his Whores,
But if their Bills he would not ſign,
They would not grant one Groat of Coin.
The King diſpleaſed at their Votes,
Which drove at nought but cutting Throats,
Caſt all their *Bills* behind his Back,
And then diſſolv'd the Factious Pack,
Croſs'd thus in their Deſigns, they now
Reſolved, without more ado,
To kill the King and *Duke*; but how
To bring't about they did not know:
In divers deep Conſults they met,
Cabals were held in ev'ry Street,
Each gives his Judgment in the Caſe,
About the Manner, Time, and Place.
Hone from *Bow-Steeple*, with *Croſs Bows*,
Wou'd have them ſhot, as Men do Crows;

But

They voted, That whoſoever had killed the King, the Papiſts ſhould have gone to Pot for't. They deſign'd the Murdering him themſelves, and giving it out that the Papiſts had done it.

The true *Proteſtants* were to kill the King, and the *Papiſts* to be hang'd for't. *L'Eſtrange*, p. 159.

They did all they could to leave the King neither Money, Power, Credit, nor Friends. They made it penal even to aſſert his Regalities, or to come near his Perſon. *L'Eſtrange*'s Hiſt. p. 147.

But *Rumbald held* it better way
To blow the *Play-house* up, when they
Were in't; so end the Tragick-Play.
Others, less cruel, thought it fit
To shoot the Brothers from the Pit:
Or, as returning to *White-Hall*,
To lie in wait nigh *Bedford*-Wall,
And there to kill 'em in the Night,
Maugre their Guards, and God's Despite;
Or else, when in their Barge they were
Upon the *Thames*, to take the Air,
With a swift *Hoy* to over-run 'em,
Or suddenly to come upon 'em,
And with their Blunderbusses charge
The King, and sink the Royal Barge.
(*b*) *Rye-House* at last was pitch'd upon,
Where this black Deed was to be done.
Rye-House two Miles from *Hodsdon* stands,
I' th' Road, and then in *Rumbald*'s Hands,
A single House, as you do from
New-Market up to *London* come;
Here Forty Men in Ambuscade,
Arm'd Cap-a-pee, where to be laid;
Where they should from *New-Market* pass
Close by the Door of that arm'd Place,
When an o'er turned Load of Hay
Was, for a while, to stop the Way;
And then the Rogues to sally out
And charge the Coach at either *Boot*;
And *Rumbald* was to lead 'em on
And see the Execution done,

While

(*b*) The History of this *Rye House Plot*, entituled, *A true Account and Declaration of the Horrid Conspiracy against the late King, his present Majesty and the Government, as it was order'd to be publish'd by his late Majesty* (K. *Cha.* 2.) printed in the *Savoy*, 1683. being so common, may easily spare me the Labour of Marginal Notes.

While *Walcot* was to fight the Guards
With *Blunderbuſſes*, *Pikes* and *Swords*.
As ſoon as ever News ſhould come
To *London*, that the Deed was done,
The trait'rous Lords ſhould riſe from Table,
And armed go to head the Rabble,
Who ſhould, upon the Beat of Drum,
Down from their Garrets armed come;
For thouſands ready waiting lay
Againſt the now approaching Day,
And Flying-Poſts prepared were
To carry News thro' every Shire
For their Confederates to riſe
In numerous Armies in a Trice;
So that in turning of a Hand
They'd be in Arms thro' all the Land.
But *Providence*, that orders things
And hovers over lawful Kings,
Secur'd the Brothers in her Arms
From Danger of Impending Harms:
For from *New-Market* they retire,
Forc'd by a providential Fire,
That broke out in the Evening,
Nigh to the Lodgings of the King;
This made the Brothers come away
Two Days before th' expected Day.
Thus was preſerv'd the Lord's Anointed,
Thus the damn'd Plotters diſappointed.
Remorſe of Conſcience now begins
To touch ſome of 'em for their Sins.
An Oil-Man, one that hight *Jo. Keeling*;
Was the firſt ſtruck with inward Feeling,
Goes to the King, the (*c*) Treaſon tells,
And clapt the Traytors by the Heels;

Not

(*c*) See the Depoſitions of *Murra* Laird *Philiphaugh*, *Scot* Laird of *Gallow Sheel*, *Walter* Earl of *Tarras*, *Carſtares Monroſs*, &c. they, and this whole *Rye-Houſe* Conſpiracy, is found in the Book abovenamed, p. 85.

Not all, for ſome, that durſt not ſtay
The Inquiſition ſneak'd away;
And others, of their own accord,
Declar'd the Thing at Council-Board.
Monmouth himſelf came and confeſt,
With *Rumſey Shepherd, Blaney, Weſt*;
Some bonny *Scots* told all they knew
To ſave their Heads and Bonnets-blue,
Yet others of 'em, as *Argyle*,
To *Holland* fled and left the Iſle.
Walcot got hid, but wrote a Letter,
In which he open'd all the Matter,
In hopes thereby to ſave his Bacon,
And own'd what he had writ, (when taken)
Bourn Holms, Rouſe, Hone and *crafty Lee*,
With ſundry Traytors ſuch as he,
Confeſs'd, and ſome their Pardons got,
When hanging ſhou'd have been their Lot,
Some Noble Men confeſs'd the Matter,
Ruſſel was one, a ſeaſon'd Traytor;
Howard of *Eſrick* too confeſt,
And ſo did divers of the reſt.
Algernoon Sidney, when he dy'd,
'Tis for *The good old Cauſe*, he cry'd,
Nor any Sign ſhew'd of Repentance;
Armſtrong proteſted 'gainſt his Sentence,
And to the laſt the Fact deny'd;
Thus theſe two deſp'rate Ruffians dy'd.
Old *Shaftesbury*, who but ſo late
Preſum'd to ſway the *Engliſh* ſtate,
That teeming *England's* monſtrous Mouſe
Death ſeiz'd in a *Dutch* Coffee-Houſe.
The Earl of *Eſſex* cut his Throat.
Thus ended they. Thus fell the Plot.

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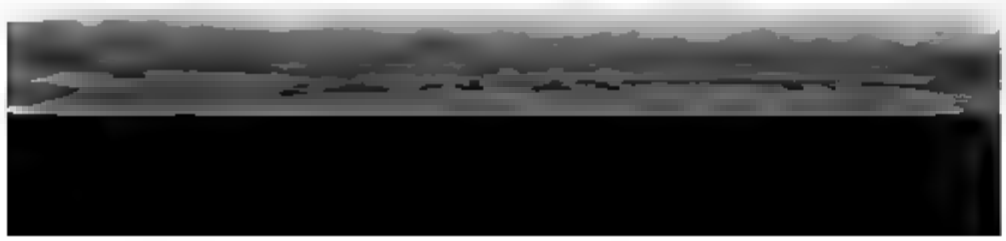

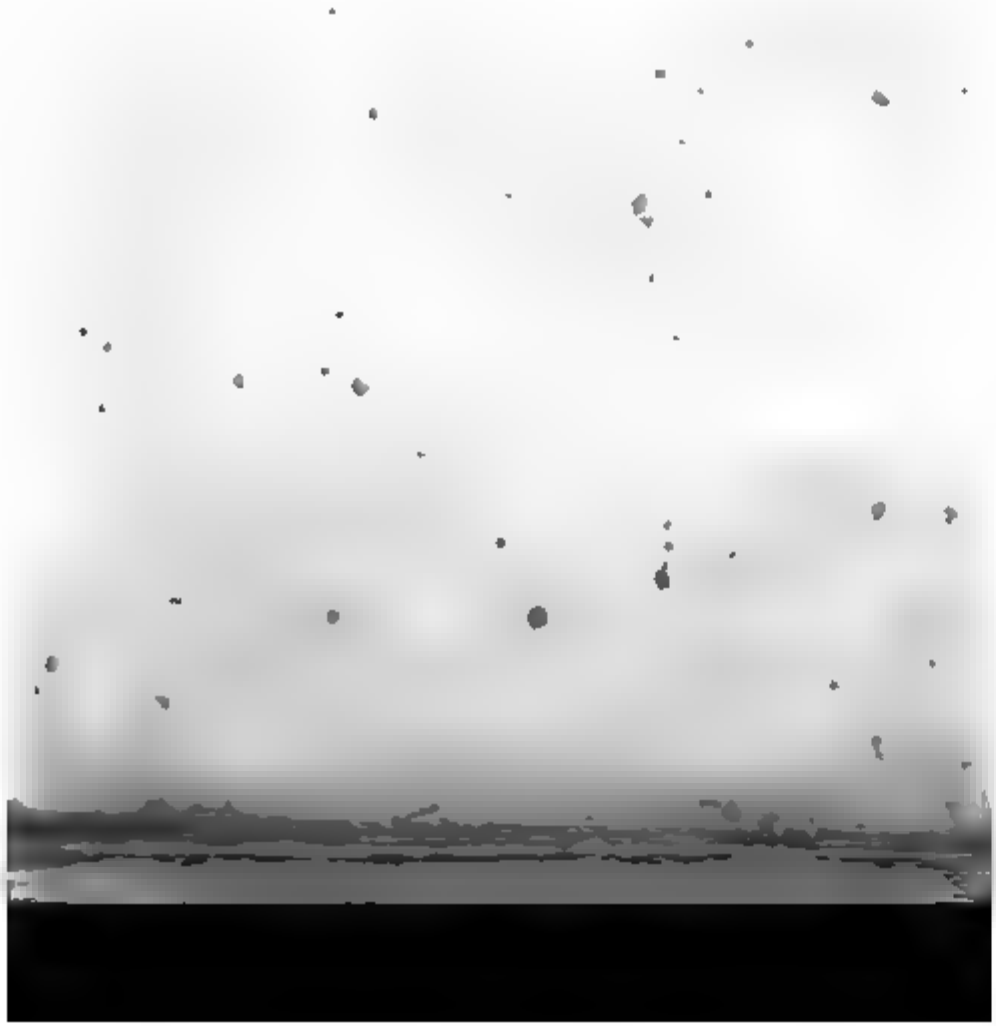

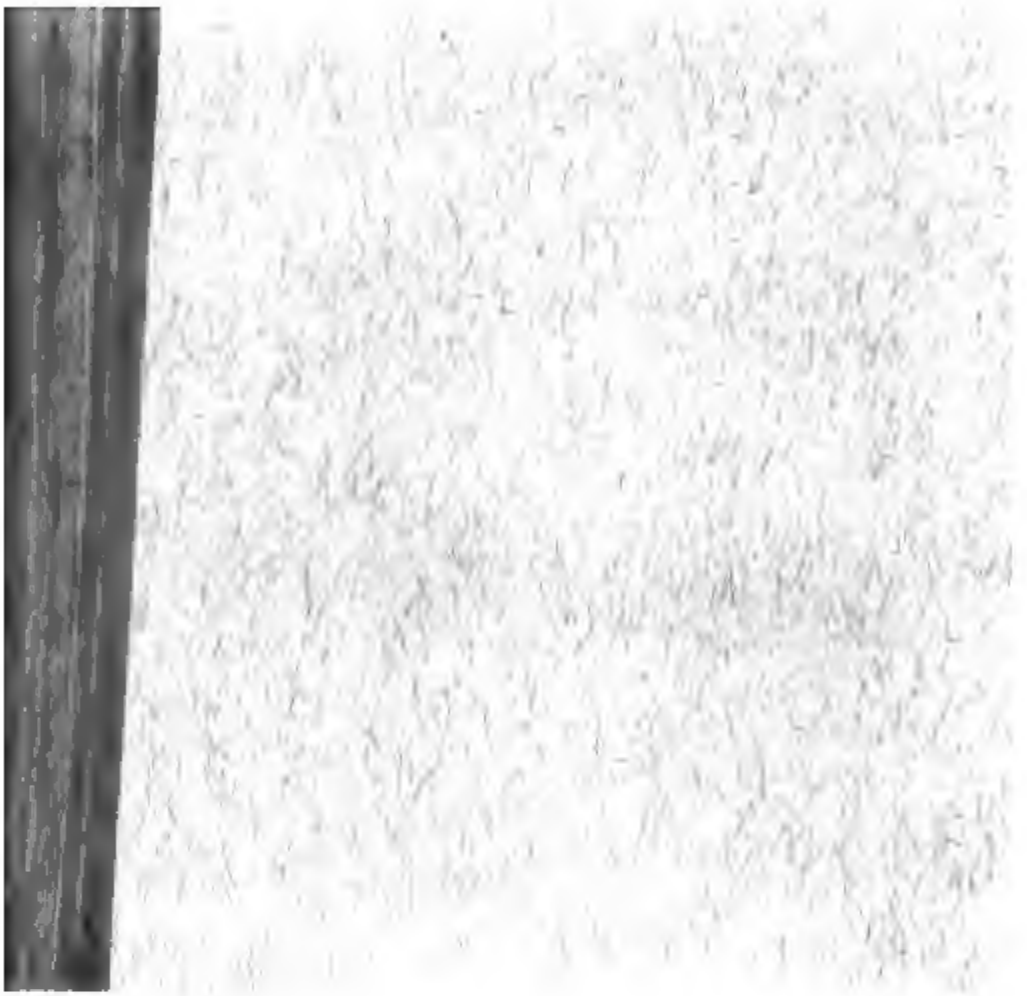

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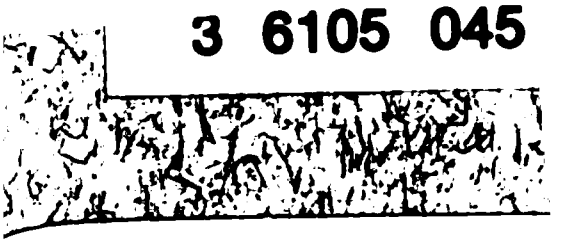
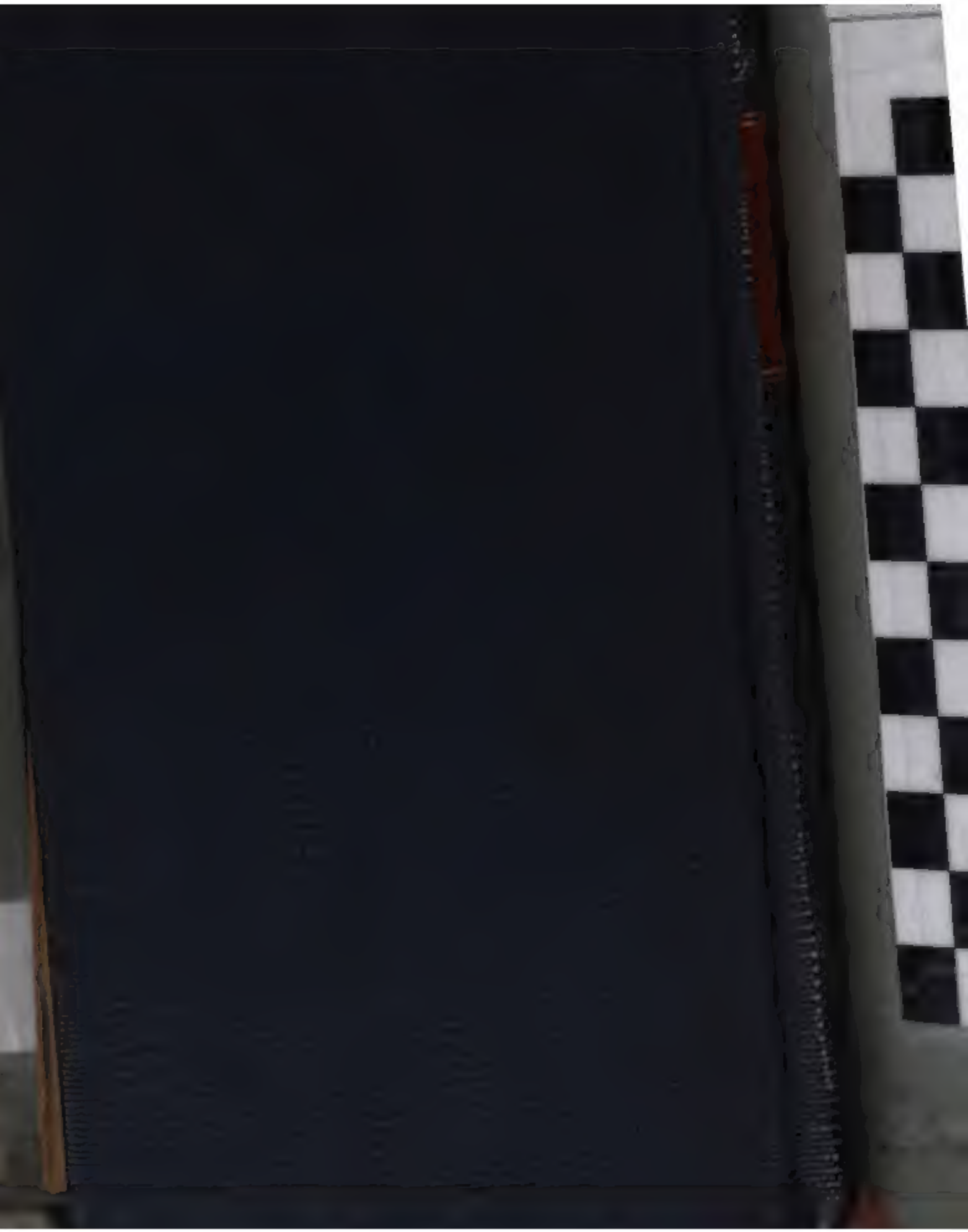
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